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October 15, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

BLOCK THAT KICK

CALIFORNIA SCRIP TEASE

BY WALTER DAVENPOR

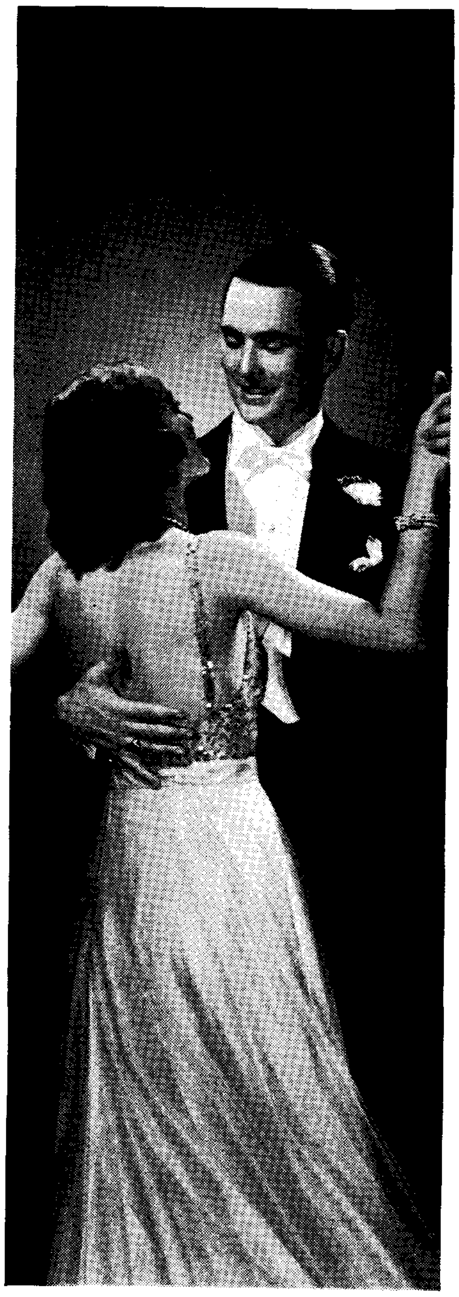
Oct. 15, 1938

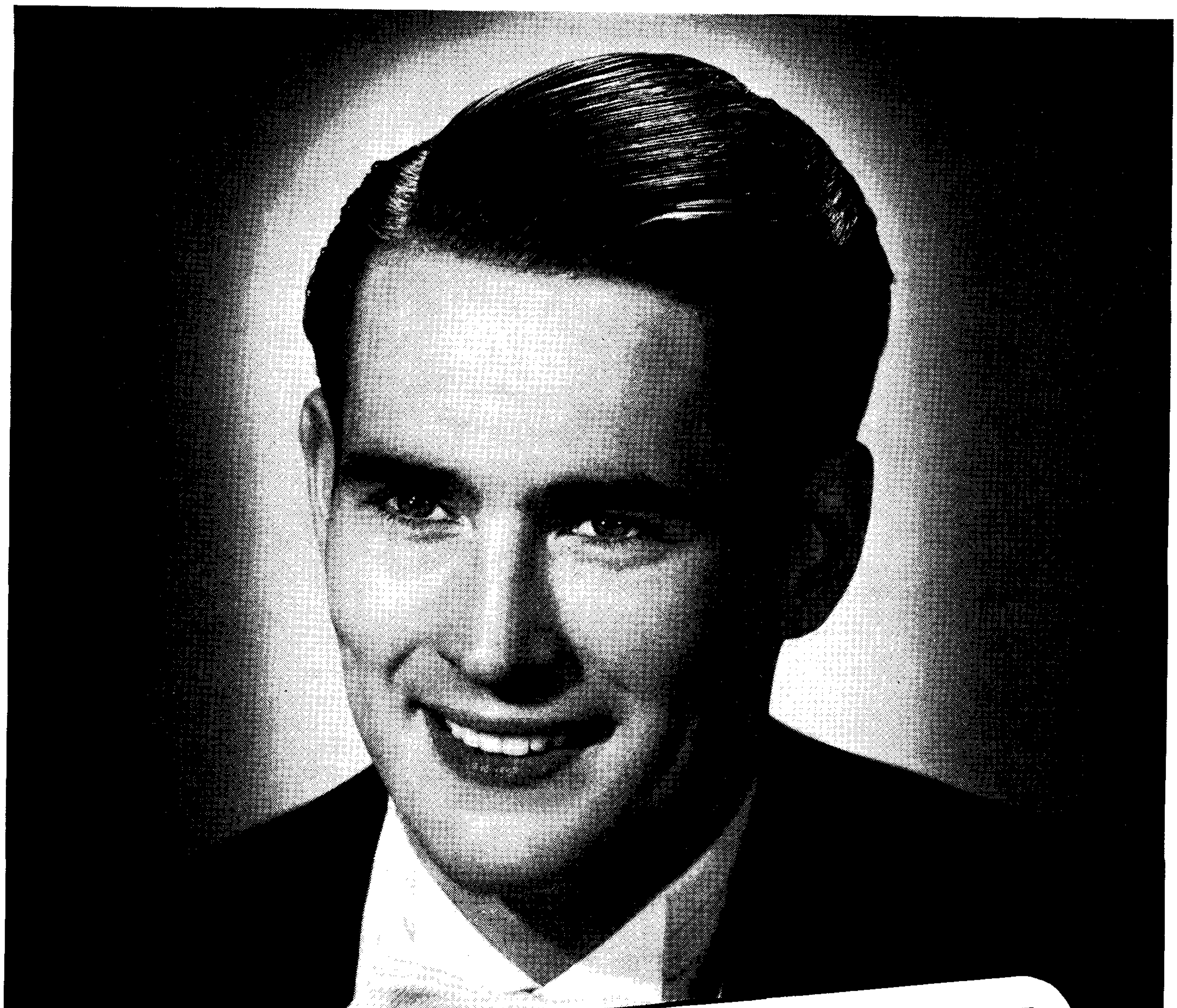
A Truly Great Whiskey

Four Roses Whiskey achieves its matchless flavor in much the same way as the finest champagnes . . . coffees . . . and tobaccos. Like them, *it is* a superb blend — a blend of straig whiskies in which *several* selected whiskies are merged to make *one* truly great whiskey. *Four Roses* is 100% straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimor

Let good-looking Hair

contribute to your success and popularity



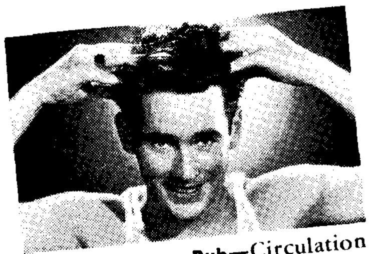


WELL-GROOMED, handsome hair—what an asset it can be to your appearance—and to your success! Socially or in business it can pay big dividends. And the easier way to healthier, better-looking hair is Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout".

To keep your hair looking its best, apply Vitalis to your scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the stimulating tingle as circulation quickens. You rout loose dandruff and help prevent excessive falling hair. Your scalp becomes free and flexible—your hair takes on a new richness and lustre. Then the natural oils of the scalp are supplemented by the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis, overcoming dryness. Your hair is easier to manage, stays handsomely in place, without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today and start your "60-Second Workouts". Have healthier, better-looking hair you can be proud of at all times—hair that men, and especially women, admire.

Use
VITALIS
and the
"60-Second
Workout"



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. ***Insist on Sealtubes!***

WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Editor**
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Collier's

October 15, 1938

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JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editors

Next Week

THERE was something pathetically childlike about Ruth. She looked beautiful and helpless. You couldn't, even if she was your ex-wife, refuse her a favor. At least, Lincoln Shelby couldn't. And when he found out that the favor had seriously involved him in a murder mystery, he still could see nothing in Ruth but a child's helplessness.

Frieda, of course, knew better. She was a woman and she was in love with Linc. But what could she do? Warnings meant nothing. It took the cold light of the law, probing the mystery, probing, too, the characters of those involved, to show Linc what lay behind his ex-wife's artless appeal. "Accidental Night" is by Frederick Nebel.

THERE'S a struggle brewing in the Pacific Northwest where the Columbia River roars out of its mountain fastness to furnish the world's principal supply of hydroelectric power. The spinning dynamos in the two dams that cross its path will make the TVA setup look like something arranged on the nursery floor. And who is going to sell this power? That's the subject of dispute, with the farmers of the valley, the President of the United States, assorted utility executives and a mysterious man in Wall Street all participating. Richard L. Neuberger explains the "Power Play."

"THERE'S no man I can turn to," Eve said. "I can't go around alone. I need the protection of some man at my shoulder." Martin had never heard the word gigolo and certainly wouldn't *have* applied it to himself if he had. All he knew was that he was helping out a girl who definitely was Somebody. The consequences are presented by Ruth Rodney King in "Parade."

FROM his office at the double-crossroads of the world Jake Pfeffer does a wholesale business—in wrestlers. He'll ship them to you for as little as ten or twelve dollars a ton, plus cartage, and guarantee something worth looking at. Jack Miley introduces "Jake's Juggernauts."

BEFORE she won the sweepstakes Sal was so poor she was always a little hungry. Hank wasn't much better off. And they were in love and wanted to marry. What their "Lucky Break" did to them is told by Mildred Cram.

IN ADDITION you will find Daniel Fuchs, Ernest Haycox, Robert McCormick, John August, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Jim Crowley, Arthur *Daley*, *Freling Foster* and others.

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This Week

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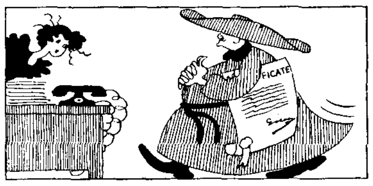
EDITORIAL
Mr. Columbus, Meet Miss Columbia. Page 78

COVER GUY HOFF

Any Week

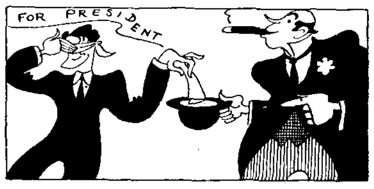
IF IT weren't for people like Mrs. Nina Walker Watkins we might very conceivably be working for Mr. Harry Hopkins, whom we like enormously but are forever squabbling with. From Mena, Arkansas, Mrs. Watkins comes to our rescue with dismal tidings of the Honorable George W. Pettitt. Mr. Pettitt ran, as every alert person must know, for tax assessor. After the primaries, wherein Mr. Pettitt came off rather badly, he walked over to the offices of the Mena Star, our favorite newspaper, and inserted two paid personals. The first: "Want to thank my many friends for their support in my race for assessor, for God knows it was little enough." The second: "Wanted: A few more goose eggs. Must be fertile." Usually our Mena intelligence comes from Colonel Bob Berry, who once told us that in his opinion the United States of America was just one large padded cell.

THERE are those who scoff at this job of ours, who think it lacks importance. And yet we have just received a letter from a gentleman who wants us to sound out Postmaster General Farley about a job that will pay Mr. Farley $100,000 a year "plus a percentage of the profits that would amount to double the salary." We shall, of course, notify Mr. Farley, wondering whether we as broker or intermediary should exact a percentage of, say, ten per cent or so.



IN THE meantime we are in a mood to be congratulated on a bit of luck that has fallen unsolicited upon us. We have just received a beautiful scroll or certificate from Bishop Frank H. Rice of Denver, Colorado, attesting to the fact that we've been "ordained, licensed, commissioned, empowered and consecrated as minister, pastor, clergyman and archbishop in and for The Liberal Church, Inc." Bishop Rice is president of The Liberal Church, which is incorporated under the laws of the state of Colorado. We are not permitted to charge for funeral services or solemnizing marriages, which is, of course, somewhat disappointing, but we are commissioned to preach "education, morality, progress, happiness, intelligence, reason, justice, liberty and civilization," all of which are collectively and separately our dish.

IN ALL the dignity of such solemn investiture we find ourselves wondering what we'd better do, if anything, about Mr. Stuart Hamblen of Van Nuys, California. Mr. Hamblen is running for Congress on the Democratic ticket. Like the Honorable Lee O'Daniel of Texas, Mr. Hamblen hillbillied himself to the nomination with a self-written song called I Wanta Drink My Java from an Ol' Tin Can. Says Mr. Hamblen, "I figured the gov'ment needs mo' plain, ordinary Americans and a heap mo' plain hoss sense—that's why I done run. I don't owe no interests nothin' and ain't aimin' to. My only worry was whether enough folks would be a-comin' roun' the mountain fer me—and they shore did." Mr. Hamblen comes from Texas, a Panhandle boy who "don't aim to have no truck with political panhandlers."



OF COURSE, the upshot of all this is going to be something along lines communicated to us by Dr. George Ben Faccold of Minneapolis, Minnesota. "The time is coming," says he, "when we shall dispense with all this nonsense and simply draw a few names out of a hat and call it an election. As it is now, one of the several candidates is sure to be elected, invariably the wrong one, and by the time he takes office he has let it be known to all that he's just another screwball looking for a job. The beauty of my idea of drawing presidents, governors, legislators and dog catchers out of a hat is that the results couldn't be any worse, and the chances that we'd strike one good man in a thousand draws are better than fair."

"I AM an American citizen," writes Mr. F. Gerwinde of Portland, Oregon, "and naturally unemployed. This is very embarrassing when entertaining my friends who are not citizens and giving them a lecture on why they should become American citizens like me. I am on a committee to do this and show them the advantages of becoming American citizens. If you could state this case I am sure it will cause much thought, which I would like to have because sometimes I find myself at a loss while answering the questions that my friends always ask me after my lecture."

THINK fast, Uncle Sam. W. D.

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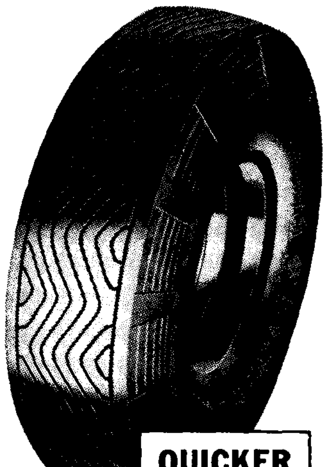
3 NEW WAYS TO GET QUICK RELIEF FROM WINTER GRIEF

Avoid SKIDS!

NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN

● Warning! Plenty of wet, *skid-causing* weather is just around the corner! That's why *right now* is the wise time to replace smooth, dangerous tires with new Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. The spiral bars of this Life-Saver Tread act like a battery of windshield wipers—sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—give you the *quickest* non-skid stops you've ever had. And Silvertowns also give you the *real* blowout protection of the famous Golden Ply. Yet they cost not a penny extra!



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

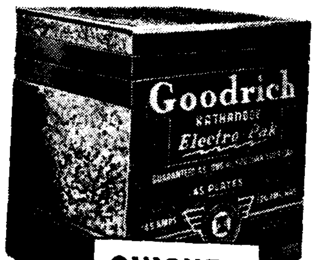
QUICKER STOPS

Avoid STALLS!

New-Type Quick-Starting Battery So Powerful it's Guaranteed as Long as You Own Your Car

● *That's right!* No matter how long you own your car, if the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak* fails to give satisfactory service, The B. F. Goodrich Company will replace it, *without charge*, as clearly stated in the written guarantee. Save battery grief and expense for years to come. Get this *super-powered* battery today.

*Made under the Kathanode Patent



The new Goodrich KATHANODE *Electro-Pak*

QUICKER STARTS

Avoid SHIVERS!

New "Twin-Fan" Heater Heat-Conditions Your Car From Front to Back

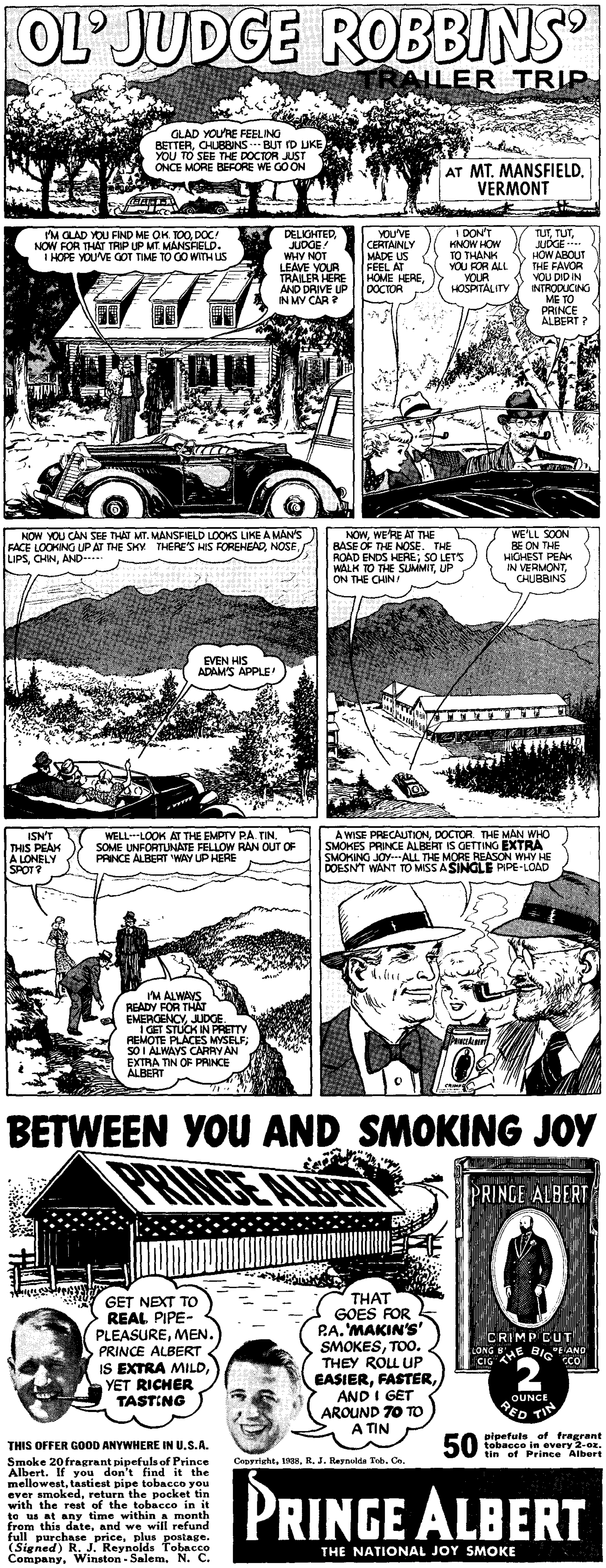
● Motorists, it's here at last—a complete heat conditioning unit for your car—using *two* fans instead of one! This *twin-fan* principle shoots a steady flow of heat down to the floor boards—up to the special windshield defroster outlets—to the whole front seat—and out through the entire car. If you want your car really "heat-conditioned" even on coldest days, get this Goodrich Model "81" Heater now.

The new Goodrich *Model "81"* Heater

QUICKER HEAT

See Your Goodrich *Dealer*

FOR MONEY-SAVING, TROUBLE-SAVING PRODUCTS ALL YEAR 'ROUND · *Free Service*



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, CHUBBINS --- BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE THE DOCTOR JUST ONCE MORE BEFORE WE GO ON
AT MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT
I'M GLAD YOU FIND ME O.K. TOO, DOC! NOW FOR THAT TRIP UP MT. MANSFIELD. I HOPE YOU'VE GOT TIME TO GO WITH US
DELIGHTED, JUDGE! WHY NOT LEAVE YOUR TRAILER HERE AND DRIVE UP IN MY CAR?
YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE US FEEL AT HOME HERE, DOCTOR
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR HOSPITALITY
TUT, TUT, JUDGE ---- HOW ABOUT THE FAVOR YOU DID IN INTRODUCING ME TO PRINCE ALBERT?
NOW YOU CAN SEE THAT MT. MANSFIELD LOOKS LIKE A MAN'S FACE LOOKING UP AT THE SKY. THERE'S HIS FOREHEAD, NOSE, LIPS, CHIN, AND-----
EVEN HIS ADAM'S APPLE!
NOW, WE'RE AT THE BASE OF THE NOSE. THE ROAD ENDS HERE; SO LET'S WALK TO THE SUMMIT, UP ON THE CHIN!
WE'LL SOON BE ON THE HIGHEST PEAK IN VERMONT, CHUBBINS
ISN'T THIS PEAK A LONELY SPOT?
WELL---LOOK AT THE EMPTY P.A. TIN. SOME UNFORTUNATE FELLOW RAN OUT OF PRINCE ALBERT 'WAY UP HERE
I'M ALWAYS READY FOR THAT EMERGENCY, JUDGE. I GET STUCK IN PRETTY REMOTE PLACES MYSELF; SO I ALWAYS CARRY AN EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
A WISE PRECAUTION, DOCTOR. THE MAN WHO SMOKES PRINCE ALBERT IS GETTING **EXTRA** SMOKING JOY---ALL THE MORE REASON WHY HE DOESN'T WANT TO MISS A **SINGLE** PIPE-LOAD
BETWEEN YOU AND SMOKING JOY
PRINCE ALBERT
GET NEXT TO **REAL** PIPE-PLEASURE, MEN. PRINCE ALBERT IS **EXTRA** MILD, YET **RICHER** TASTING
THAT GOES FOR P.A. **'MAKIN'S'** SMOKES, TOO. THEY ROLL UP **EASIER, FASTER,** AND I GET AROUND **70** TO A TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THIS OFFER GOOD ANYWHERE IN U.S.A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Ball lightning, which occurs during thunderstorms and ranges from the size of an egg to that of a pumpkin, usually travels slowly a few feet above the ground, until it strikes some object and explodes. Not long ago in Milan, Italy, one ball floated down the middle of a street so slowly that a number of boys were able to run beside it for quite a distance.

The world's most common eye defect is astigmatism, which is believed to exist, to some degree, in every person. The rarest defect is total color blindness, of which there have been less than 150 recorded cases in all history.—*By Henry Dravneek, New York City.*

The only holiday celebrated widely and exclusively by American Negroes is Emancipation Day, the anniversary of their freedom from slavery. No one date is observed nationally, however, as the states commemorate the day that they consider to have been the most important in the passing of this legislation.

The first wireless distress call at sea was sent from the East Goodwin Lightship in the English Channel on January 23, 1899. The old C.Q.D. signal, used by its operator, was heard by an amateur experimenter in Kent. Through the police, the message was telegraphed to the Dover lifeboat station and its members rescued the crew of the R. J. Matthews, which had run aground on the Goodwin sands.

Australia's megapode, or bush turkey, is the only bird that is actually able to fly and lead an independent life from the moment it is hatched.

The most persistent salvage operation in history has been on the famous wreck of the frigate "Lutine," which, carrying a cargo of about $6,000,000 in gold, sank in the North Sea near Holland in 1799. Although seven attempts have been made to recover this treasure—in 1801, 1859, 1886, 1911, 1914, 1933 and 1938—no appreciable progress has yet been made.

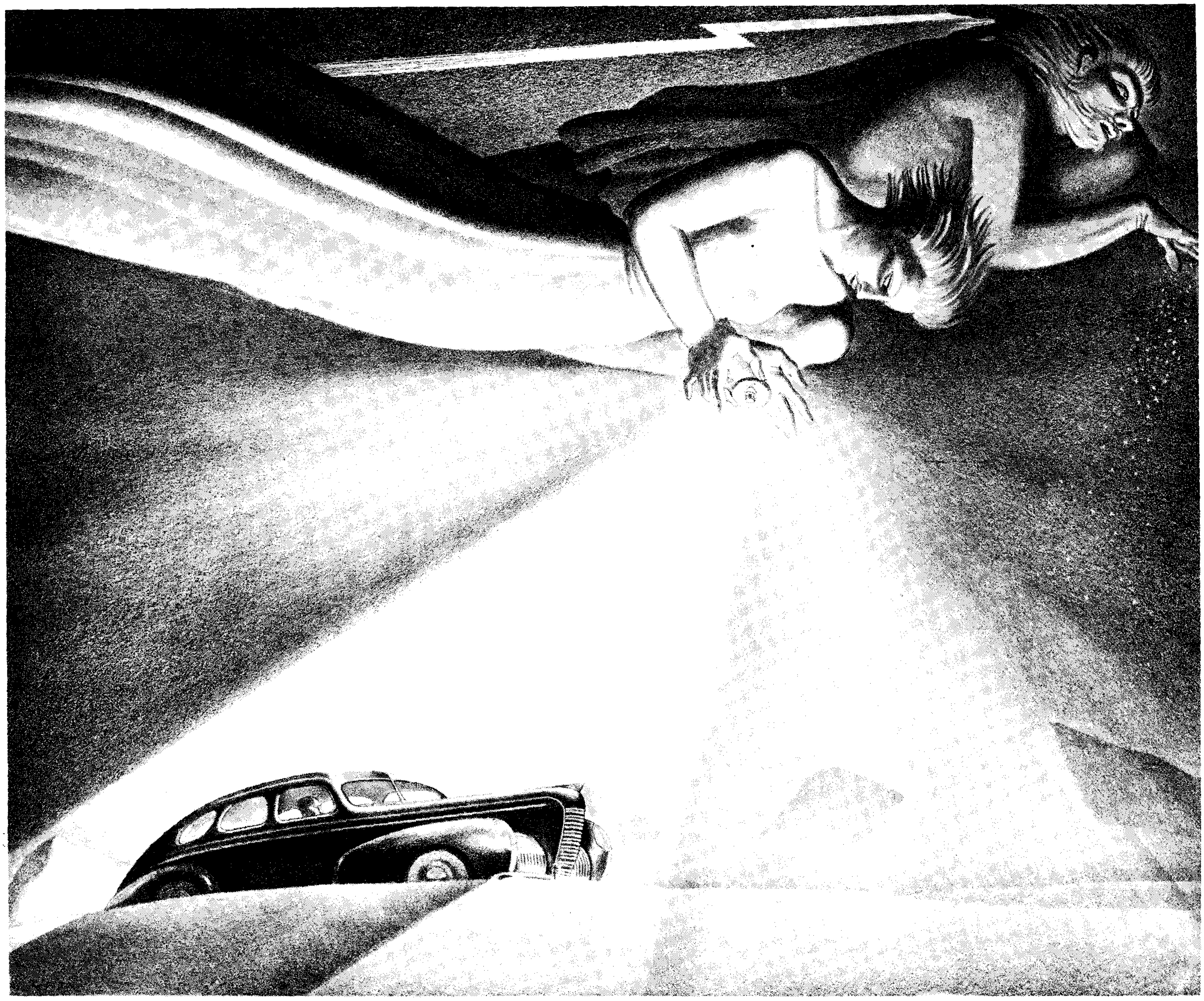
One of the most highly scented flowers is an American cactus, *Acanthocereus pentagonus,* that blooms only at night. The perfume of a single blossom is so penetrating that it has been detected at a distance of half a mile.—*By Gayle Turner, Paris, France.*

Of the several attempts to form a stock company for the purpose of buying the entire world and reselling it at a profit, one of the most successful was that of a Parisian crook, Jean le Breton, in the 18th century. Before he was apprehended, Jean's salesmen had sold a considerable amount of stock, through the use of bills of sale that showed several European monarchs had already sold their countries to him.

Several American towns are named with numbers, such as Six, West Virginia; Seventy Six, Kentucky, and Ninety Six, South Carolina. A species of fish in South Africa is named Seventy-four after the 74 guns on Nelson's flagship, the Victory; and a toilet water is named 4711 after the street address in Cologne, Germany, where it was first compounded.—*By A. Palmer Baker, Wilmington, North Carolina.*

Fire-walkers claim faith protects them from injury as they walk barefooted across a bed of hot stones or smoldering ashes. Others claim fire-walking is a trick the fanatics are able to stage because they use a fuel that is a bad conductor of heat, because they walk so rapidly that the contact is too brief to cause a burn and, lastly, because they are able to induce some kind of anesthesia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Rockwell Kent

THE NASH "WEATHER EYE"

An Important New Development in "Conditioned Air" for Winter Driving

THERE'S a new automobile on its way to you today that will do things you've seen no car ever do before.

And one of the first wonders you'll meet is a mysterious little dial under the instrument panel.

This is the new Nash "Weather Eye". It writes a startling new chapter in the pleasure and safety of driving an automobile.

No matter how cold the day is, inside the 1939 Nash you will need no wraps or coats.

The windows are tightly closed . . . but the car is flooded with ever fresh outside air . . . filtered of snow, rain, dust . . . heated, dried, circulated under pressure, without drafts.

The windshield does not fog. And all the stale air, the smoke from your cigarette, the moisture of your breath . . . instead of being re-circulated, magically disappear!

When you start out . . . simply set the new "Weather Eye" dial . . . and you "tune in" the comfort level you want on your trip. Anything from refreshing cool to hot.

Then the thermometer can drop to zero . . . or suddenly rise. But no matter what happens outside . . . or how many passengers you carry . . . or how fast you drive . . . *your comfort is automatically kept constant!*

This is the "Weather Eye" at work. Like the human eye which expands and contracts with light changes, the Nash "Weather Eye" sensitively gauges all changes inside and out . . . telegraphs the news to the Conditioned Air System . . . to maintain *even* comfort.

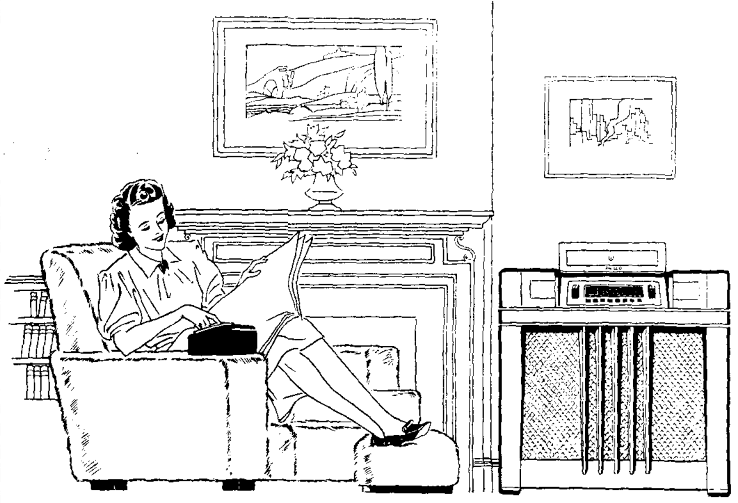
The "Weather Eye" is only one of many contributions to more enjoyable motoring which lead us to believe you'll find the 1939 Nash the world's most modern car.

COMING . . . ON THE EXCITING NEW NASH CARS FOR 1939

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE !!
AS GREAT A MIRACLE AS RADIO ITSELF!!

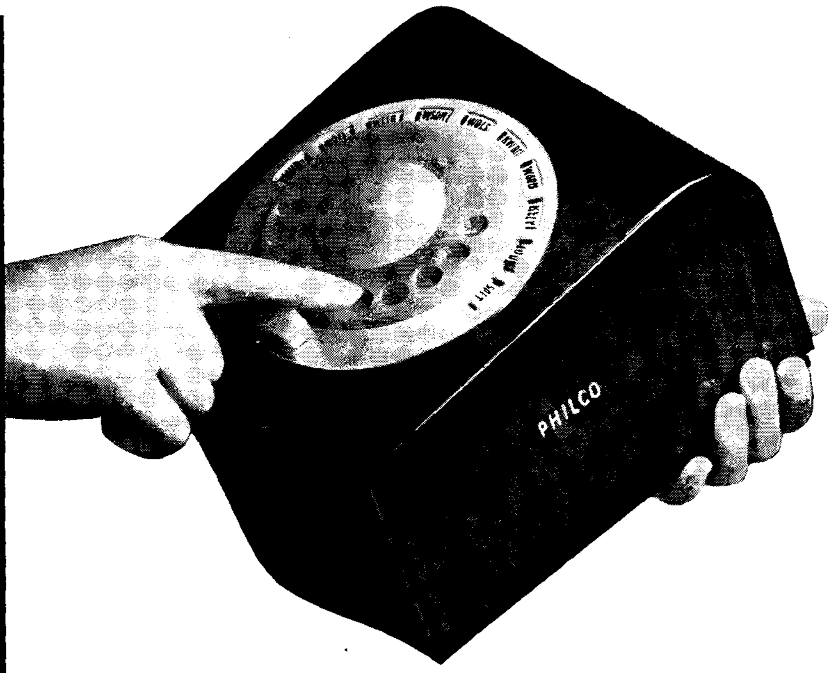
PHILCO
Mystery Control

No wires..No plug-in..No cords of any kind! Yet it runs the new Philco from any room.. from any place..in your home!



PHILCO MYSTERY CONTROL *consists of the radio and a separate Mystery Control unit.*

Since the control unit has no wire connections of any kind to the radio or anything else, you can carry it easily, in one hand, and place it wherever you may wish in your home. At any chair in the living room, in the dining room, kitchen or bedroom, upstairs or downstairs, even outside on your porch or lawn. And then, by simply turning the dial, you operate the radio in your living room—change stations, control volume, turn the radio off!



YES, IT'S UNBELIEVABLE—*but it's true!* No matter where you may be in your home, you can now control the new Philco Mystery Control radio in your living room without moving a step or getting up from your chair. You can change to any of eight favorite stations, make the program louder or softer and even turn the radio off. How is it done? With Philco Mystery Control, the most amazing invention since radio itself. Just imagine—the Mystery Control unit has *no wires, no plug-in cords of any kind!* It has no connection to the radio. And none to an electric outlet—*nor to anything else!* You just carry it wherever you wish in your home, as far away as you can enjoyably listen, and operate the radio in your living room exactly as though you were standing in front of it.

It's astonishing—incredible! But think what it means to you. No more trudging back and forth from all parts of your house to change a program, no more jumping up from your chair. Just stay where you are, comfortably, and run the radio with a flick of your finger. It's like waving a magic wand! But, more important, it's a *new* comfort, a *new* convenience, a *new* thrill for you, your family and your friends.

Special Demonstrations are now being held at Philco dealers everywhere. Philco Mystery Control is the radio sensation in every community. See it . . . try it yourself . . . *today!*

Philco Mystery Control is easy to own. Your Philco dealer offers a Liberal Allowance for your present radio, and Easy Monthly Terms. *See it . . . Try it . . . Buy it . . . Enjoy it . . .*

Collier's The National Weekly for October 15, 1938

Last Chance

By Elmer Davis

Howard Hamar dug up many a great newspaper story. But his greatest he never wrote. Here it is

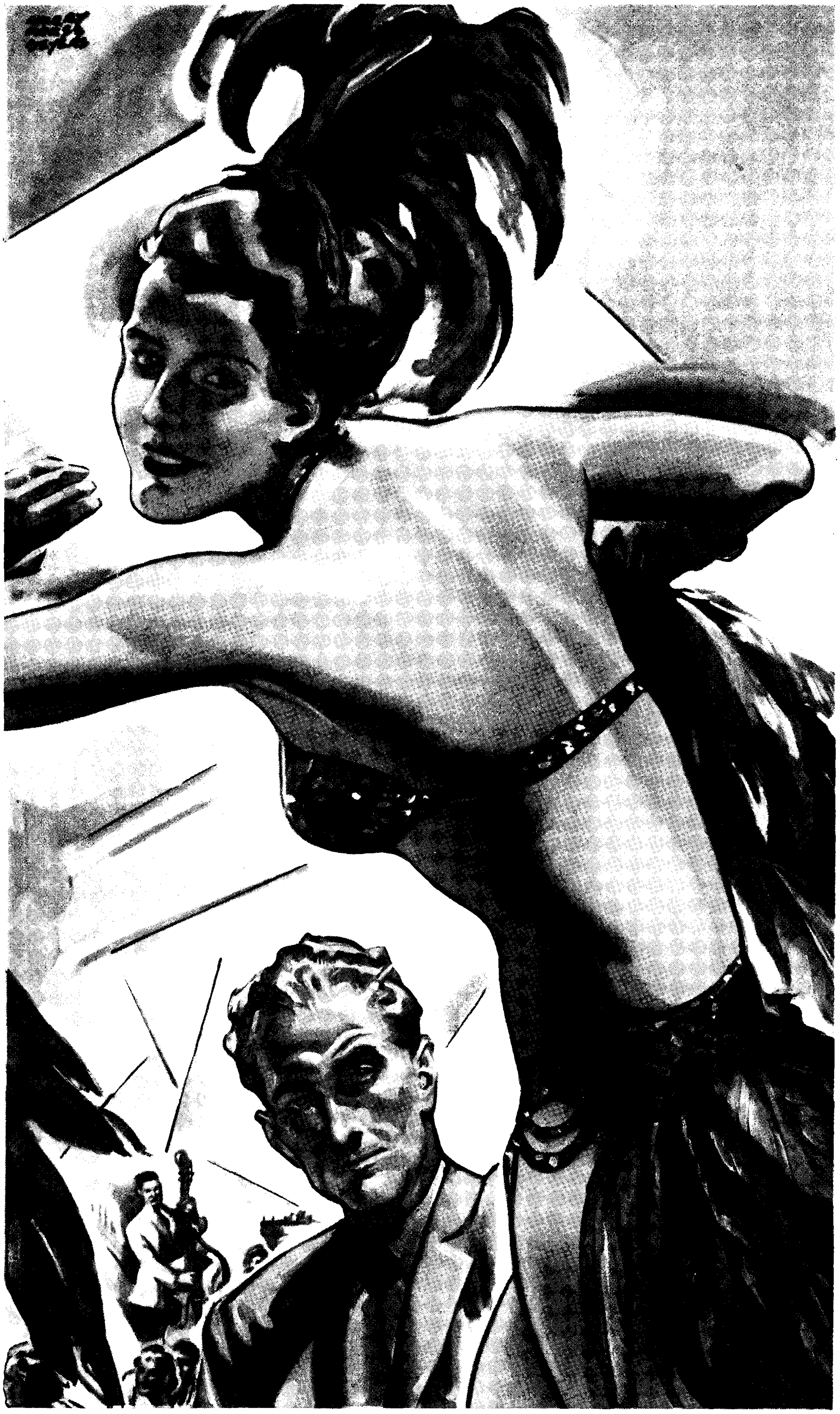
THEY had no idea, when they woke that morning—Howard Hamar, and Bill Woodville, and Camilla Stanage—that their destinies were interlocked; Hamar had forgotten that the other two existed and they had forgotten about him. Most of the citizens of New York had been up and about for hours when Hamar woke in a shabby room off Eighth Avenue, and Woodville in the Y. M. C. A. on 23d Street; for they were morning newspapermen, so used to working late that they slept late even when they were out of work. As for Camilla, she woke in the big house on Washington Square North where the Stanages had lived for ninety years, and smiled over breakfast in bed; for last night she had promised to join her destiny with Bill Woodville's.

If they could. If only he had a job— But he was doing his best to get one, and they couldn't marry till he got it; she wouldn't come into her own money for two years, and she was sick of being dependent on her father. Her brown eyes smoldered under coppery hair as she dressed with swift abruptness; if she didn't get out of this house before long— She came down to the library, and stopped short in the doorway.

"Oh. Good morning, Father. I thought you'd be at the office." Her voice had a huskiness like her mother's; Julian Stanage's throat still tightened every time he heard it or looked at brown eyes under coppery hair. But his impassive face, his gray eyes above a graying mustache, never betrayed his emotions, if any. He looked like what he was—an administrator of estates, a trustee of philanthropies, unsurpassed in prudence and probity, but no very exciting housemate for a red-haired woman.

"I had work to do at home this morning," he told her with a wintry smile. "It's a rare pleasure to see you, Camilla. Last night—" She couldn't repress an impatient shrug. "Night clubs again? Perhaps you think it's none of my business," he said dryly. "But I heard you come in, rather late; and after all, you're only nineteen."

"So I've been told." But now, of all times, she must curb her sullen hostility. "I wasn't at a night club, as it happens. I went to dinner and a movie, and



"The second from the left," said Hamar. "The red-haired one. Neat little number. I'd like to meet her" then we walked along the Park and—and talked." (And made love on a bench in the shadows. Trinity Churchyard must have rattled like a machine gun as all the Stanages turned over in their graves.)

"We?" he asked, his fingers playing with a pencil. "Who else?"

"Bill Woodville." His eyes questioned her, and she supposed there was no use putting it off. "The man I'm going to marry," *she said.*

"Oh." She knew the first thought that would flit through his legal mind: she was nineteen, she didn't need his consent. She knew the second thought, too—she would need money, unless the man had it. "Woodville," said Julian Stanage. "I don't think I know the family."

"You don't. They're Southerners, but not the kind you read about—no old plantation. His father owns a drugstore in Alabama. I met Bill in Miami last winter. He was a reporter, and—"

The pencil snapped between his convulsively clenching fingers.

"A newspaperman? . . . No!" She hadn't expected him to like it, but this violence amazed her. "You don't know what those people are like! Hard drinkers—and utterly without scruples about women—"

"You've been seeing too many wild movies," she said contemptuously.

"My opinion isn't based on movies. . . . So he followed you to New York? Giving up his job, I presume, in expectation of other means of support?"

SHE knew she must hold her resentment in check, if she could.

"He meant to try his luck here before he ever met me. He has some hope of a job on the Chronicle eventually, but he doesn't know when. You know Mr. Amidon who owns the Chronicle, don't you? If you spoke to him—"

"Amidon would do me no favors. I was instrumental in preventing his election to a certain club, and he knows it. And even if he would, I'd never— I'm sorry I ever let you spend last winter with your cousins!" (Her mother's relatives, not his.) "You can meet anybody in Miami!"

She laughed. If he knew some of the people she had danced with in Miami—Pete Polenta, for instance— But she must try to mollify him.

"Bill's all right, Father. He wants to come and see you—I only made up my mind last night—and talk everything over."

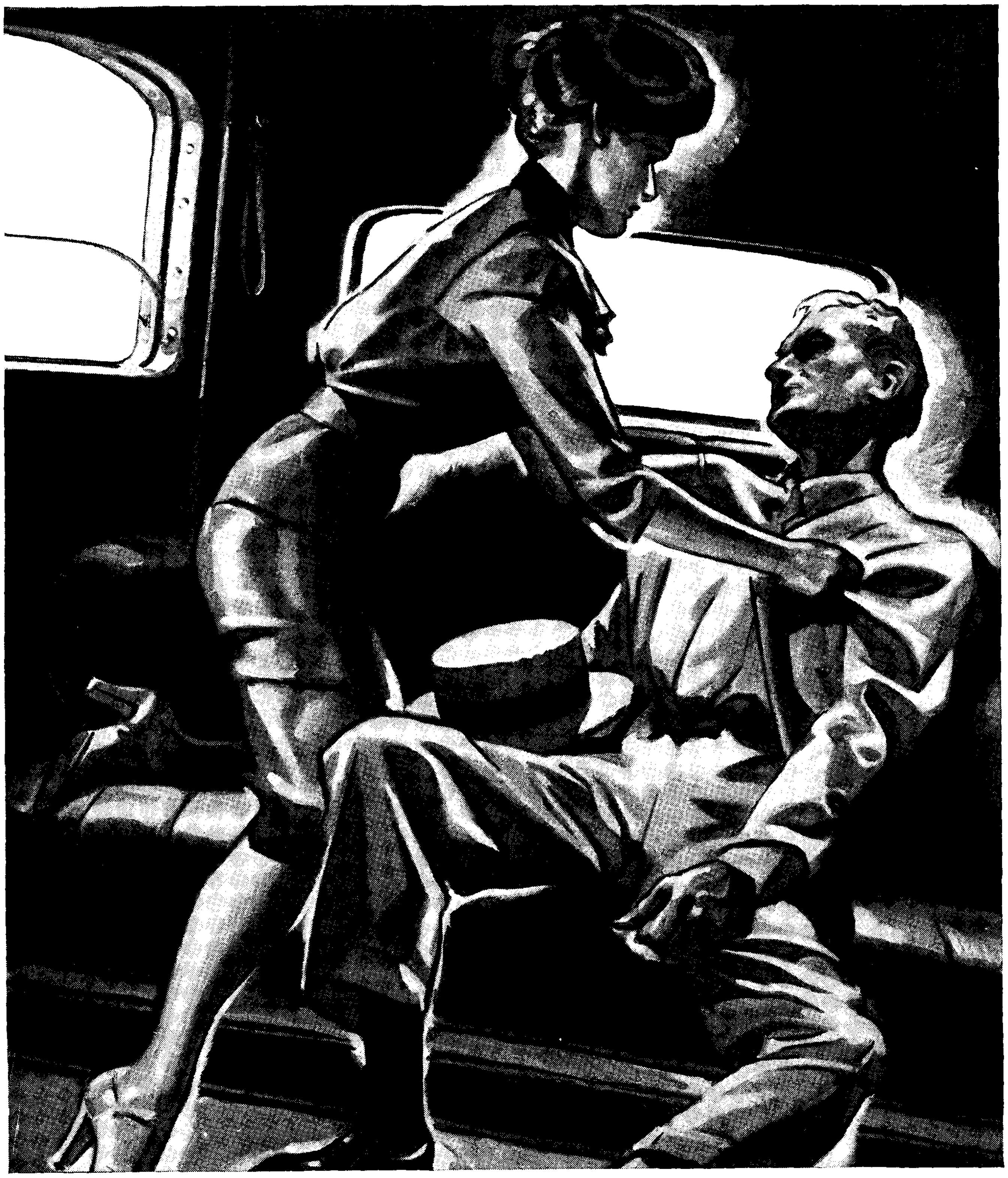
"Ask me to give you control of your property?" She flushed; they had talked of that last night—but it was she, not Bill, who brought it up. "Well, I won't! Your mother's will gives me disposal of income as well as principal till you're twenty-one—which implies some control over you. Distasteful to you, no doubt; but if that was what she wanted—"

Camilla had done her best to keep her temper, not to let old resentments confuse this new situation; but now she boiled over.

"I should think," she said, looking him straight in the eye, "you'd be *ashamed to talk about what she* wanted!" His gray face turned grayer.

"At all events," he said, "she relied on my judgment. I've been giving you your income, but I can hold it in trust for you if I choose. I can't prevent your marrying this young man, but you can't have a cent for two years if you do. And even if he gets a job, a girl brought up as you have been couldn't live on a young reporter's salary."

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS



He stared at her, stupefied. "Lucille—" He shivered. "Oh. Sorry. I remember now, Camilla. I'm taking you home"

So she and Bill had concluded last night; but now—

"I certainly am going to live on his salary, as soon as he's got one! I'll not stay in this house one minute longer than I have to."

She stormed out; and presently, in a telephone booth around the corner—

"Y. M. C. A.?" she said. "Mr. Woodville, please. . . . Hello, darling. . . . I feel *fine. . . . Yes—I do. . . . Bill,* I've got to see you. Right away."

"Make it lunch at Lucio's," he suggested, "in about an hour? I want to stop in at the Chronicle and see if they're ready to give me a job."

WHEN Howard Hamar woke up, it took him a minute or so to get his bearings. This dingy room didn't look like the sort of place where Howard Hamar lived, who for thirty years had been one of the great reporters of New York. But it was. . . . Unsteadily he got up, his mouth dry, his head throbbing. What he saw in the mirror—sparse and grizzled hair, a lined, unshaven face, black pouches under bloodshot eyes—didn't look like Howard Hamar who had once been the handsomest man on Park Row.

Pull yourself together, Howard; you'll be all right when you get rid of this hang-over. . . . For he was Howard Hamar, who used to be able to walk into any newspaper office and get a job, at the top salary. Jobs were scarce now; but for Howard Hamar, so well known to every city editor in New York— Too well known; in the last five years every one of them had fired him. Except George Dorey of the Chronicle, who hadn't been city editor long, who knew Hamar only as the great reporter of old. . . . I'll try old George, Hamar decided, after I've had some coffee. And a slug of rye.

But the suit—his last decent suit—needed pressing, his shoes needed a shine; he bought cigarettes with his coffee and found he had only a dime left—and you can't get a slug of rye for a dime around Times Square. Inwardly he was one vast crawling and quivering as he strolled over to Broadway; but a shop-window mirror—he never could resist looking into mirrors—reflected clothes that, to the casual glance, didn't show the wear and tear; and a jaunty face that might show wear and tear but pretty well concealed the desperation behind it. To the thin dark-haired young man who saw him approaching, Howard Hamar looked as if he were on top of the world.

"Hello, Mr. Hamar," he said eagerly. "Perhaps you've forgotten me. Bill Woodville. I worked with you in Miami winter before last, when you were down there for the Journal."

"Oh, of course. How's everything? Working in New York now?"

"Trying to," said Bill with a wry grin. "I've just been to see Dorey of the Chronicle; he gave me a sort of promise, but he can't take anybody on till there's a vacancy. You know him, I suppose? If you have a chance to say a word for me—"

"Why, I haven't seen much of Dorey lately; I've been writing radio scripts." Bill looked surprised, and Hamar added

(Continued on page 73)

A Punch in the Spine

By Hannah Lees

The time to look out is when a disease gets a head start on the doctor. Analysis of spinal fluid will reveal any brain or spinal cord disease. It has saved the lives or sanity of thousands. Here's how it works

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A PUNCH in the spine and below the belt sounds pretty brutal, doesn't it, and maybe a little unsporting too, but from the medical point of view it's definitely cricket, for that's a way doctors have found to track down a number of our more dangerous diseases. Here's how it worked not so long ago with a little girl we'll call Frannie.

Frannie wasn't so old—only eight months in fact—so when she woke up one morning with a fever and seemed to be a little constipated, and then during the morning turned rather alarmingly blue for a minute or so, her mother rushed for telephone and doctor. Now the doctor might have said, "Don't worry. It's probably just an upset stomach," especially as he looked Frannie all over and couldn't find another thing the matter with her. But your best doctor, though he'll never let you know it, is an alarmist inside. He always suspects the worst. So the doctor said, "We'd better play safe and do a spinal puncture."

Frannie's mother, when he explained what he meant, didn't like the idea at all. But the doctor insisted, and it wasn't really so bad. He stuck a long hollow needle into the lower part of Frannie's spine—she was so young it didn't bother her any more than a pin prick—and he drew out some fluid. And the minute he looked at that fluid, which was quite cloudy, he was glad he'd done it, and by the time he'd examined it under the microscope and done a couple of other things to it he was a lot gladder. Frannie had meningitis.

If it hadn't been for that needle in her spine it might have been days before she was sick enough for the doctor to know what was wrong. It might have been too late. But as it was he got right to work and gave her meningitis serum, gave it to her right in the spine where the fluid came from, and Frannie got well. All of which doesn't mean that every time your child gets feverish or constipated you should run and demand a spinal puncture. But it does mean that if your physician ever suggests one you'd better not object.

Where that hollow needle went, as a matter of fact, wasn't really into Frannie's small bony spine at all, but between the sections of it into the hollow space inside. Everybody's spine, as you probably know if you've ever dissected even a fish, is made up of a series of little bones called vertebrae, each with a hole in the middle. When they're all neatly in place, one on top of the other, they form a hollow column, the spinal column, and inside that hollow runs your spinal cord, that thick white rope of telegraph wires that carry all the messages from your brain to the rest of your body. But all around that rope of nerves, lubricating it and protecting it from shock, is a clear colorless fluid, known logically enough as the spinal fluid.

The Fluid Tells the Story

This fluid is manufactured, most scientists think, way up in a number of hollow places in your brain, called ventricles, and from there runs down into your spinal column. And it was this fluid that the doctor drew off from inside Frannie's spine and found not nice and clear as it should have been, but full of pus and germs. Your spinal fluid, you see, is in very intimate contact with your whole brain and spinal cord, much more intimate contact, for instance, than your blood, for your spinal fluid is flowing right around your brain as snugly as water flows around your skin when you take a bath. So when anything goes wrong with your brain or spinal cord or the layers that cover them, one of the first things affected is naturally your spinal fluid. And doctors by drawing off that fluid and doing various tests and examinations on it can discover a number of very important things that may be wrong with you, which they couldn't possibly know any other way.

The hollow space inside your spine extends down just about as far as you have vertebrae, and your spinal fluid naturally goes down as far as there is a hollow, but your spinal cord doesn't. About two thirds of the way down it begins to branch off to its various substations, leaving the middle part of your spine, the part you can run your finger along, perfectly clear and nerveless. So the trick is to insert the needle between two vertebrae and below where the spinal cord has begun to branch, because, however useful it is to stick a needle into a hollow containing fluid, it wouldn't be so useful to stick one into anything so delicate as the spinal cord. And in that lower part, you see, you can't run into trouble; there isn't any to run into.

One of the most important reasons for examining a person's spinal fluid is when this meningitis we've just been talking about is suspected. And that is reason enough; for meningitis, as you probably know if you read about epidemics in the papers, is about as serious a disease as there is. It is named for the meninges, a series of protective layers that cover the brain and spinal cord. What meningitis means is inflammation of the meninges.

There are several different kinds of meningitis. Each one is caused by a different germ and needs a different kind of treatment. And even if a doctor is pretty sure a person has meningitis, this spinal puncture is often the only way that he can tell which kind. The kind little Frannie had is the most common—the kind you hear of people getting in swimming pools, the kind that causes an epidemic every now and then. Meningococcal meningitis, it is called, and that may sound pretty special but all it means is an inflammation caused by a germ that attacks the meninges directly, a germ that you usually breathe in through your nose. It is serious enough too, but it's less serious than the other kinds that I'll tell you about in a moment, because doctors have known that germ long enough and well enough to prepare a serum and antitoxin from it, which is pretty deadly to the germ.

But the other forms of meningitis are just as important to spot quickly, for, though they're not nearly so common, they are a lot more fatal. There is *(Continued on page 30)*

California Scrip Tease

By Walter Davenport

Out of the wreck of Alberta's Social Credit by the foundered Townsend Plan is this latest California hallelujah heave-ho: Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. If the voters consent California will paper her way to glory with $780,000,000 in shinplaster money next year. Three hundred thousand millennium-minded dues-payers are marching pollward, singing of Ham and Eggs

IT HAPPENED one perfumed night last October. Two gentlemen named Allen, whom experience had scarred more than superficially, were talking to a third gentleman, Mr. Robert Noble, in a Hollywood office that had seen better days.

Until this evening these three gentlemen had been engaged in advertising and promotional enterprises, frequently in partnership. But business was anemic and all three were facing what may loosely be called a crisis. Recurrent periods of poor business had provided ample time for thought and, if possible, inventiveness. There was, that evening, considerable ceiling-scanning, possibly with a view to ensnaring an idea or two. Briefly, most of the thinking was being devoted to the ancient problem of what the hell to do next.

Mr. Lawrence Allen, being a lawyer—a slight, grave, intelligent fellow in his middle forties—was of course pondering along legal lines. Whatever came of that conference, said Mr. Lawrence Allen, remembering without enthusiasm what had happened to his father, would have to stand the sternest scrutiny of the law. His father, Mr. W. S. Allen, was about to be released from the penitentiary, whither he had gone, violently protesting his innocence, for embezzling $9,169.72 from an estate for which he had been administrator. This dismal fact was there for all to read in the records of the California Appellate Court.

Mr. Lawrence Allen had been his father's attorney. Therefore, the legal aspects of what might issue from that October evening's jam session were quite naturally prominent in his mind. Nor was he the only conferee who was convinced that no taint or error should creep in.

Sitting next to brother Lawrence was Mr. Willis Allen, who had, alas, achieved the unfortunate honor of having his name embedded in the records of the United States District Court in Los Angeles. If you wish you may turn to the case of United States vs. Willis Allen, No. 12147. You will discover that in October, 1934, Mr. Willis Allen was indicted for using the mails to defraud. At the time Willis was promoting a pleasant-smelling concoction known as Grey-Gone. It was warranted, if rubbed into the hair, to promote the growth thereof and, for us whose hair has surrendered its original color to the years and gone gray it set itself up as an age camouflage by obliterating the gray.

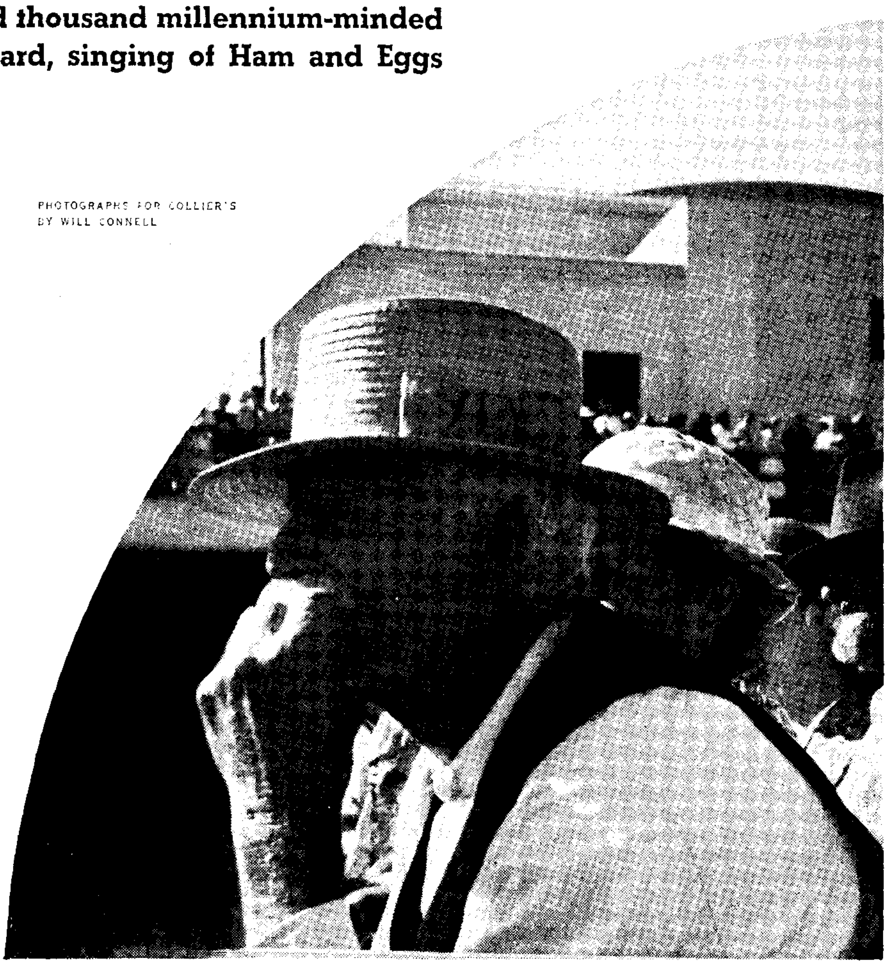
Anyway Mr. Willis Allen, admitting his error, was fined one hundred dollars and sent on his way with the court's admonition to sin no more—or else.

Thus inhibited by lamentable experience, the Messrs. Allen were none too fertile in daring ideas. But Mr. Noble, whose experience in business has not always been heartening and who is at the moment willing if less than likely to become California's next governor (running on the Commonwealth ticket), had given birth to a Promised Land plan which, if it worked, was warranted to make its promoters permanent heroes.

Mr. Noble, having been active in Mr. Upton Sinclair's late and all but forgotten EPIC movement, the aim of which was to End Poverty in California, and having studied the works of the fading Dr. Francis E. Townsend—Uncle Mose—had evolved a dream of paying everybody over the age of fifty a certain sum of money every Monday morning—oh, say, twenty-five dollars.

Without question the fertile Mr. Noble had something. Better, anybody who signed up with Mr. Noble as a follower would have something—something to talk about if nothing else. Mr. Noble had, as we've said, profited by the experience of Uncle Mose Townsend by

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY WILL CONNELL



One of the 1,160,000 residents of California who are more than fifty years old listens to the magic words: Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. Below, Willis Allen, chairman, cheerleader and promoter, who shows the way to free Ham and Eggs

SIGN
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HER
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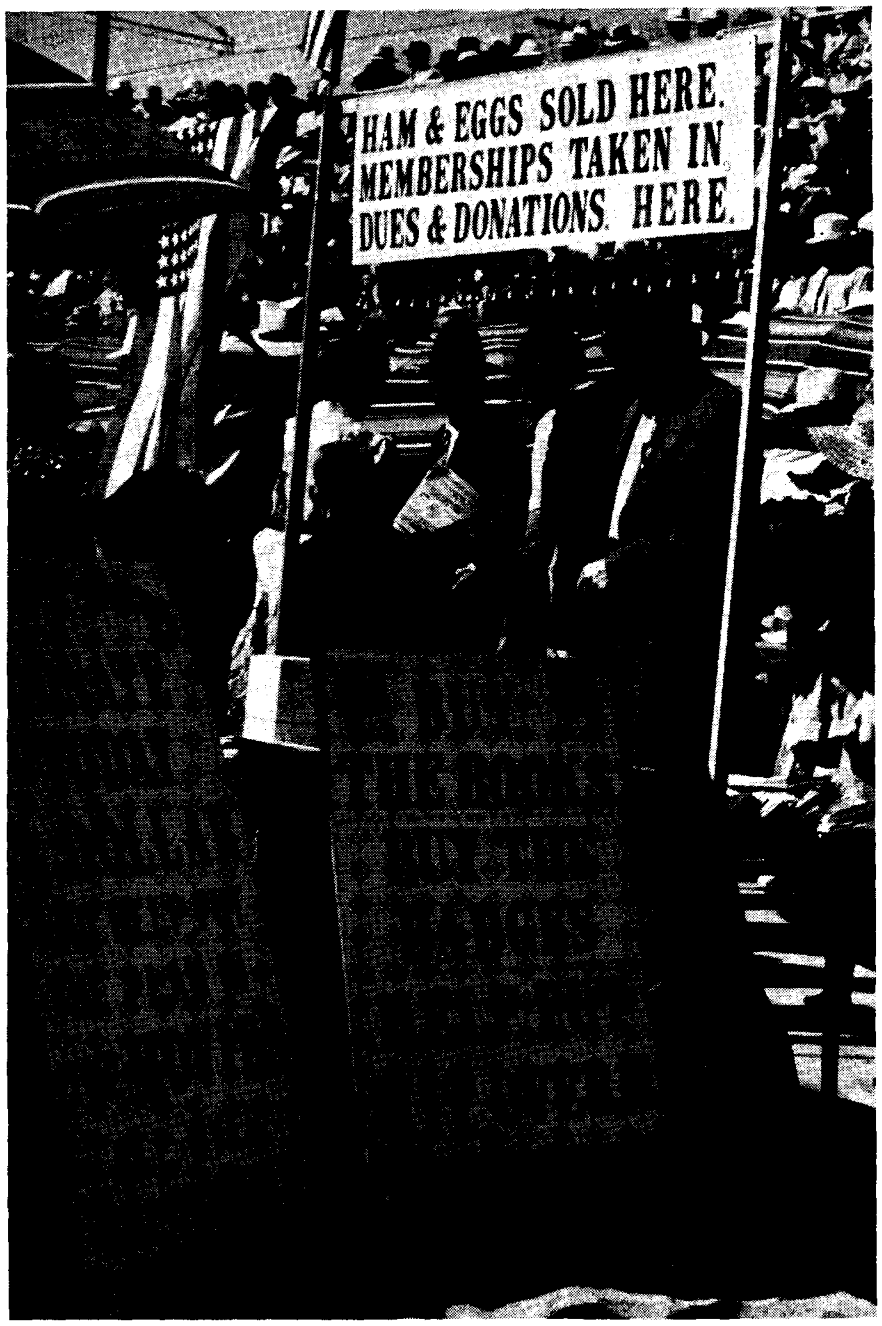

HAM & EGGS SOLD HERE.
MEMBERSHIPS TAKEN IN
DUES & DONATIONS HERE.

Fifty thousand oldsters attended this Scrip Tease picnic near Los Angeles. Below is J. Stuart Blackton, whose movies once packed nickelodeons and who is now a spellbinder for California's newest pension drive

association with the now forgotten Utopians who used to fill the Hollywood Bowl with pension-hungry audiences and by active participation in Mr. Sinclair's sincere but vision-drugged EPIC. Furthermore, he had equipped himself with the speeches of the Honorable Bible Bill Aberhart, the Social Credit premier of Alberta, Canada. And while he, like virtually all the rest of us including the Honorable Bill, was not wholly sure what Social Credit meant, his nimble mind had grasped certain straws of it—particularly those that promised all and sundry a weekly dole.

It naturally follows that a considerable number of people had attached themselves to Mr. Noble, paying into his keeping certain sums to nurture this latest California miracle. And it was inevitable that envy, jealousy, covetousness and similar jaundiced emotions should fester in the hearts of those who had once thought Mr. Noble a pretty swell guy. To Mr. Noble's understandable dismay, rumor of a most obnoxious character began to dog his every move.

Unpleasant persons were saying, for example, that money mailed to Mr. Noble was absent and not accounted for. Similarly ill-endowed individuals were whispering that Mr. Noble's project had unmistakable characteristics of a racket. And so on. Perhaps you know how it is. But to all these rumors Mr. Noble gave immediate and defiant audience. He demanded that the authors thereof step forward and prove their words. None did. And yet Mr. Noble knew that once such canards achieved circulation there was virtually no cure for them.

And of this was most of the talk on that rose-scented October evening made. Both Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Willis Allen besought Mr. Noble to vacate the office of California's newest and most generous St. Nicholas and devote himself to other beneficent labors for which heaven doubtless would reward him. And they comforted him as well as they might with the assurance that when he stepped down the hundreds of thousands of fine, generous and God-fearing, albeit needy, Californians whom he had been about to rescue from the terrors of penury had but to look to them, for they would take up where he had left off.

Men with a Mission

What happened immediately thereafter is peculiarly appropriate to this narrative. The Messrs. Allen and Mr. Noble, attended by a platoon of dissatisfied gentlemen who had become followers of the latter and were to attach themselves to the former, met to negotiate the transfer of authority in a Los Angeles cafeteria. And there, as the robes were lifted from the Noble shoulders and draped about the Allens, the company ate Ham and Eggs.

Let us assure you that the Messrs. Allen, putting the unhappy pictures of dark, dead days well behind them, took up where Mr. Noble left off. Nor did they indulge in any sinful waste of time. On October 4, 1937, those offices wherein the fate of California was being pondered had something of the atmosphere of a defeated politician's headquarters the morning after election.

In these same offices, expanded to take in the whole floor of that building and the entire floor of the next, a hundred and fifty clerks toil like electrified termites discharging the roaring business of the California Pension Plan, whose slogans include such intoxicants as "Ham and Eggs for Californians," "Ring California's Liberty Bell" and "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday"—the latter zowie being the theme and aim of this latest American Scrip Tease.

Where the gentle Uncle Mose dealt in homely emotion, salting his exhortations with tears, the Allen brothers and their associates, most of whom are associated in the real-estate business in one form or another, have applied hard-bitten, school-of-commerce business methods. Today Uncle Mose wanders through vacant halls that once reverberated with psalm singing and hallelujah shouting, looking a little more bewildered, a trifle more dubious, more mystical than ever, but as old as the Sierras. A little hurt perhaps because his flock has fled sheeplike to new and younger shepherds. And yet as ever kind and unfathomably sad. We saw him pause in the hot shade of the home of the plan and listen briefly to the clash and clatter of managed industry, disciplined furor and marshaled energy of big business boldly done. He was bowled aside by sweating giants shouldering great bales of the new literature. He scrambled with the frightened agility of the aged out of the path of a skull-cracking sound truck that hoarsely caterwauled to California: "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday." He walked to the corner and ate a bowl of milk and crackers.

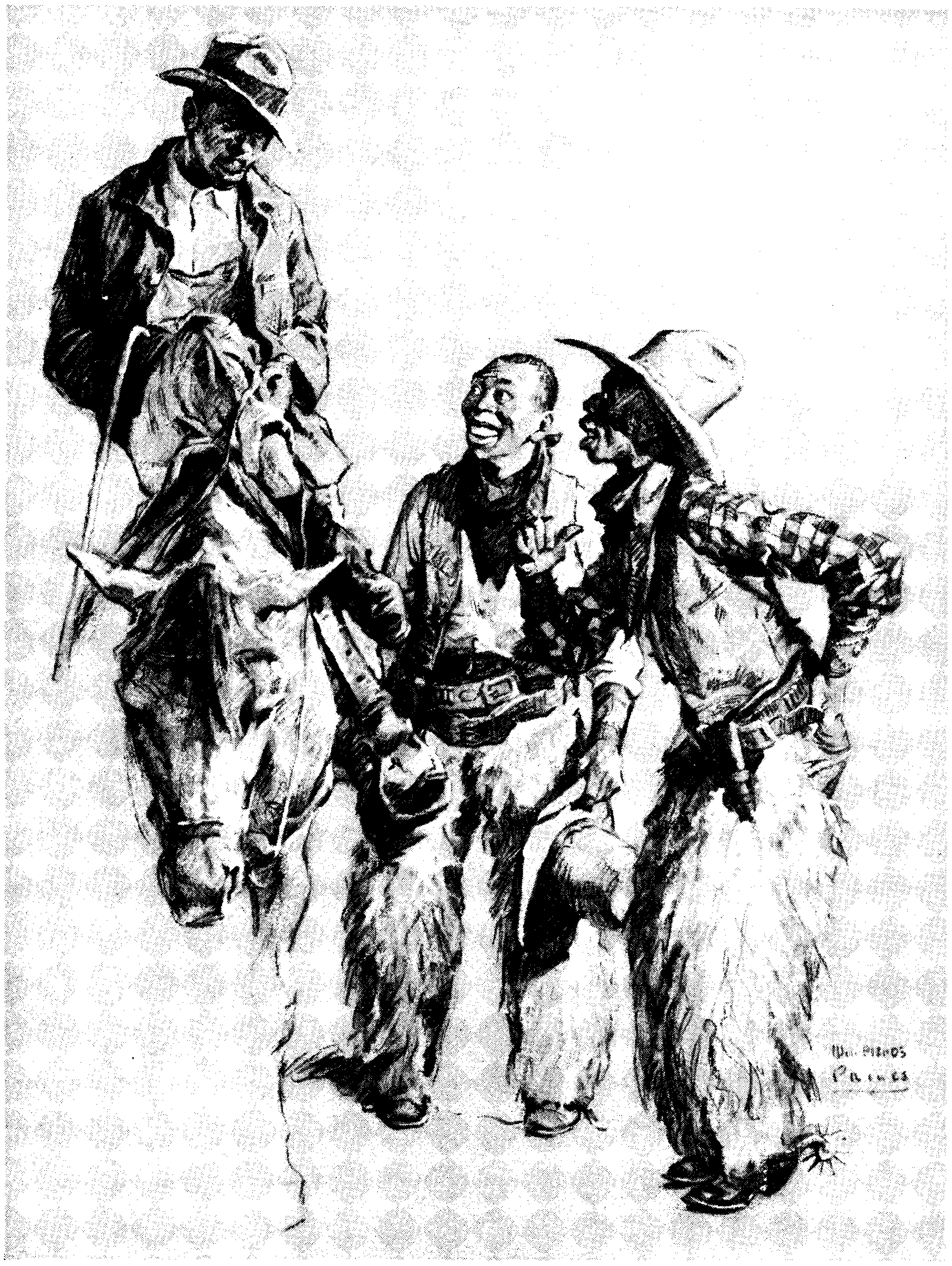
And How the Money Rolls In

At this moment, with California yet to decide by its votes whether the most daring of all amendments shall be mortised into the state constitution, two hundred thousand citizens of this jungle of fly-by-night miracles have joined the movement and, if you will believe the Allen brothers, the membership is increasing at the rate of two thousand daily.

Upon the close-packed desks of the Allen offices they are flinging dues of one cent a day in gobs of thirty cents—thirty cents a month. From out of these once moribund walls have gone two hundred thousand copies of the movement's bible—Ham and Eggs for Californians—at twenty-five cents a copy; and two and a half million of the movement's litany—Life Begins at Fifty (We Beseech Thee to Hear Us, Good Lord) at twenty-five cents the bundle of fifty. To join, you have but to pay a month's dues—thirty cents—in advance or, if the spirit is upon you pretty strong, a dollar bill. The streets are ajangle with tiny replicas of the Liberty Bell, for which more than fifty thousand men and women have paid twenty-five cents apiece to testify that they have rung the bell for California's Freedom from Want and sounded the Death Knell of Poverty. From the Mexican border to Oregon huge sound trucks thunder up and down blasting you with the Battle Cry of Freedom and the recorded voices of the movement's boss spellbinders—ex-Congressman John F. Dockweiler; Sheridan Downey, Democratic nominee for the U. S. Senate; Lawrence Allen, whose emotion-broken phrases cause simple minds to pray; Frank M. Hawks, the Chautauqua orator and father of the famous Frank Hawks, recently burned to death in his plane; William Peeler, otherwise known as Dynamite Bill or the Pint of Dynamite, and Sherman Bainbridge, who used to be an actor and hasn't forgotten his trade. Now and then out of the sound-truck horns comes the quavering voice of an old woman praying between retching sobs for Thirty Dollars Every Thursday.

At every meeting of the membership collections or "offerings" are solicited. We attended one where a thousand dollars were showered on The Cause. Special appeals are broadcast for special requirements, uncommon expenses, and dollar bills rain. We were unable to learn just what the daily income of the California Pension Plan was at the moment; the closest estimate we managed to wheedle out of one of the Allen associations was $2,400 a day. We'd say that was conservative. The sum is

(Continued on page 43)



"An' us ain't got to wear dese clothes no mo'?" Joe Booty asked eagerly. "Not till you gets to Holl-you-wood," Giles said

The Cows in the Corn

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Another Little Bee Bend story, with Giles the foreman again proving that you can't beat a man who is smarter than three mules

GILES hung a leg around the saddle horn, rested his weight in one stirrup, and looked over two square miles of solid cotton. It was pretty and he liked it. It had taken driving—hard, relentless work with a short crew during the long, dry, hot months. The stalks were almost as high as Prince's back, and blooms were still opening toward the tops of the plants. Near the ground, the bolls which had been blooms before June 'teenth were now bursting with fleecy staple.

"Great Lawd!" exclaimed the foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation. "Dis is a crop outn de book!" He straightened in the saddle and set off at a long gallop. He had to stop by the hay press and see that things were running right, there. The brand-new baler, powered by a new tractor, was spewing a stream of prime Johnson-grass hay on the ground, and men with wagons were gathering the bales and hauling them to the barn.

"Efn de guv'mer turn me a-loose another year," Giles decided, "I'm gonter put dis whole hayfield in cotton."

He galloped down a long turnrow at the end of a field grown rank with corn and soybeans. "And when I gits done raisin' cotton in *dat* field, next year," he promised himself, "hit won't never be no mo' hard times."

As he rode up to the barn, he noticed the Bossman's automobile standing before the blacksmith shop. That pleased him. "De Bossman ain't had much to grin at endurin' de hard times," he said, "but when I gits done tellin' him about dis crop, his face gonter split wide open."

Pretending not to notice the Bossman, Giles addressed the blacksmith. "You, Charlie," he ordered, "git dem cotton wagons ready to roll. Us hittin' de field quick as de dew git off, tomorrow mawnin'."

"Dey all ready," the blacksmith stated.

"Den keep 'em ready," Giles instructed. " 'Cause f'm de looks er things, us gonter be pickin' cotton f'm now to Ju-vember."

B'r Charlie chuckled: "Got a crop, hunh?"

"Outn de book," the foreman stated. "And I means, outn de *big* book!"

THE Bossman did not even smile. "Giles," he said almost accusingly, "the August estimate places the crop at sixteen and a half million bales, the biggest in years. We have been paying twenty-three cents a pound, wholesale, for meat, all year. That dry weather after the wet spring made the corn all stalk and no ear, so that we will have barely enough to feed on another year. I've just got an opinion from the farm board that I won't be allowed to sell any hay, because it comes off acreage retired from cultivation, and we can't pasture the cows on the beans in the cornfield because that is part of the soil-rebuilding project. That means we'll have to sell the bald-face cattle and save the pasture for the work stock."

He stepped on the automobile starter, jammed the engine into gear, and sped down the road before the foreman could say a word.

Giles and Charlie watched the car leave. "Lawd!" Giles exclaimed. "I never knowed one man which c'd pack so much bad news in so few words."

He turned his horse into the lot. There was something about it all that he did not understand. When a man makes a good cotton crop, everybody ought to be happy about it, and Giles certainly had made a good crop. "I was happy in my mind," Giles puzzled, "ontwell de Bossman drapped all er dat tawk in my lap." He walked down the bayou path. Maybe the Widow Duck could clarify the situation.

But before he reached the Widow Duck's house, he encountered Joe Booty, and Joe was singing:

"*Highway Sixty-one is de longes' road I know—*
Hit run f'm Chicago to de Gu'f er Mexico."

"Whar'd you git dat song?" Giles demanded.

"Hit's a travelin' song," Joe Booty told him. "I hyared Cooter singin' hit. Cooter got hit f'm a boy which served time, over at Angola."

"I wants," Giles said bluntly, "fo' hund'ed and fifty pound er cotton outn you befo' sundown tomorrow. And tell Cooter he better pick me fo' hund'ed. Or you and him bofe is gonter be huntin' dat long highway y'all singin' 'bout."

"I was thinkin'," Joe Booty explained, "about sellin' my crop like she stand in de field, and gittin' me about a little."

"You done et up yo' crop, son," Giles told him. "Efn you wants to ramble, now or later, suit yo' own pleasure. And dat goes for Cooter and anybody else which got a eetch in de heel."

"Aw, Giles," Joe Booty protested, "I got me a crop dis year. Efn I don't make me twenty bale on dem twelve acres, I'll eat de diff'unce."

"Efn you don't make twenty bales," Giles promised, "you gonter have to eat de diff'unce. Cause I swear, me and de Bossman ain't gonter buy you no meat to eat."

GILES walked on. He felt a trifle better. And he knew Joe Booty felt no worse. "Ev'y since de panic," he chuckled, "I been promisin' to make dem niggers eat cotton 'stid er meat, and dey ain't missed a meal yit."

He found the Widow Duck in a very pleasant mood. Penny had just crossed her field and picked a likely-looking boll of cotton that had eight locks in it, instead of the five locks that the fancy-seed people had guaranteed. She did not realize that the boll was a double four-lock boll from which the fancy seed had been developed.

"How you, Mis' Duck?" the foreman greeted.

"Satisfied," she returned pleasantly. "And you?"

"Fust one way and den de yuther," Giles told her. "I got me a powerful crop, dis year."

"Outn de world," she agreed.

"But de guv'mer got me all messed up," Giles went on.

"Leave de Bossman handle de guv'mer," the Widow Duck advised. "You put yo' mind on de cotton."

"Dat's right," Giles nodded, "only de Bossman driv up today and turned de guv'mer trouble over to me, too."

"De Bossman know his business," the Widow Duck reasoned, "but I swear, Giles, hit don't seem like—"

"De Bossman," Giles told her, "is got to rassle up cawn for we's mules and meat for we's niggers."

"Man, us got cawn," declared the Widow Duck. "Hit's might' nigh seven hund'ed acres—"

"Yeah," admitted the foreman. "But de guv'mer was so busy fixin' good cotton weather hit plum ruin't we's cawn crop."

"Aw, Giles," the Widow Duck protested, "de guv'mer ain't got nothin' to do wid de weather. De Lawd handle—"

"Not no mo'," Giles stated flatly. "De guv'mer handle dat, too. Ev'y day de guv'mer pass a law which say what de weather gonter be tomorrow. I done seed de papers."

"GO HAID, fool," growled the Widow Duck. "De guv'mer ain't got de cheeks."

"De guv'mer," Giles told her, "got de cheeks to do anything. De guv'mer got de cheeks to tell us how much cotton us kin plant, and how much hay us kin raise, and how much dis and how much dat—"

"I wouldn't tawk agin de guv'mer," the Widow Duck said cautiously, "but"—and she spat far out into her yard to emphasize her contempt—"when de guv'mer gits to mindin' de Lawd's business, hit's a strange mule in de wrong stall."

"I reckon de guv'mer figgered all er dat out," Giles counseled. "Hit got ev'ything else about figgered out."

"De guv'mer didn't git dis big crop figgered out, did hit?" she demanded.

"Must er," Giles declared. "Hit got ev'ything else—"

"Last year," the Widow Duck interrupted, "seem like you was tawkin' outn de yuther side er yo' mouf. Seem to me like I hyared you say you was gonter take de land de guv'mer allowed you and make mo' cotton den you ever made on de place."

"Dat's zackly what us done, too," Giles said proudly. "De best Little Bee ever done was twenty-one hund'ed and nine bales. And dat was back yonder when us was plantin' twenty-five hund'ed acres. But efn us don't beat dat on twelve hund'ed and eighty acres, I'll eat de diff'nce."

"Den what you groanin' 'bout?" she demanded. "Heap er cotton mean a heap er money and pleasure for all."

"Hit ain't on'y we which got a big crop," the foreman explained. "Ev'ybody in de country got a big crop and dat run de price so low—"

"Sho'," the Widow Duck cut in, "and ev'ybody got a big crop on account er dey plant dat land de guv'mer made 'em sow in beans last year. Ain't dat so?"

"Beans in a field dis year sho' will make a good crop next year," Giles admitted.

"De guv'mer got dat figgered out," the Widow Duck snorted. "De guv'mer don't let ev'ybody plant as much cotton as dey wants, cause hits too much cotton. So de guv'mer make you plant dat same land in beans, so next year you kin raise twice dat much cotton. So when de guv'mer got all er dat figgered out, hit set down and tuck de weather business over, too."

She sucked through her teeth in disgust. "Go 'haid, Giles. Come hyar tryin' to tawk down my sperrit wid de guv'mer! De Book say, 'Toil ye tharfo' in de field a-plenty, and ye shall abide tharin.' So I done like de Book say. I toiled in de field a-plenty, and de Lawd blessed me wid a big crop. And I don't aim to git long-mouf about hit. I'm ve'y satisfied."

Giles walked off, grumbling as though he were hurt. But in reality he was pleased. The Widow Duck had confirmed what he already knew, and he was happy to know that she felt the same way about it. "Wid a big crop like dis," he grinned, "ev'ybody ought to be ve'y satisfied."

At home, he found Betsy busy making long cotton sacks out of bolts of heavy canvas. "Us hittin' de field at dew-off, in de mawnin'," he told her.

"I'm ready," Betsy said. "I went tò de commissary and got fo' more bolts er Lowells. I'm got a plenty sacks for ev'ybody on de place, and about a hund'ed extra, for de yuthers."

"What yuthers?"

"Hill niggers, I reckon," Betsy told him. "De yuthers which gonter he'p git dis cotton picked out befo' de rains set in. We got a crop, man, and I don't want to see one lock knocked on de ground. And you, neither."

GILES was pleased with that, too, but there was no use in a man's letting his wife run his business. "Us ain't got but about twenty-five hund'ed bales," he said deprecatingly. "Little Bee Bend kin pick dat many widout sendin' for he'p. Us done hit, and us kin do hit agin."

"Dat," Betsy reminded him, "was when us had a full crew, too, befo' de guv'mer cut down on de land. Hit's been might' nigh twenty families moved off'n de place since de guv'mer been farmin'. And you ain't let nary a family move on."

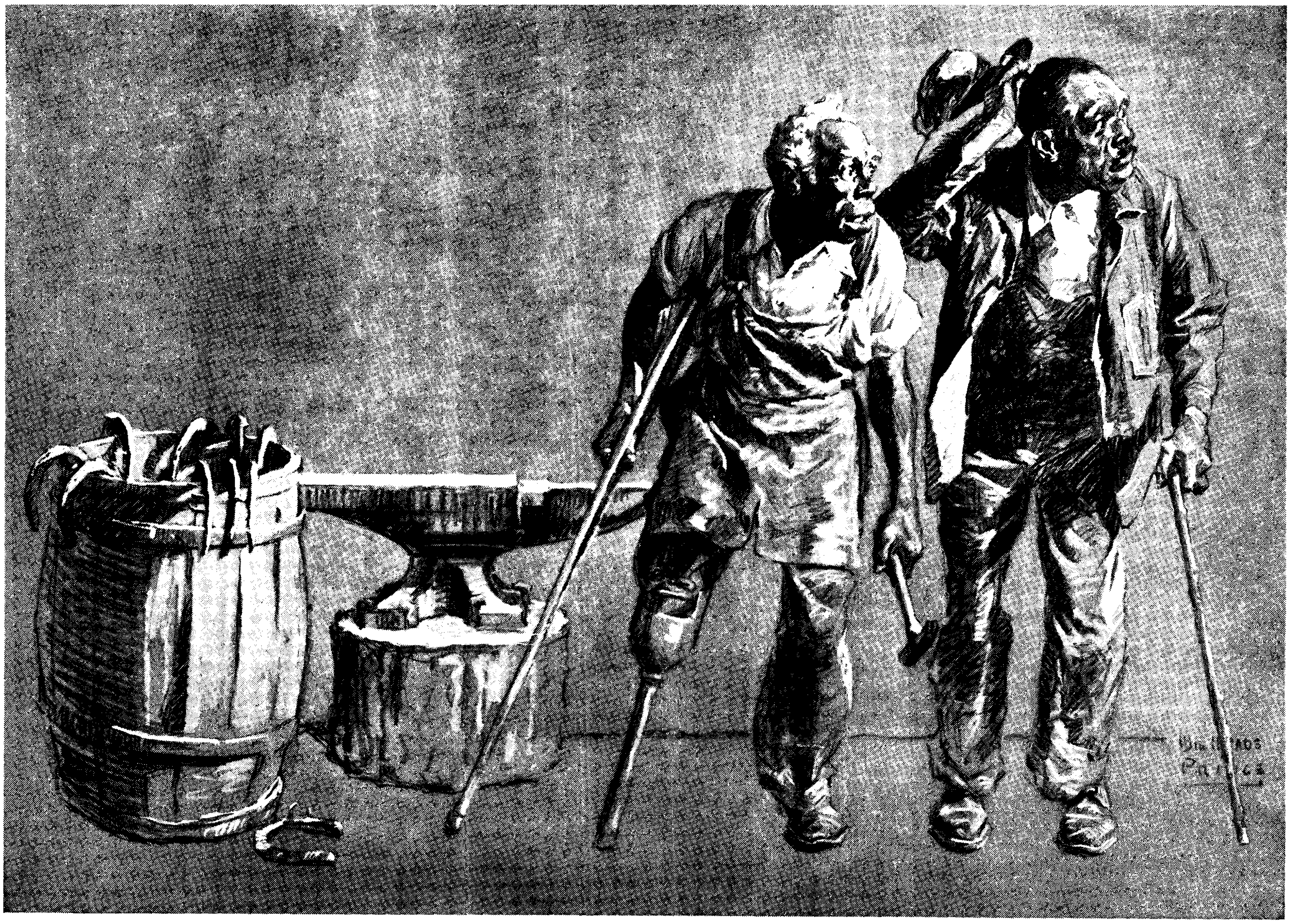
"Dey all stayin' over in town," Giles said. "Dey be glad to come back and pick."

"You know hit's de trufe, too," Betsy agreed, "on'y dey can't make hit."

"How come dey can't?"

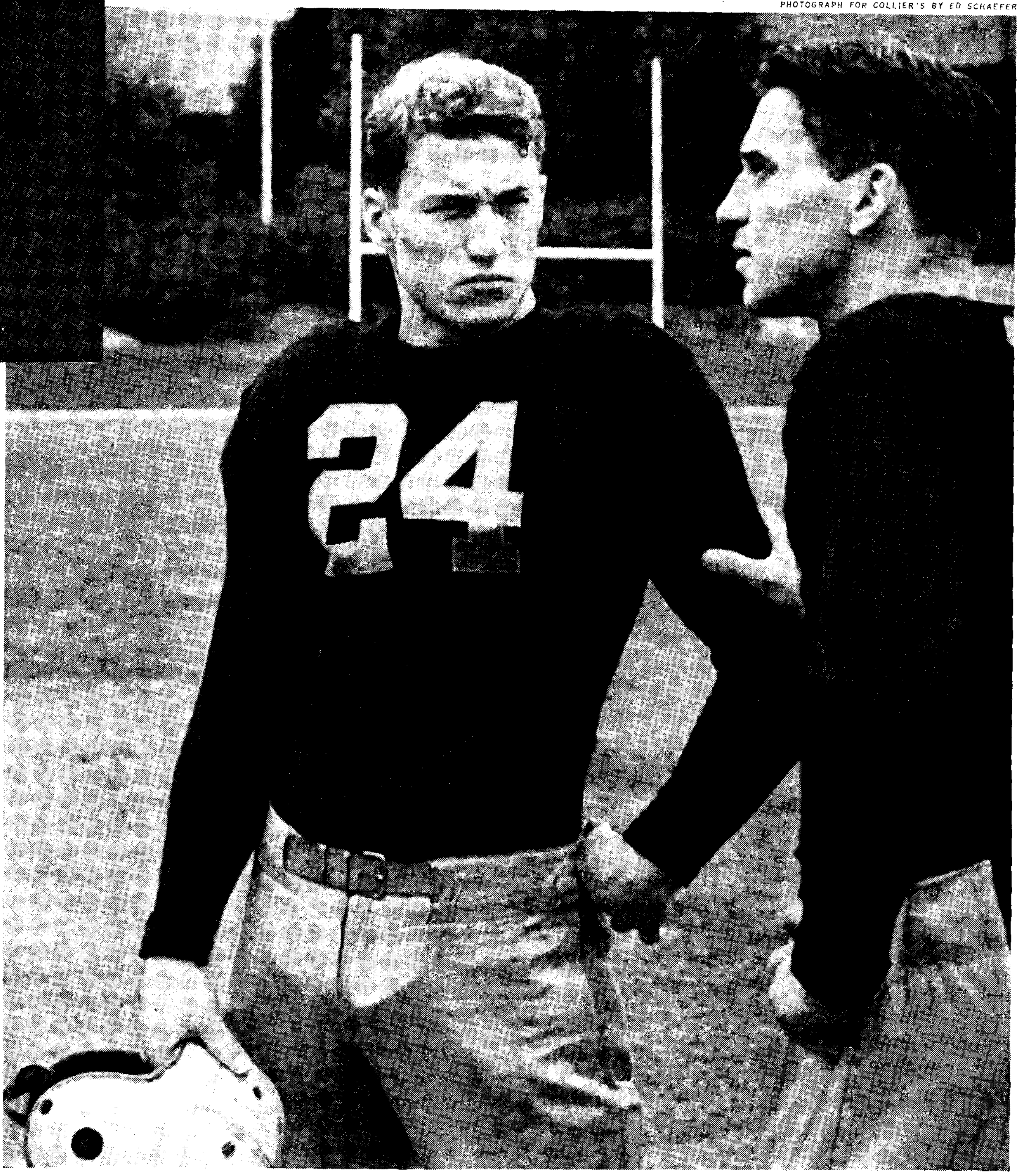
"Dem niggers," Betsy stated scornfully, "been livin' on crackers and 'loney saushy. And you know dat you can't pick dis cotton on dat kind er rations. You better git hill niggers. Dey ain't so much, but dey do raise hawgs up in de hills, and dey eats hawg meat. And you know hit takes hawg meat and collard greens to git dis cotton."

(Continued on page 27)



"Lawd!" Giles exclaimed. "I never knowed one man which c'd pack so much bad news in so few words"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ED SCHAEFER



Byron "Whizzer" White and his new pro mentor, Coach Johnny Blood of Pittsburgh

The happy solution to the problem of Mr. Byron White—sometimes known as Whizzer—who was called upon to choose between a Rhodes Scholarship and a fat contract to play professional football

THE gentleman at Denver was rather a delicate type of wit. He kept referring to Little Artie Rooney and Oxford and the WPA. He looked at me hopefully and added: "Whizzer White. . . . Get it?"

The Whizzer White part was easy enough because you can't manufacture a hero in America without somebody being aware of it. Whizzer White was the halfback at the University of Colorado who proved that strict unanimity can be achieved in this nation if the name is right, the ballyhoo is strong and the guy is good.

But the WPA—where did that come in?

"Either Whizzer goes to Oxford," explained my newly found friend, "or he becomes a WPA—Western Pennsylvania Athlete. That's where Art Rooney and the Pittsburgh Pros enter. Get it?"

The effect of altitude in those parts is said to be deleterious to certain types and I did nothing more than flatten the guy to protect myself. WPA, indeed! It shows what can happen when insanity becomes a state symbol.

This needs explaining and you may as well brace yourself. This boy White, three years ago, was just a laddie buck from the tank town of Wellington, Colorado, with the decent name of Byron White. As a freshman he had been something of a football sensation but his sophomore year was distinguished by a knee that insisted on traveling in a different direction from the rest of the body. As a consequence Byron got in the Oklahoma game for ten minutes and in the Wyoming game for ten minutes and wasted an entire year of athletic competition—a sad thought that now haunts Bunny Oakes, Colorado coach.

In his junior year he began to shine and last year his fame was clinched when a Denver sports writer (said to be Leonard Kahn) racked his gargantuan brain and came forth with the nickname of Whizzer for the innocent Byron.

The effect was miraculous. Byron did his part, the press of this great nation took up the cry of tallyho and Whizzer White overnight became as famous as that breakfast food Lou Gehrig can never remember in a pinch.

The Oxford angle was something else again. The Whites of Wellington had somewhere picked up the quaint notion that college was a place where a young man went for education. Preceding Byron at Colorado University had been Clayton (Sam) White, his brother. Sam had also played football and had won a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford. Coming along later with the same ambitions, Whizzer had made Phi Beta Kappa at Colorado and was taking the examinations for the Rhodes Scholarship just at the time the experts were putting him on the All-America team. When Colorado went down to Fort Worth to prepare for the Cotton Bowl game with Rice, Whizzer was in San Francisco doing his sums and parsing his verbs for good old Ox. He won the competition, hurried to Texas, starred in the Colorado-Rice game, and ran full tilt into Art Rooney and temptation.

As the last-place club in the National Professional League, Mr. Rooney's Pittsburgh team had first crack at all college material and picked Whizzer. They offered him $15,000 for a season's work. Whizzer waved it away, saying that the green fields of England called him. Mr. Rooney, who is one of the great plungers of the American turf, having been known to lay as much as fifty grand on the nose of a certain goat in a certain race, was not to be eliminated so easily. He kept pressing the matter through the offices of one Johnny Blood, Pittsburgh coach and a character in his own right. The contest went on all through the winter, the spring and into the summer. And then Whizzer discovered an astonishing thing: he could have his cake and eat it too! He could enter Oxford after the New Year, thus allowing him time to play with Mr. Rooney's boys during the fall season. Result: contract is signed and lives are saved in Denver among gentlemen who have been made sick by the thought of that fifteen grand being scorned.

All the Whizzer has to do now is be as good as his publicity. Some say he can; others doubt it. It is on the record that he is a great runner, a fine punter and a good passer. Beyond that, his principal asset is a straight arm that resembles Joe Louis' jab. When hit by it, the tackler's head retreats a distance of seven feet before returning to normal. This, plus a cute pivot in the open field, makes the Whizzer a dangerous customer. He weighs around 195, has been known to carry the ball seventeen times in a row, and thinks anybody who plays less than sixty minutes in a game is anemic.

Whizzer's great year, 1937, started with his getting off an 83-yard punt on Missouri. In the Brigham Young game he returned the kickoff 48 yards for a touchdown. Against Colorado State he ran back a punt 75 yards for a

(Continued on page 35)

The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE, chief of British naval intelligence, has been playing a delicate and dangerous game of counterespionage in a critical effort to avert general war in Europe. Through underground channels established by alien spies themselves, Cheshire has allowed England's enemies to believe that she is much weaker than she actually is. The Fascist governments are eager for war, can barely restrain their impatience to attack an unprepared England.

The crisis is fast becoming acute, and there remains one final move in Cheshire's plan to confound the enemies of England. Cheshire, virtually singlehanded, has prepared an elaborate plan—a minutely detailed outline for simultaneous offensives in the North Sea and the Mediterranean—and will stealthily relinquish this paper into the hands of alien spies. It is of prime importance that Rome and Berlin shall believe that this document represents England's true position.

However, the super-spy, Horace Florestan, rightly suspects the accuracy of the information that has been reaching his superiors in Rome. Unless England takes him into custody at once, Cheshire's strategy may be rendered useless—and Europe plunged into war.

Indispensable in Cheshire's scheme is the Countess Elida Pelucchi, who has access through her London embassy to the highest political circles in Italy. The house of Pelucchi has for centuries pledged its allegiance to Italy, but Elida has two reasons for working with Cheshire. She is persuaded that Italy's present ruler will plunge her country into a ruinous war unless he is curbed, and she is in love with Cheshire's young aide, Ronald Hincks.

Deborah Florestan, wife of the spy, meets Cheshire, is attracted to him, confesses that she hates and fears her ruthless husband. Cheshire discreetly fosters her friendship in the hope that it will prove useful. One evening, she brings word to him that her husband has escaped to Rome. He has talked with her by telephone. She is to instruct the Countess Elida to present herself at once to a certain high personage in the Italian capital. Cheshire resolves to prevent Elida from making the dangerous journey.

That evening, as he is on the point of leaving for the opera, accompanied by Deborah, a letter from the foreign office is delivered to Cheshire. He reads it, crushes it in his fist, while the woman watches. "Is it bad news?" she asks.

IX

I AM afraid there will be no Tristan and Isolde for us tonight," Cheshire answered. "I am summoned to Downing Street at nine o'clock."

"What do you mean by 'Downing Street?' "

"The residence of the Prime Minister," he told her. "There is an urgent meeting of the War Council."

"Are you a member of it?"

"Yes."

"There is to be war?"

"There are certain indications of it."

She was silent for a few moments.

"I seem to be the most unfortunate woman," she sighed. "Show me the letter."

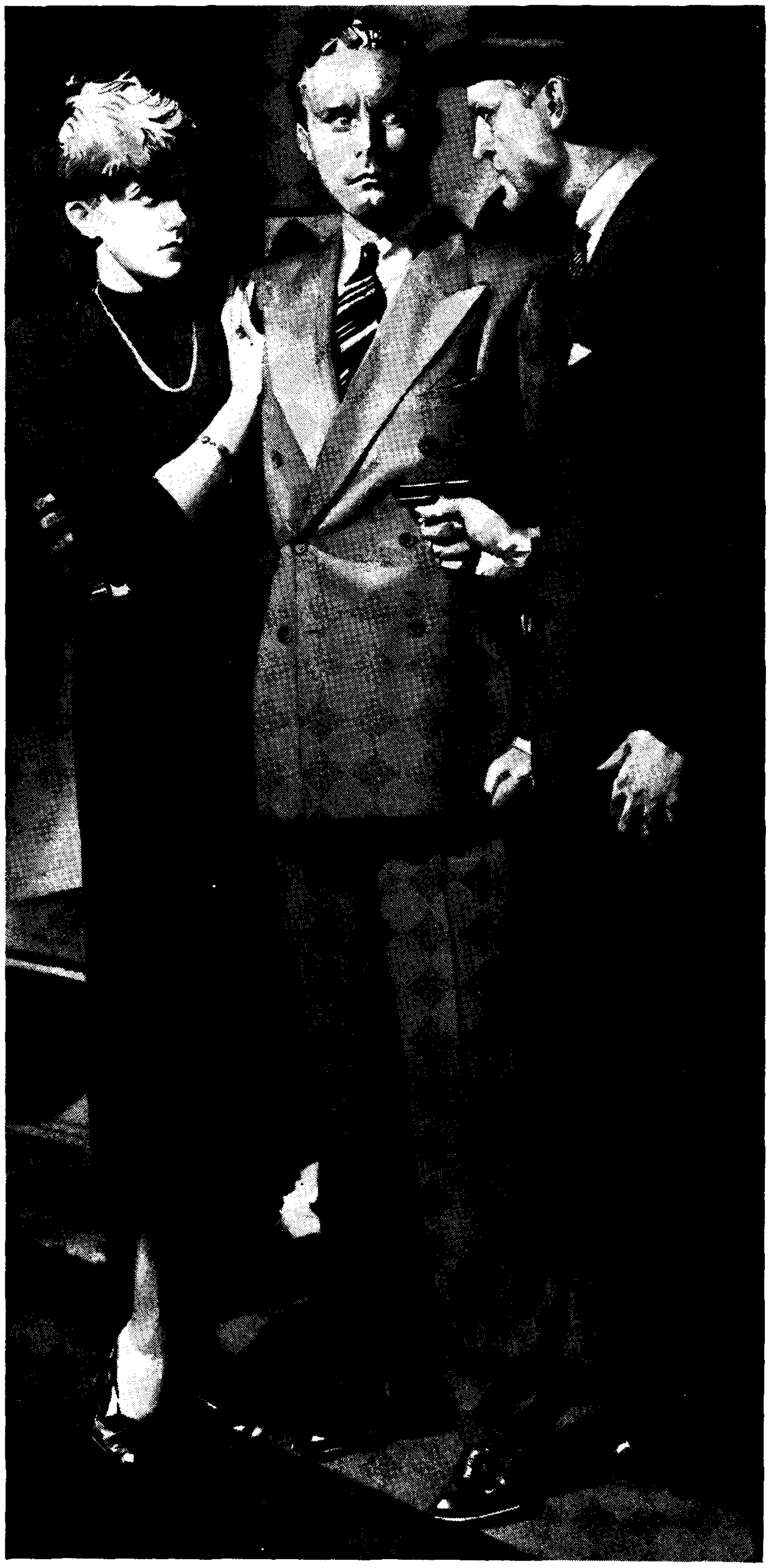
"It is in cipher," he explained, holding it out to her, "a very simple cipher but we use it for messages even amongst ourselves. If you doubt that I am telling you the truth, though, take my stalls and search the house tonight. Four members of the War Council have boxes. They will be empty."

Her eyes were dry but there was a sort of dumb pain in them that touched him. He was almost ashamed of his fencing with her.

"Deborah," he said kindly, "you see that I am quite powerless. There is no room for any discussion. I am afraid that what we have been fighting against is going to happen after all."

He opened a drawer and drew out an envelope.

"Here are the tickets," he said. "You may find that before the last curtain they will be playing God Save the King."



"I am here for straight talk and quick action," Florestan said

"What will that mean?" she asked.

"That we are at war."

She took the tickets, tore them in two and flung the pieces upon the table. Then she rose to her feet.

"If I may not hear that music with you tonight," she cried, "no one else shall hear it from those places."

She swept from the room and he saw that her whole body was shaking with suppressed sobs. He had no time to reach the door, he could think of no words save dangerous ones. He did the wisest thing—he remained silent.

The Premier made his confidential announcement that evening very briefly. He spoke to a representative gathering of the three services—the air, the army and the navy—six statesmen and Lord Fakenham.

"You have all been kept closely in touch," he said from his chair at the head of the long table, "with the progress or rather the lack of progress that has been made by Orson-Meade and Dunkerley, our plenipotentiaries on the continent. We have had a telephone message from the latter this evening to the effect that he had an appointment with the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Chief of the State fixed for five o'clock this afternoon. He presented himself at the rendezvous and was informed by a private secretary that the appointment was canceled, that a note of apology had been sent to the embassy explaining that neither the Chief nor the Foreign Secretary were able to keep their appointments. He found a curt note to that effect upon his return. We have also heard from Orson-Meade that notwithstanding two efforts he was unable to obtain the promised audience for this afternoon and he was seriously contemplating, with the approval of our ambassador, leaving the city. That is the position, gentlemen."

ONE of the statesmen, a Cabinet Minister and a world-renowned pacifist, rose to his feet.

"May I point out, Mr. Prime Minister," he begged, "that the breaking off of negotiations in this matter with a plenipotentiary is not equivalent to refusing to receive our ambassador. We are entitled to an explanation, of course, but I do earnestly suggest that both our ambassadors be instructed to ask for that explanation with the utmost courtesy, and that the fullest consideration be given to the replies from the two governments."

The Premier nodded thoughtfully.

"I have had in mind the point raised by our friend," he acknowledged. "I suggested to Dunkerley on the telephone that he request Pontifex not to interfere for the moment, as anything he said would, of course, be official. I begged him to remonstrate in as moderate terms as were possible, preserving, of course, his dignity, but to see that from the embassy itself no formal protest was made. I have addressed the same request to Orson-Meade."

There was a little murmur of approval. The Premier remained upon his feet.

"Such an ominous, I may say such a sinister, action on the part of these two countries," he said quietly, "can, I fear, bear but one interpretation. It is, at any rate, our duty to consider it from that point of view. I was obliged to summon everyone on the Council so that all should understand the position. I suggest that we now dismiss this meeting and go into committee. The representatives of our forces are all present, I am glad to see, and also Admiral Cheshire, who represents the link between the navy and the Intelligence Department and General Mallinson, who occupies the same position with regard to the army. I only regret that I have to part with you at such an anxious moment. I suggest that we hold another meeting at midnight. If further news has arrived it shall be laid before you.

(Continued on page 66)

Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNA BRADFORD returns home to Morrison University to find her father, President Bradford, brilliant administrator, the victim of an unscrupulous attack waged by the Zimmerman newspapers, whose owner has political ambitions.

To her dismay, Susanna meets Alec Cornish, young instructor assigned to the university on a government research project. Unknown to anyone, Susanna had six years before been married to and divorced from Alec, while they were both undergraduates. A revelation of that escapade at this crucial time would injure her father's career, she knows, and consequently she is very much alarmed when, shortly after being seen around the campus with Professor Carl Gilson, charming but erratic young sociologist, she receives anonymous letters threatening an exposure of her secret marriage. She is further mystified to discover that Carl, too, is receiving similar anonymous letters, warning him to end his attentions to Susanna.

Susanna and Alec meet Emery Smith, clever young college daily editor, and Betty Stevens, attractive coed, who confide that they suspect Maxie Blotz, owner of the popular student rendezvous, Tetlow Inn, and Bill Snelling, sports reporter for the Zimmerman papers, of being agents of Zimmerman, instructed to create a campus scandal that will blemish the record of Susanna's father.

Meanwhile, Betty Stevens learns that her roommate, Julie Lomax, talented young lead in the forthcoming varsity show, who has been having a violent love affair with Gilson, also received an anonymous letter. Gilson seizes the opportunity to terminate the affair abruptly, and Betty gives the letter to Alec and Emery. After comparing it with the other letters, Alec goes to Gilson and accuses him of writing these letters himself in order to challenge Susanna into marrying him, thus protecting his faculty position. Carl and Alec quarrel violently. But later, when Alec attempts to explain his theory to Susanna, she informs him that she intends to marry Carl at once. Alec then announces that her divorce was never legal—that she is still Mrs. Alexander Cornish.

To add to her shock and distress, Susanna learns, on the afternoon of the varsity show, the truth about Gilson and Julie, from Betty Stevens. And that night, immediately after the brilliant opening of the show—Julie disappears. She is nowhere to be found!

VII

IT WAS past two o'clock when Susanna closed the door behind her in Cass Hall. Sunset was cold and brilliant when she went home. She left her car in the drive and stood watching purples and lavenders swallow the campus to the eastward while the lights came on, and a clear green faded westward above the trees that marched downhill to Shagbark Pond. It was a quiet scene—and in three hours Susanna had found quiet too.

There must be an end to everything, even self-punishment, and in putting an end to her long delusion about Carl Gilson she had put an end to tumult. It was a time to be humble, to face facts, to make a beginning at accepting them. Why, yes, she had fed on folly all her life; why, yes, the truth about her emotions and her actions was preposterous; why, yes, the tragedy she had played with a breaking heart was only farce. You had to go on breathing—and you had to accept yourself for what you were. Less pride, less arrogance, and much less grand-opera posturing as a tragic heroine. She was not a tragic heroine, she was only a fool who must contrive to be less a fool.

SHE turned to go into the house, but a taxi came up the drive. If this was Carl, she thought swiftly, she must stop being operatic at this instant. But Dean Hannan got out of the cab, with a suitcase, and said that he was meeting her father to go to Benton. "He's coming here for a pair of pajamas, though why we take them I don't know. In Benton we just sit up and chew cigars. All my life I've hated cigars."

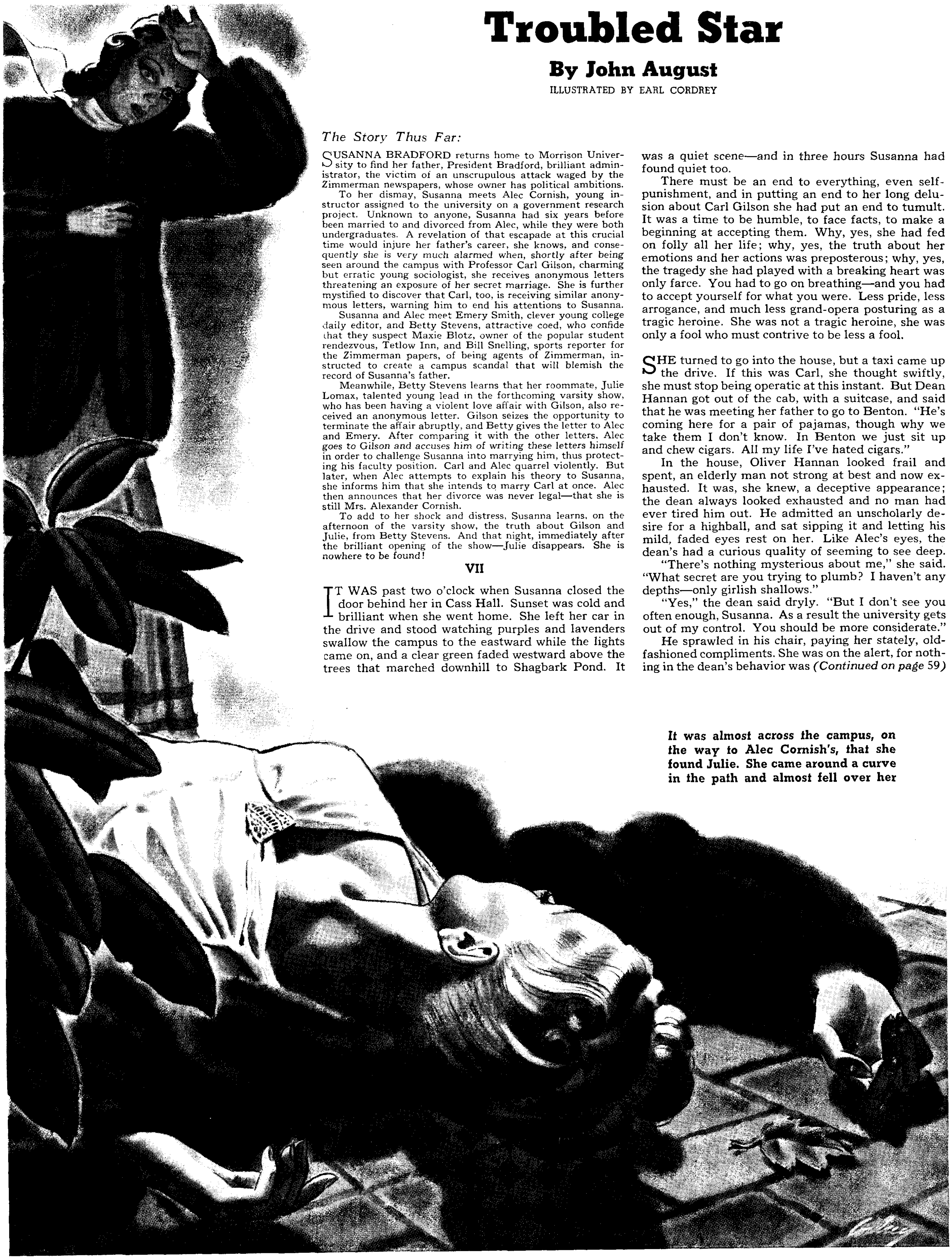
In the house, Oliver Hannan looked frail and spent, an elderly man not strong at best and now exhausted. It was, she knew, a deceptive appearance; the dean always looked exhausted and no man had ever tired him out. He admitted an unscholarly desire for a highball, and sat sipping it and letting his mild, faded eyes rest on her. Like Alec's eyes, the dean's had a curious quality of seeming to see deep.

"There's nothing mysterious about me," she said. "What secret are you trying to plumb? I haven't any depths—only girlish shallows."

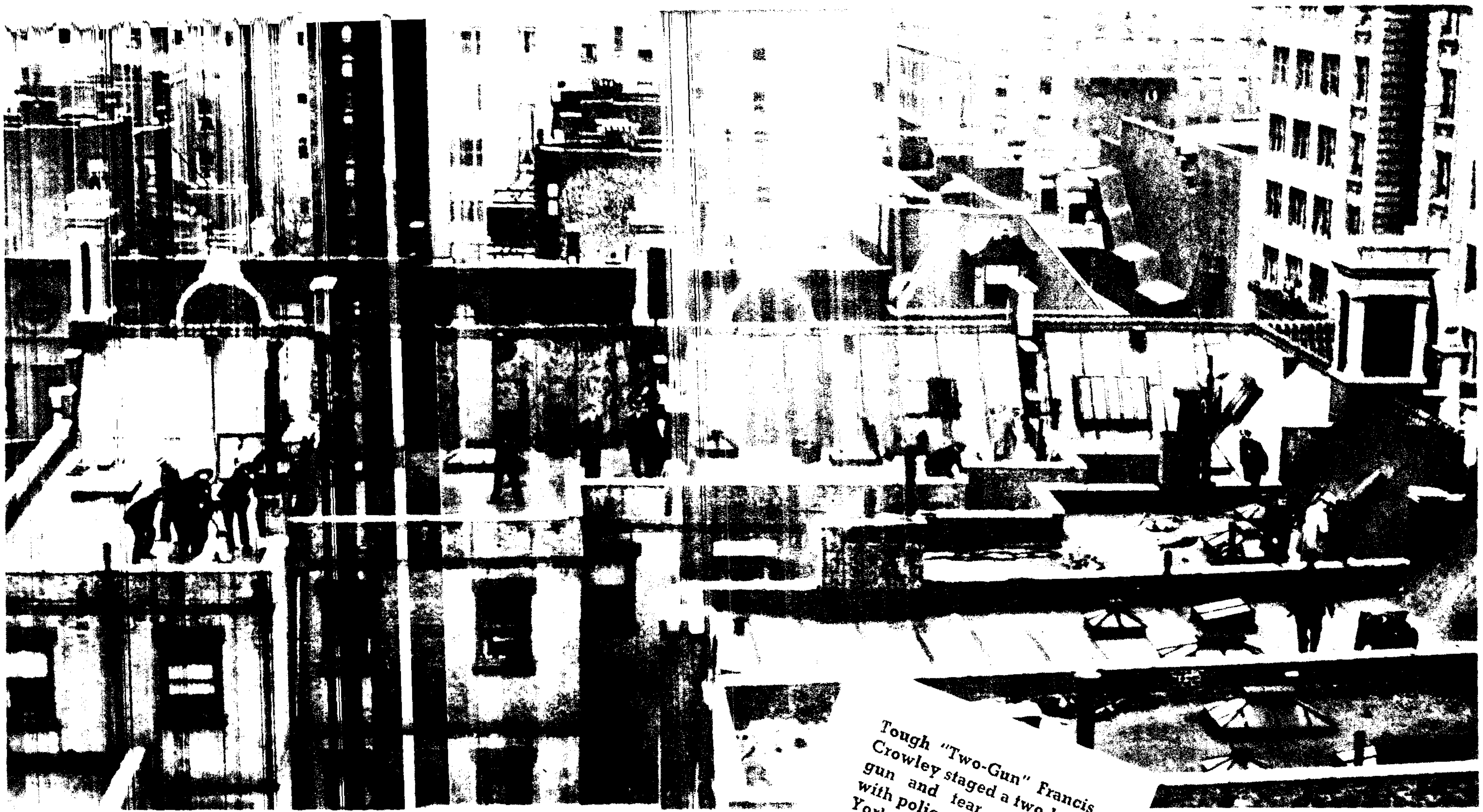
"Yes," the dean said dryly. "But I don't see you often enough, Susanna. As a result the university gets out of my control. You should be more considerate."

He sprawled in his chair, paying her stately, old-fashioned compliments. She was on the alert, for nothing in the dean's behavior was

(Continued on page 59)



It was almost across the campus, on the way to Alec Cornish's, that she found Julie. She came around a curve in the path and almost fell over her



Tough "Two-Gun" Francis Crowley staged a two-hour gun and tear gas battle with police (above) in New York in 1931, but lost all his bravado when facing the chair. Below, Mrs. Frances Creighton, poisoner who collapsed completely under her long and terrible ordeal in the death house

WIDE WORLD

When the electric chair applies 2,000 volts to its human occupant, the sensation is like that of a terrific blow. Executioner Elliott explains why electrocution is more humane than hanging, lethal gas or any other form of legal execution

As Humane as Possible

By Robert G. Elliott As told to Albert R. Beatty

KEYSTONE

THIS is the laconic letter that comes to me as notification that another human being is about to be hurled into an unseen world by a power controlled by my right hand:

Mr. Robert G. Elliott,
Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that one execution is scheduled for Thursday night, October ...., 193...., in the case of John Doe, No. ...., and we shall expect you to be present at the regular time.

Kindly acknowledge by wire the receipt of this notice.

Very truly yours,
Lewis E. Lawes, Warden.

The notice varies little in form and not at all in substance in the six states, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont, which I serve as official executioner. It is the beginning of the end for some man or woman who, the state has decided, does not deserve the right to live. It is the beginning of a period of thought and preparation by me. The taking of a human life, legally or illegally, is a grim project. Legally, it is a project that must be undertaken and carried through without mistake, with the slighting of no detail. The least slip may make it more brutal even than need be. My responsibility is to make impossible that slip.

A society that endorses or condones the legal slaying of human beings as punishment for murder deserves to know and should know exactly how that legal slaying is accomplished and how the man feels whose hand controls the death-dealing current of man-made lightning. I propose to tell you.

My first obligation, of course, is to be available on call and to be at the designated prison in time to inspect the electric chair, the instrument board, the switch and all of the other equipment. Never do I leave my home for any appreciable length of time without notifying all of the prison authorities concerned or ascertaining whether any executions are scheduled. Never, save once, have I failed to arrive on time. On that occasion, a New England snowstorm halted railroad traffic and the execution was delayed twenty-four hours. To Sing Sing in New York, to Trenton in New Jersey, and sometimes to Pennsylvania's Western State Penitentiary in Bellefonte, I drive my own automobile. And only once have I approached a misadventure in the car.

I was en route to Sing Sing, something under a two-hour drive from my home. Usually one of my sons-in-law or a friend drives to Sing Sing with me, waiting in the visitors' room or outside until my work is done. I like to talk while I drive. I was not late but was a half hour or so behind my anticipated schedule and, I admit, was wasting no time. At one street intersection leaving Yonkers, I crowded a traffic light that showed red and presently was signaled to the curb by a stern-faced motorcycle policeman who had come up behind me.

"What's the hurry?" he demanded. "Whaddaya want to do—kill somebody?"

"Officer," I replied, "I'm sorry to tell you that's exactly what I'm going to do. In fact, I'll have to cause the death of two men tonight before I come back this way."

He stepped back with an exclamation as I hastened to reveal my identity and mission.

"All right," he said, "get along with you. But mind that you watch those lights the rest of the way."

As Mr. Beatty and I set this down, it is only a short time since I returned from my most recent trip to Sing Sing. You probably didn't read about those executions. Two young men had shot and killed a tavern waiter in a Brooklyn holdup. There was nothing notable, nothing controversial, about the case. But two men died by the order of the state, and by my hand. I can tell you most accurately, perhaps, how the state kills a man by relating exactly what I did on that trip.

The executions were scheduled for 11 o'clock. All New York executions are held on Thursday nights at that time. New Jersey's usual night is Tuesday, as is Connecticut's. Pennsylvania's executions now are held at 12:30 A. M., on Mondays, the former morning hour of seven o'clock having been changed. Massachusetts' hour is midnight and Vermont's the same. The sentences ordinarily read "during the week of . . ." and the exact date is left to the

(Continued on page 70)

First and Forever

By Day Edgar

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

There is always a corner in a girl's heart that belongs only to her first childhood sweetheart

THE gift of calmness descended upon her at birth, and serenity dwelt forever in her fine intelligent eyes.

She was standing on sunny turf, the first time Tatnall saw her, a solitary child in jodhpurs and tiny brown boots. Her shadow stretched far across the lawn as she held a croquet mallet like a gun against her shoulder. Motionless, unaware of Tatnall's approach, she sighted along the handle at a distant wire wicket in solemn preparation for her shot.

Tatnall was close behind her when she heard his step. She turned without haste. Two great, calm, lovely eyes regarded him politely.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," he began, "but your dog has been hurt on the pike."

The mallet handle slid from the child's fist while her eyes prayed up at Tatnall.

"Where is he?" she whispered.

"Over at my house. I just carried him in."

Together they hurried toward the hedge of old rhododendrons that separated the two estates.

"Is Erin injured seriously?" she asked.

"I don't think so, but the vet's coming right over."

"You have already sent for a veterinarian?"

"Yes."

"That was extremely thoughtful," she panted composedly.

Stooping, they dodged through rhododendron foliage, toiled up a terrace and crossed a stone-flagged porch. In the living room they halted beside a leather lounge on which a half-grown Irish wolfhound lay. Kneeling, a grieving mother in miniature, the child stroked the shaggy head.

"Poor Erin," she crooned. "My poor, poor dear."

The dog's eyes rolled vaguely. Tatnall, hearing a distant buzz, hurried to the front door, where he gave the veterinarian a whispered explanation.

"If it's serious," he added, "don't let her know it."

The air of anxiety retreated from the living room at the approach of the veterinarian's hearty bedside manner. His fat hands explored the dog's body. He nodded. His smile was scornful but vastly reassuring.

"What hit this fellow—a baby carriage?" he jeered, deftly scooping the puppy into his arms. "I'll take him home to my hospital and patch him up a little."

Joy shone in the face the child turned up to Tatnall. He smiled at her, then followed the veterinarian. As they descended the porch steps he looked closely at the dog.

"Is he suffering, Doctor?"

"No, he's dead."

THE stiffening body lay in the veterinarian's car while the two men talked. Those minutes in the gathering dusk marked the birth of a conspiracy, an amiable fraud that was already brewing by the time the car rolled away. Tatnall returned to the house. He found the girl sitting in a big chair, her booted feet hanging clear of the floor.

"You unquestionably saved Erin's life," she said. "The veterinarian might have arrived too late if you had not sent for him so promptly."

At that moment he heard his mother coming down the stairs. Mrs. Tatnall, who was reveling in her latest escape from an invalid's bed, called out gaily:

"Hello, Barbara! What show are you two going—"

Halting in the doorway, she smiled down at the little girl.

"I beg your pardon; I thought Barbara Coe was here."

"Barbara was delayed," Tatnall explained. "Mother, this is—our neighbor."

Mrs. Tatnall, realizing that he was unaware of the child's name, came to the rescue.

"Oh, I know Eve North," she said. "I often see her playing croquet from my bedroom window."

Eve North made a curtsy that peopled the room with demure ghosts of the lost nineties. She seated herself, and began giving Mrs. Tatnall a precisely worded and appreciative account of the puppy's rescue.

"Yes, Rickie's very considerate," his mother agreed. "Sometimes he even does nice things for me."

The child inspected Tatnall gravely.

"I can well imagine it," she said, and was nodding in sober confirmation when the butler appeared.

"Wharton, Miss Eve's staying for dinner," said Mrs. Tatnall. "You will stay, won't you, Eve?"

"With pleasure, thank you," she replied, her eyes shining. "May I use your telephone? I must notify Mam'selle."

Presently the murmur of her voice, mixing French phrases with English, came drifting from the hall into the living room. Mrs. Tatnall turned to her son.

"Anything wrong with Barbara?" she asked.

"She's having dinner with her aunt Helen. She got in by plane this afternoon, and of course sent for Barbara right away."

During dinner his thoughts dealt with Barbara's aunt, a middle-aged woman whose wealth and appalling energy gave her opportunity for the hot pursuit of hobbies. She had recently taken her beautiful niece to her bosom, and was constantly announcing new plans for the girl. Now, apparently, another plan was in the making. Tatnall worried about it until presently he realized that Eve North had spoken to him, and was regarding him with polite expectancy.

"My age?" he repeated. "I'm twenty-two."

"You are exactly twice as old as I am," she said, smiling. "I was eleven on the eighth of May."

She seemed to find something wonderful in these statistics, and as she considered them her face glowed with a radiance like the sun on a cathedral window. Gradually the light withdrew; then, her heavy lashes lifting, she turned to her hostess.

"If you had not invited me to stay, Mrs. Tatnall, I would have been forced to dine by myself tonight."

"Do you usually eat alone?"

"Not usually, but Mam'selle is suffering one of her bad spells today. At such times she is confined to her room and eats nothing at all."

"Have you sent for a doctor, Eve?"

"Once I suggested that, but it only distressed Mam'selle. And she made me promise never to call the doctor when she is stricken."

"Well, perhaps it isn't serious."

"I am not certain. . . ."

Brisk heel taps sounded in the hall. Then, abruptly, the doorway framed a slim figure swathed in a green evening wrap.

"Rickie, I've got the grandest news!" announced Barbara Coe. "Oh, simply *marvelous* news!"

"You look lovely," he said, smiling. "What's the news?"

"I'm going to be presented at Court!"

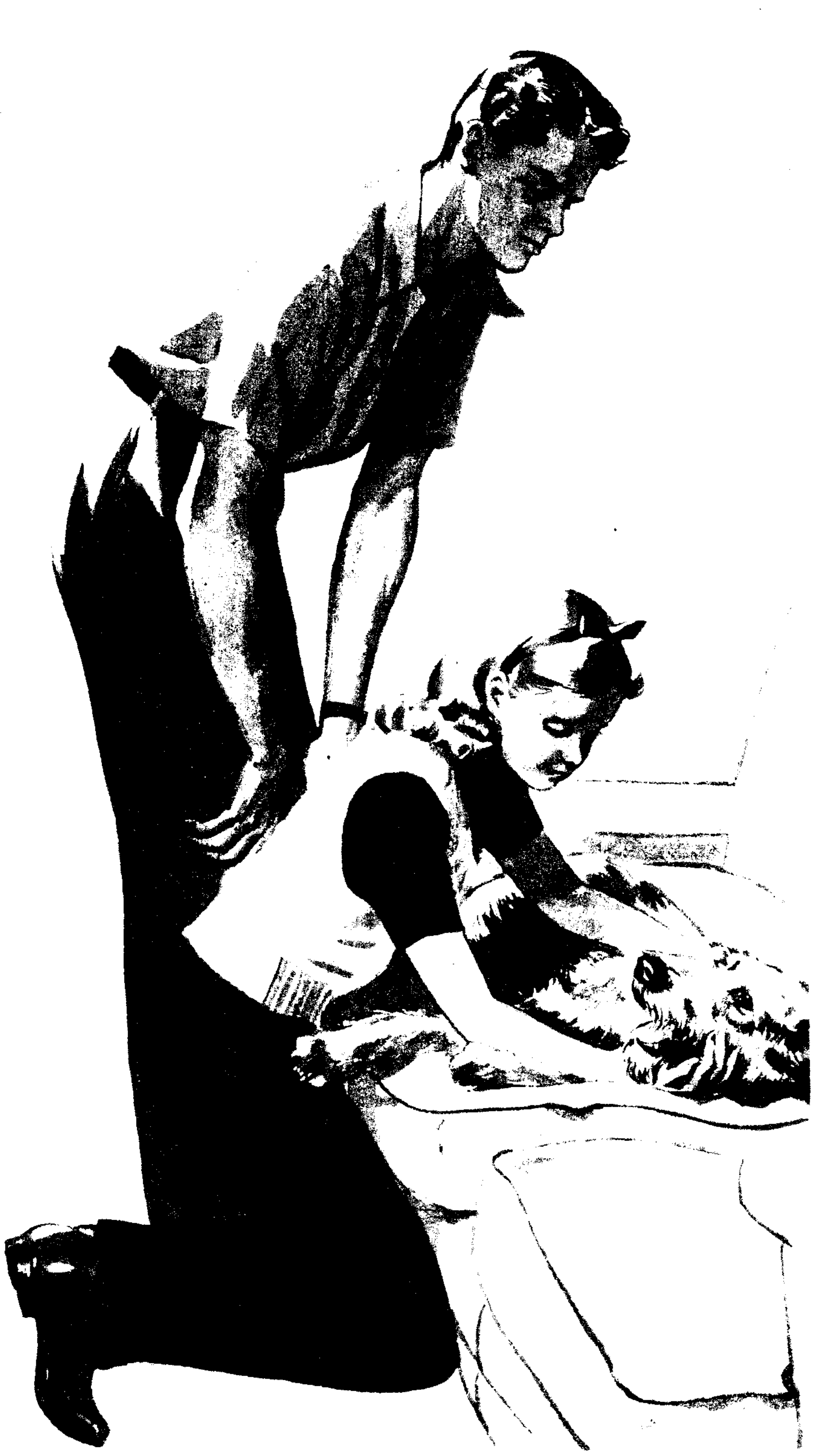
His smile vanished. A dream died, his dream of the vacation they had planned to spend together in the hills of old New Hampshire.

"I almost *swooned* when Aunt Helen told me," Barbara exulted. "Isn't it wonderful how she can arrange things?"

AUNT HELEN continued to arrange things. To Tatnall, counting the days till Barbara's return, it came as no less than a tragedy to hear that they had decided to lease a villa at Juan les Pins for the season. He tried to conceal his gloom, however, lest it check the continuing miracle of his mother's health. For Mrs. Tatnall was herself again. The sickroom tray had vanished; she dined downstairs now with her son.

Whether or not it was on his account he never knew, but soon she was making plans for their sailing.

"My lamb, stop treating me as an invalid," Mrs. Tatnall protested. "The doctor said the trip would do me a world



Kneeling, the child stroked the shaggy head. "Poor Erin," she crooned of good, and you deserve a vacation, too. So what's to prevent?"

"Nothing, as long as your health seems—"

"Then go right now and cable Barbara to expect us."

On their last morning at home Tatnall drove to the veterinarian's place. The new wolfhound puppy, thoroughly prepared for his role, answered to the name of Erin and shook hands with all the glum dignity of his predecessor.

"He'll do," the veterinarian said. "I've had my little daughter playing with him for weeks."

Tatnall took the dog to Eve North's croquet grounds. Here, in order that it might be a surprise, he tied the leash to an arbor and hurried home. An hour later he was signing some checks for Wharton's use during their absence. At his mother's call he entered her room.

"Look," she said, pointing.

From the window they saw Eve coming across the lawn, alternately tapping two balls with a croquet mallet. The wolfhound, watching her, suddenly barked. Eve looked up. She ran quickly to the dog; and then, dropping to her knees, wrapped her arms lovingly around his neck.

"There's a happy child," said Mrs. Tatnall softly. "It was worth all your trouble, Rickie."

On the driveway, a little later, the last suitcase was being stowed into the limousine.

"Heavens, Wharton, don't look so doleful!" Mrs. Tatnall exclaimed. "After all, we *are* coming back."

AS THE car started they saw Eve North watching them from her lawn. Standing beside the dog, her hair blowing in the wind, she was still waving when the car swung around a curve.

"That child will grow up and have children of her own some day, Rickie, but you were her first beau. And there will always be a corner in her heart that belongs to you."

"Now don't get romantic, Mother."

"That's not romance — it's bitter truth."

"Why 'bitter?' "

"Because none of the others can ever equal the beautiful image a little girl builds around her first sweetheart."

Tatnall, abandoning the subject, gave himself over to an exultant sense of adventure. Excitement marked their last-minute shopping; excitement still accompanied them as they ran up the gangplank arm in arm.

In her cabin Mrs. Tatnall tossed her hat on the bed and sank happily into a chair. Tatnall rang for the stewardess. As he lingered he saw his mother look toward the porthole and gaze at the far, bright sky. After a silence she spoke in a strangely abstracted, wistful tone.

"Rickie."

"Yes, Mother?"

"Remember the one with your curls?"

"The—what?"

"Her face lit up so beautifully. . . ."

"Mother, I don't understand."

"We were talking upstairs in my room," Mrs. Tatnall went on vaguely, "and she saw that little snapshot of you before your curls were cut off. I knew from her eyes that she wanted it—oh, she wanted it *so* badly!"

"Who do you mean?"

"I mean Eve North . . . and I gave it to her. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not, but what brought this up?"

His mother's gaze slowly turned to him; she blinked.

"I can't imagine, Rickie," she said, laughing uneasily. "I just happened to remember."

The stewardess appeared and Tatnall made his way up to the boat deck. To escape the tumult on the dock side, he crossed to the other rail. Looking out over the water, he thought about Barbara until presently a gust of cold wind turned him back to his cabin for a coat.

As he stepped into the passageway he collided violently with someone. Drawing back, he looked at the white face of the stewardess. She clutched his arm.

"You Mr. Tatnall? *Oh, come quick!*"

His mother was sitting exactly as he had left her. He hurried to her chair and leaned down.

"What's wrong, dear?" he asked. "Aren't you well?"

Winter passed. Spring came. Somewhere in the interval his correspondence with Barbara lost its quality of thrilling personal communion. His home, hauntingly quiet now, depressed him. He took an apartment near his uncle's law office. After that he rarely saw his small neighbor, but occasionally received news of her from Wharton on his brief visits home.

She sent Tatnall greetings on his birthday, and he was surprised that she knew the date. Among his Christmas packages he found one bearing her card. It touched him to discover that her gift was a legal brief case with the name of Richard Tatnall stamped in gold on the flap.

ONE midnight the child appealed to Wharton for help. Mam'selle, she explained, was suffering an unusually bad spell. The butler, later describing his experience to Tatnall, told how the woman had railed at him in wild, shrill French.

"If they knew what goes on there," Wharton added, "I fancy Miss Eve's guardian would soon dismiss that woman."

"Her sprees are getting worse, aren't they?"

"Yes, Mr. Rickie, she's drunk now half the time."

"But how the devil can she afford it?"

"Mr. Rickie, that's just what I often wonder."

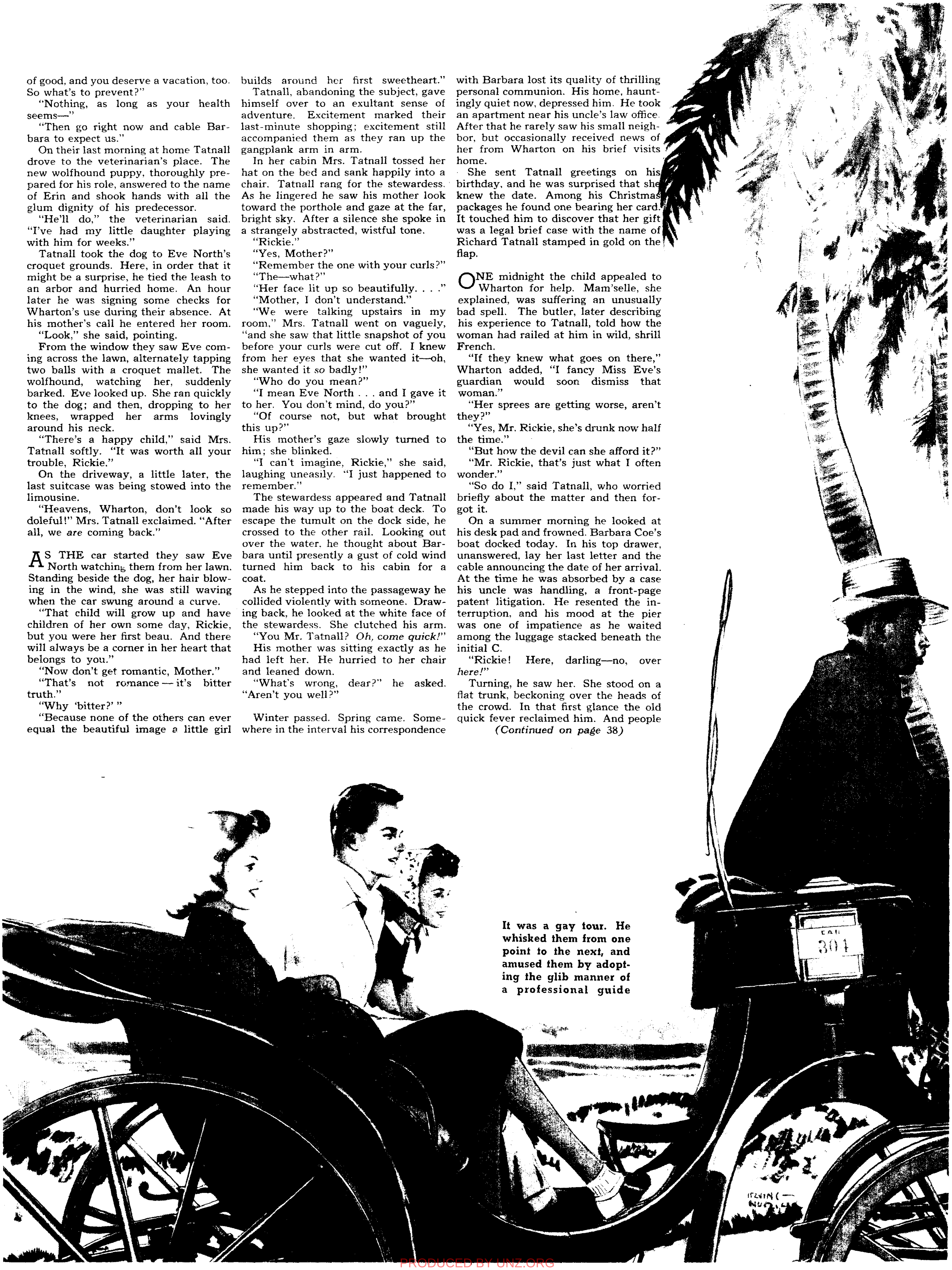
"So do I," said Tatnall, who worried briefly about the matter and then forgot it.

On a summer morning he looked at his desk pad and frowned. Barbara Coe's boat docked today. In his top drawer, unanswered, lay her last letter and the cable announcing the date of her arrival. At the time he was absorbed by a case his uncle was handling, a front-page patent litigation. He resented the interruption, and his mood at the pier was one of impatience as he waited among the luggage stacked beneath the initial C.

"Rickie! Here, darling—no, over *here!*"

Turning, he saw her. She stood on a flat trunk, beckoning over the heads of the crowd. In that first glance the old quick fever reclaimed him. And people

(Continued on page 38)



It was a gay tour. He whisked them from one point to the next, and amused them by adopting the glib manner of a professional guide

Lucky Loser

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY LUDLOW KRAVIS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"I had to come back, Myron. I don't know what got into me. I just couldn't seem to help myself"

"NO," THE bookie said to Puleo in professionally mournful tones, "your dog at Agawam, he run out of the money."

The bookie went down to the ticker in the back of the bar, and Pip, sitting across the table in the rosy-lighted alcove, leaned closer toward Puleo. An old friend, he meant only sympathy, guidance and help.

"Honestly, it makes me feel bad, Mike," Pip said. "No man can play the races on hunches and make a decent living. It is a crime against logic and common sense."

"Listen," Puleo said. "Today it happens I ain't got the heart to argue. I play the races exclusively on hunches and I make out, more or less. It's my system." He sighed and blinked his eyes unhappily. "And, besides," he said, "today I lack the mood."

Pip lowered his voice. "Not as I would intrude," he said, "but is it Ella again?"

"There is certain subjects a man don't discuss," Mike said. "So, if you please, never mind. It happens Ella is after me again to quit the gambling, but I do not discuss my wife with my friends."

So Pip had to keep quiet. A few minutes later the bookie passed their table again. "No," he told Puleo, "your dog at Suffolk Downs, he run out too."

Mike remained motionless but Pip didn't know how to hide his grief for his friend. "If it was me," he said miserably, "I wouldn't even lay a bet without first testing a sample of the soil from the track in question. Racing is a science. You can't play it on hunches and on superstitions."

At this point Mike abruptly rose from the table. "I'm going to see Ella," he said. "Something is radically wrong with Ella. I have a hunch on it."

"Mike, Mike!" Pip moaned. "You can't leave in the middle just on account of a crazy hunch. You dropped three hundred bucks more! You got to win it back!"

But Mike didn't hear. He walked out and Pip followed.

At the hotel room where Puleo lived, they found no Ella but, instead, a note on the dresser. Mike read that his wife had left him and then handed the note to his friend.

"See," he said, smiling sadly in triumph, "you and your science. Didn't I have a hunch? Didn't I feel it? And you say there is nothing in a hunch."

Pip fingered the note, respecting tragedy but unable to restrain himself. "I don't want to tread on your feelings at a moment like this. But to me it seems this proves the exact opposite. I see here proof that one of your main hunches is wrong. You say good luck always has to happen after bad luck. If something bad happens in one place, something good has to come next. It's your motto, ain't it? It's one of your prize hunches."

"So?"

"Well, I don't call dropping three hundred bucks good luck. Not exactly. According to you, something good should be happening to you. And what happens? Ella left you. It just goes to show there's nothing in your idea about hunches. Although I shouldn't really take advantage of you at a moment like this."

Mike smiled forlornly at him. "Like the chicken and the egg," he said.

"Pardon? Come again."

"Which comes first? You got it balled up, Pip. Ella left me. *That's* the bad luck. Now we go back to the bookie joint and we clean up."

Mike was right. Hunch or no hunch, the fact was he swiftly won back his three hundred dollars and seven hundred more. Pip was jubilant.

"Coincidence!" he cried. "Accidents will happen, but it's still seven hundred to the good."

"No coincidences," Mike said. "The facts of life." He had taken no joy either in his winnings or in the proof of his theory, but drooped neglected at the rosy-lighted alcove. "Pip," he said, "I'm not so young as I used to be. I can't take it."

Pip properly covered up his happiness. "A bitter pill," he said and nodded his head.

"She made a home for me. Life will not be so hot without her. But you wouldn't understand."

"Oh, I understand, Mike." Pip moved uncomfortably in the alcove seat. "Mike," he said. "Mike . . . you are seven hundred bucks to the good."

"It brings me no satisfaction whatsoever."

"I think we ought to beat it while the going's good. Call it a day, Mike."

MIKE picked up the racing sheet and studied the entries for a while. Then he held his chin in his hand and looked dreamily into distance. "Rough Rover," he finally said.

"Ha, ha," Pip said. "Kidding, Mike. Rough Rover's got nothing. He's a thirty-to-one shot. He's a broken-down baloney. You're kidding, ain't you, Mike?"

"No." Mike spoke with a quiet determination that frightened his friend. "We lay a thousand bucks on the nose."

Pip choked.

The bookie had to make a phone call or two before he could accept the bet. He mopped his brow; Pip lay limp with misery in his seat; but when the news came over the wire that Rough Rover had lost, Mike Puleo stood up and, surprisingly, he seemed very happy.

"Pip," he said, "now we hurry back to the hotel."

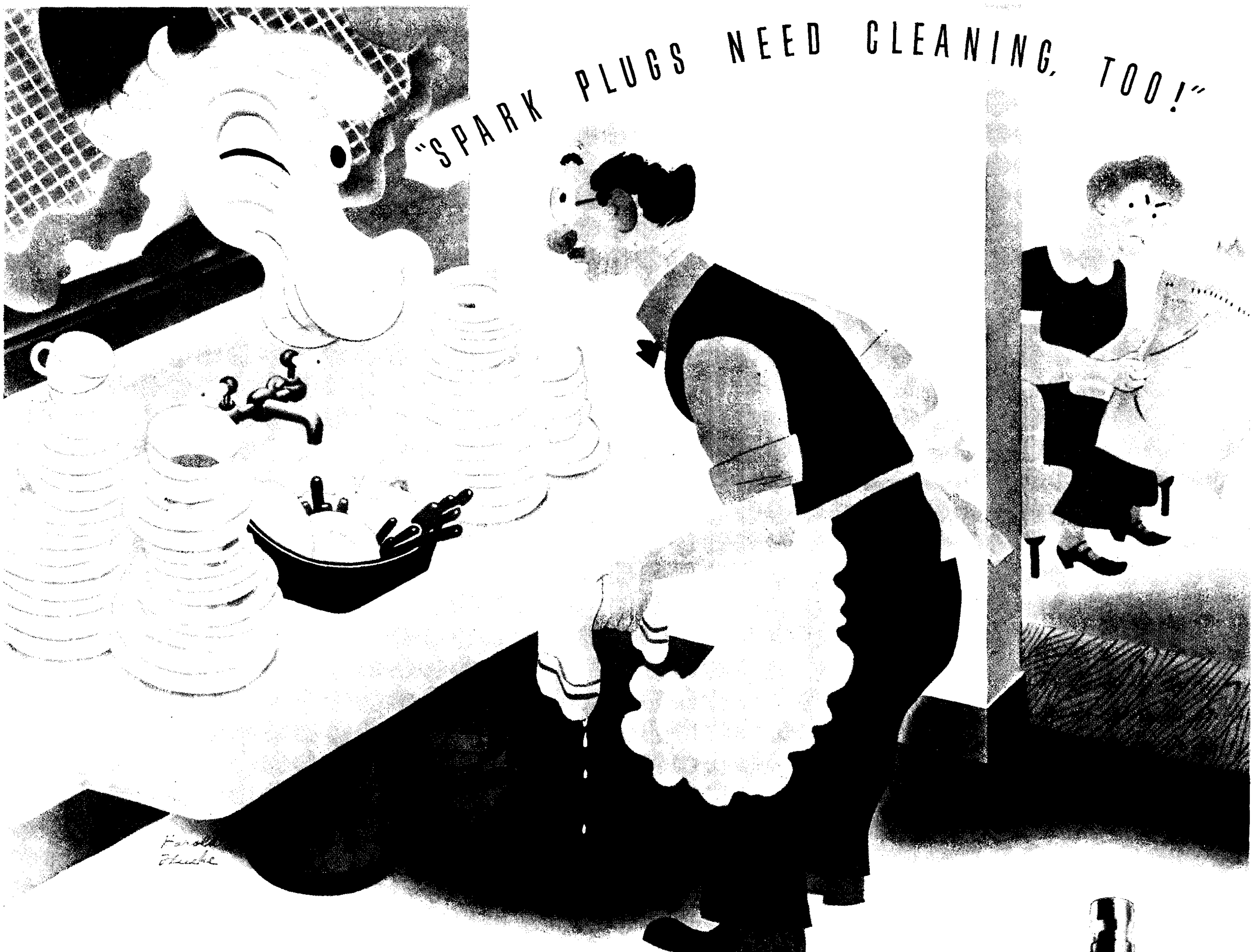
They found Ella getting out of a cab in front of the hotel. And as Pip saw her he began to understand.

"Did you throw away a thousand bucks on purpose?" he cried. "Mike, did you get yourself bad luck just to bring Ella back?"

Mike didn't answer. He was beaming at his wife. "I had to come back, Myron," she confessed. "I don't know what got into me. I just couldn't seem to help myself."

"I know, Ella. I realize," Mike said. "I quite understand how it was."

Pip was resting on a chair. He was slowly shaking his head from left to right and back again. "But is it science?" he whimpered. "Is it logic?"


"SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO!"

Get your plugs cleaned . . .

GET BETTER GAS ECONOMY

All spark plugs get dirty. Then, they misfire intermittently—wasting as much gas as one gallon in ten. Have your plugs cleaned . . . costs only 5c a plug.

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD

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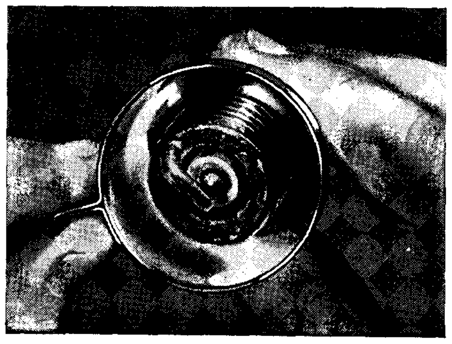
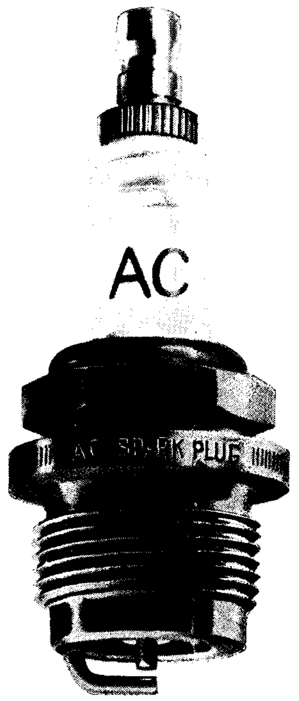
Plug cleaning at specific mileages is standard practice with truck operators



A close-up of the oxide coating and dirt that cause gas waste and loss of power



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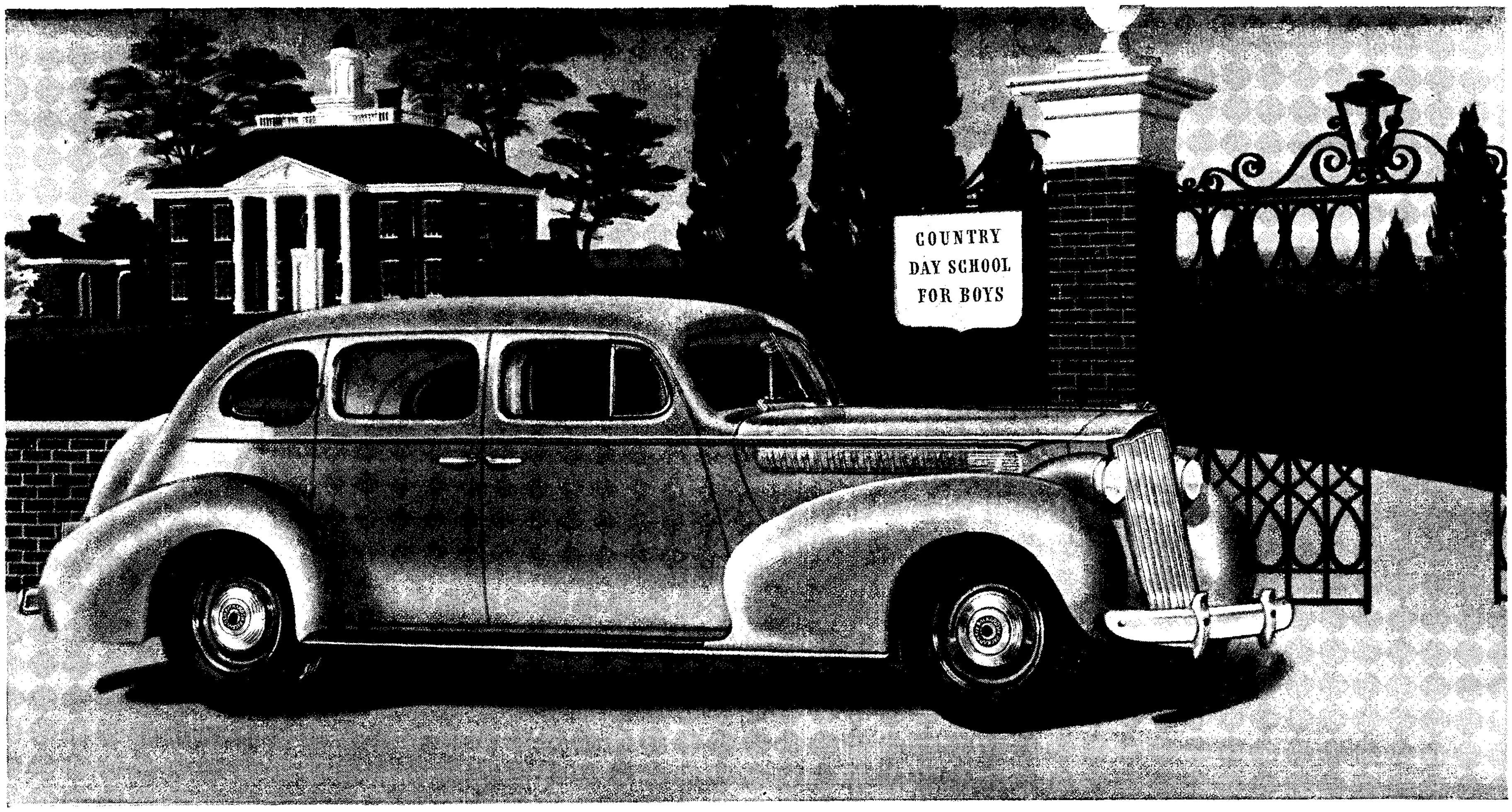
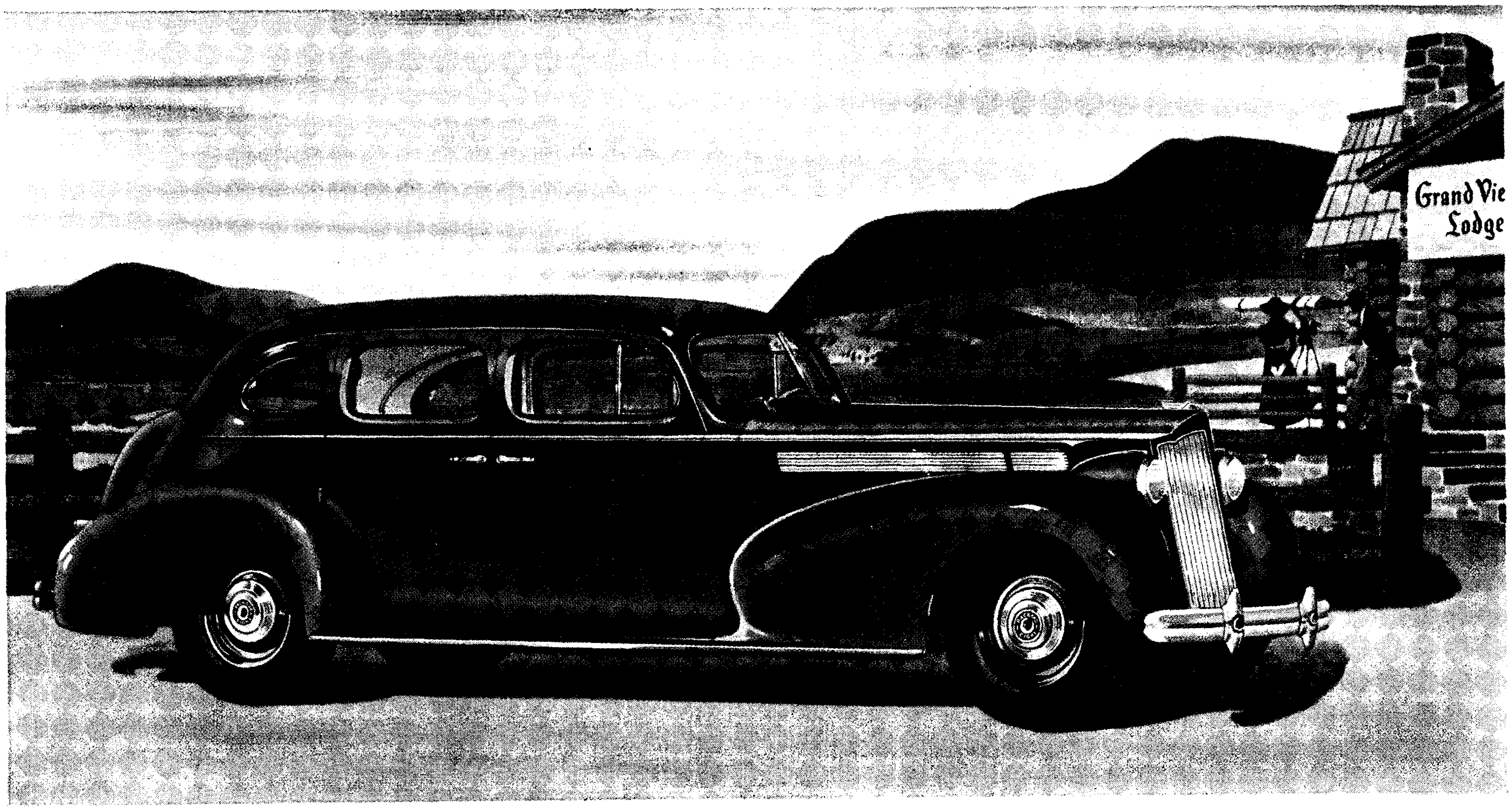
Announcing two NEW PACKARDS

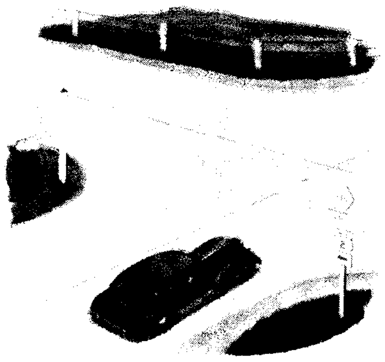

COUNTRY
DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOYS

ABOVE: *The new Packard Six for 1939 . . .* ***BELOW:*** *The 1939 Packard One Twenty. (Also known as the Packard Eight)*

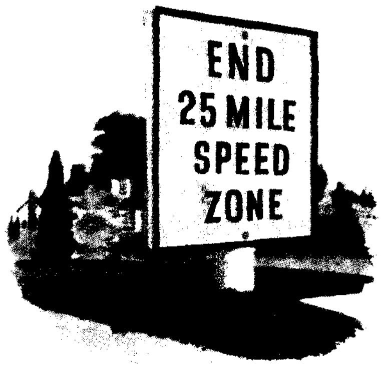

Grand Vie
Lodge

. . . *every traffic sign says "see them!"*

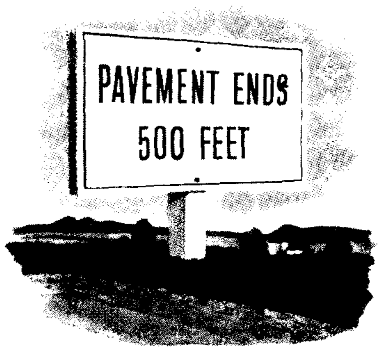
ENGINE . . . [illegible] SHOCK ABSORBER CHANGE THE ENTIRE BEHAVIOR OF MOTOR CARS



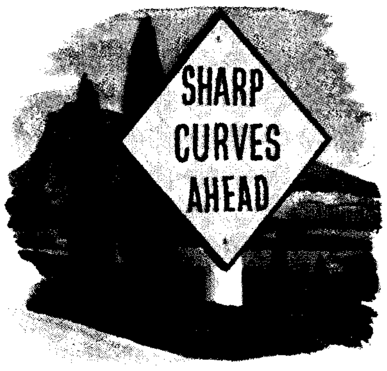
The most revealing way to find THE car of 1939 is to test a new model Packard Six or Packard 120 against America's traffic signs. Each sign will demonstrate some phase of motoring *now radically bettered* for you!



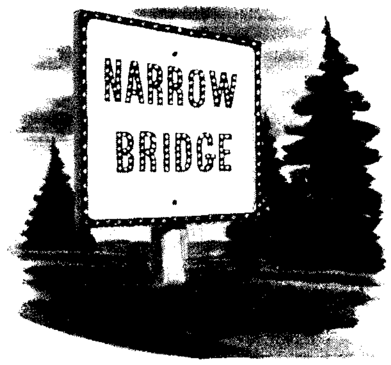
Packard's improved TRAFFIC & TRAVEL engine now gives you flashier, thriftier performance in *both* traffic and on the open road. You'll get away from a light faster—usually *first*. You'll get *more* engine satisfaction out of a gallon of gas.



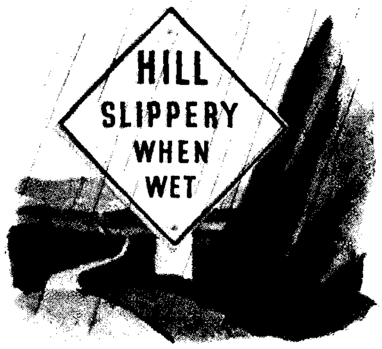
Every jolt-reducing mechanism ever used has been designed to absorb *up-and-down* shocks. Yet most road shocks hit *cross-wise* as well. Packard's new, exclusive FIFTH shock absorber smothers cross-shocks *for the first time*. It gives a *new* riding ease.



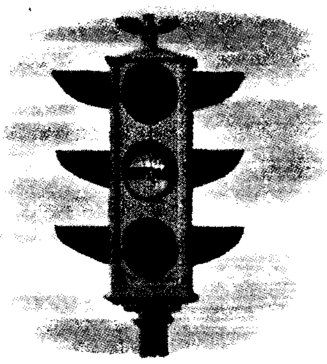
This FIFTH shock absorber adds to your safety and comfort in three ways. *First*, it checks rear-end side-stepping. You can take S-curves "in a groove." There's no objectionable side-sway nor body-roll.



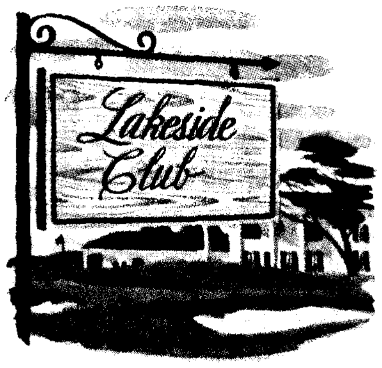
Second, it increases steering accuracy. If you must, you can miss danger by inches, and know you'll *stay* inches away! You actually *feel* this added steering security.



Third, it stops the lateral shocks which, like the pressure of some giant hand, have encouraged your car to skid. These new Packards are harder to skid than any car Packard has built in 40 years of fine-car manufacturing!

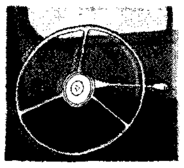


Shift gears, and you'll discover again what Packard quality means. For these Packards have a design borrowed from the Packard Twelve—Packard UNIMESH transmission. Gears are in constant mesh, so shifting becomes quieter, easier than ever before!



Lastly, you'll be *prouder* of one of these new Packards. You'll step out of one knowing that you're driving America's most beautiful car—with the distinctive lines that have been smart year after year.

And here's more good news . . .



As if the developments above weren't enough of a sensation in these new cars, here are *more* Packard "headlines" . . .

FIRST—an improved steering column shift—the Packard Handishift—is now standard equipment on both the Packard Six and One Twenty. This better shift puts your gearshift lever up under the steering wheel, clears front floor. Nothing new to learn; in fact, it is definitely easier to operate.

SECOND—available on both of these Packards is an ingenious device called the Packard Econo-Drive, one of the greatest boons to your pleasure and your pocketbook ever put on a car! The Econo-Drive works with a foot-touch at speeds over 30, and *lets your engine run 27.8% more slowly—much more quietly and smoothly!* Hence, when the Econo-Drive cuts in, you ride with an entirely new sense of effortless motion. And your gas and oil consumption, as well as engine wear, take a nosedive! The cost? Only a few dollars additional.

And, remember that *only Packard* can offer you the distinguished lines that have protected its owners from the depreciation caused by radical yearly style changes. A Packard keeps up its smartness, retains its identity.

So, to discover the car that offers you the greatest thrill for 1939, hurry to your Packard dealer and *take the traffic sign test*. And remember, if your old car is of average value, it will probably cover the down payment on a new Packard Six. Convenient monthly payments can be arranged through your Packard dealer.

THE NEW 1939

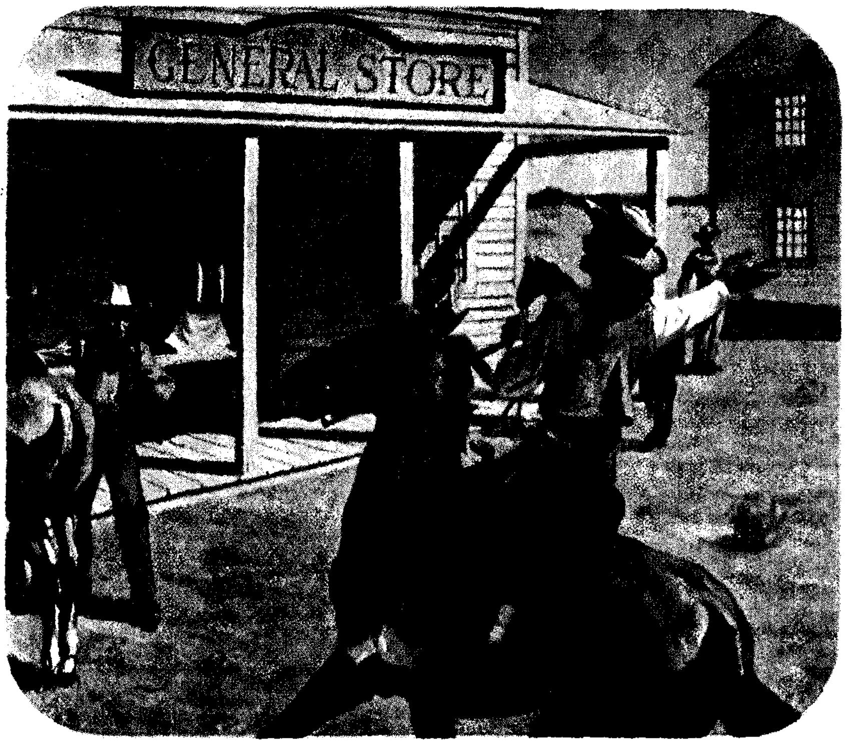
PACKARD

SIX and 120*

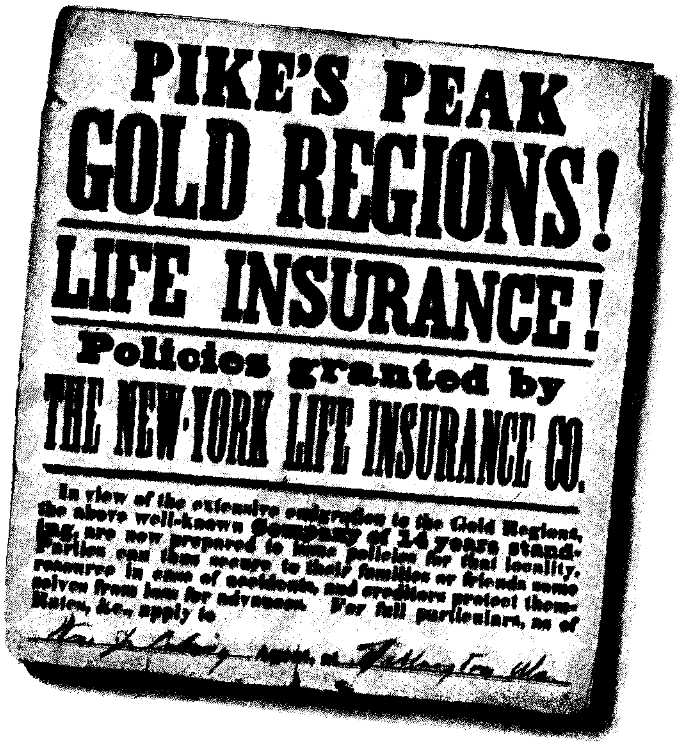
*(*Also known as Packard Eight)*

How Much . . . ? You can expect a most agreeable surprise when your Packard dealer shows you how *little* it costs to buy one of these new Packards—*delivered right to your door*. He will tell you the exact local price on whatever model you prefer—the small down payment, which very likely will not require any cash outlay—and the astonishingly low monthly payment figures that prove how easily you can own and drive a 1939 Packard.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



COLORADO . . . 1858. Gold at Pike's Peak! The news spread like wildfire. Soon a great migration westward to the gold fields was under way. "Pike's Peak or Bust!" was the slogan of the day.



PIKE'S PEAK GOLD REGIONS!

LIFE INSURANCE!

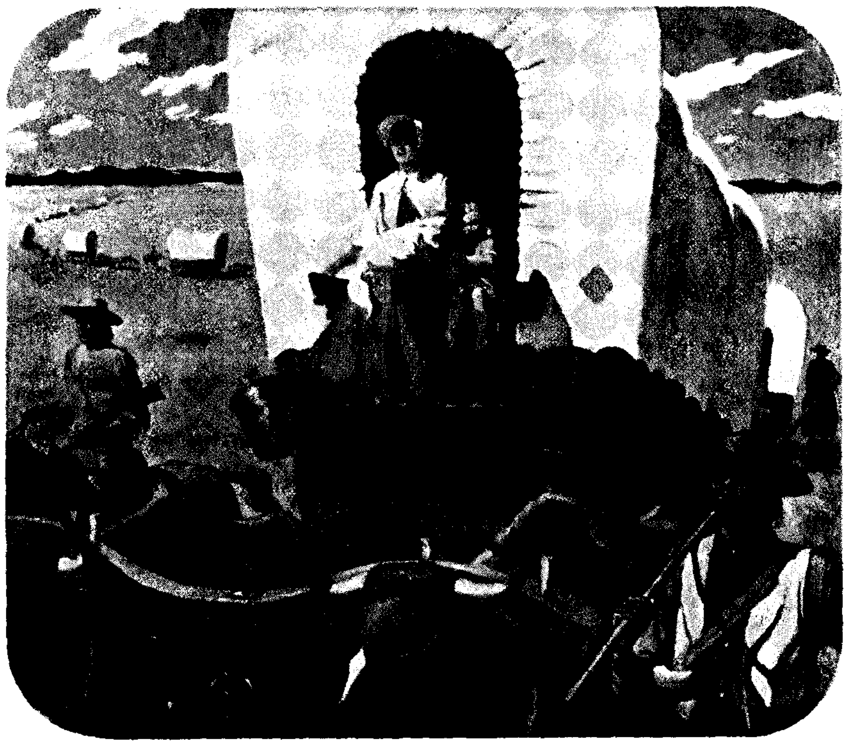
Policies granted by

THE NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

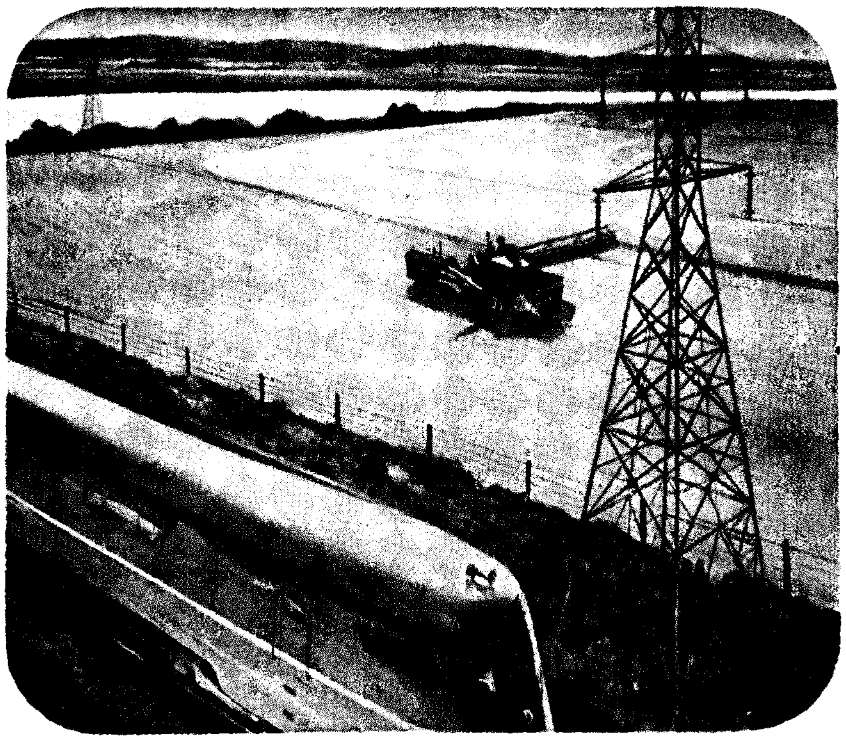
In view of the extensive emigration to the Gold Regions, the above well-known Company of 14 years standing, are now prepared to issue policies for that locality. Parties can thus secure to their families or friends some resource in case of accidents, and creditors protect themselves from loss for advances. For full particulars, as of Rates, &c., apply to

Agent, at

Facsimile of New York Life poster issued in 1859.



FACING THE HARDSHIPS of the Overland Trail were men from every walk of life. Many of these hardy pioneers, realizing the dangers ahead, insured with the New York Life. Thus the Company spread the benefits of its protection westward, growing with the nation.



INVESTING ITS FUNDS for the benefit of the policyholders, the New York Life has helped to build up this rich and bountiful country. Thus, in providing protection for the mothers and children of America, the Company has also contributed to the economic development of the nation.

DUE very largely to the persistent efforts of American life insurance agents, there has been created a backlog of well over 100 billion dollars of protection for the people of this country. The agents have thus been an important influence in promoting the social stability and economic progress of America. The first responsibility of a life insurance company is the protection of its policyholders. It must, therefore, maintain adequate policy reserves, and must invest conservatively. The New York Life Insurance Company maintains its policy reserves on the strongest basis used in the United States and Canada. In investing it adheres to the principle that *"safety should always be the first consideration."* A policy in the New York Life is one of the best investments you can make, for your family and yourself.

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

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The Cows in the Corn

Continued from page 15

Giles laughed. "I'm mighty glad to hyar you braggin' like dat, gal," he told her. "I been knowin' dat all de time. I done sont word to de fo'ks at Avondale and Frog Jump to meet Dock in de truck, early tomorrow."

"Den," demanded Betsy indignantly, "what you come hyar tryin' to tawk me down for? I knows my business good as you knows yo'n."

"Sho', you do," he chuckled. "Dat's how come I married up wid you. You's smart; you's got sense in yo' haid like a mule. But I jest wanted to hyar you brag on de crop, some."

Betsy grinned. "Hit's a crop outn de book," she declared warmly. "Hit do my soul good, jest to set hyar sewin' up de sacks."

"Yeah," Giles agreed dreamily. "But jest wait to next year. Efn de guv'mer jest turn me a-loose—"

"You wouldn't be satisfied," Betsy laughed, "efn you had all er Bossier Parish in cotton."

"Not de hills," Giles objected. "Jest de bottoms. But I sho' would like to have me a cotton field runnin' f'm Benton plum to Loggy Bayou. I'd run old Prince might' nigh to death, jest gittin' 'round de field."

In spite of the crop estimate and complicated governmental restrictions, Giles set about with his usual well-organized efficiency to gather the bumper crop. Although each man was obligated to pick his own cotton as part of his contract with the owner, it had long been the custom on Little Bee Bend plantation to pay cash money for the picking and to charge the amount to the cropper's annual account.

"Dat," explained Giles, "do two things. Hit gits a little cash change in fo'kses' pockets. And den us kin git ev'ybody in one big bunch and pick ev'ybody's cotton together. And dat's good. Cause when you gits a big drove er pocket-happy people in a good crop dey jest natchally gonter whup dat cotton to death."

PEOPLE from the near-by hill communities came by truck or on foot and picked in the fields with the croppers on the plantation, for five days each week. Then, on Saturday morning, men, women and children lined up in front of the bookkeeper at the commissary and drew sixty cents in cash for every hundred pounds of cotton they had picked. Twelve wagons, each carrying two bales, rolled to or from the gin, all day long.

"F'm whar I'm settin'," Giles told the Widow Duck, "dis look like a crop wid de bark on hit. And dem which don't like hit jest natchally ain't got cotton in dey blood."

"You speakin'," corroborated the Widow Duck, "and I'm pattin' my foot. Me? I'm ve'y satisfied. And whilst I ain't hyared Him say in so many words, I reckon de Lawd is ve'y satisfied, too. Or else I been bowin' my haid to old Baal by mistake. And efn you's satisfied, and I's satisfied, and de Lawd don't complain, hit look to me like ev'ybody else ought to be tickled plum to death."

"Hit look like dat to me, too."

"Ain't you got a grin on de Bossman's mouf, yit?"

"He looks mighty solemn, dese days."

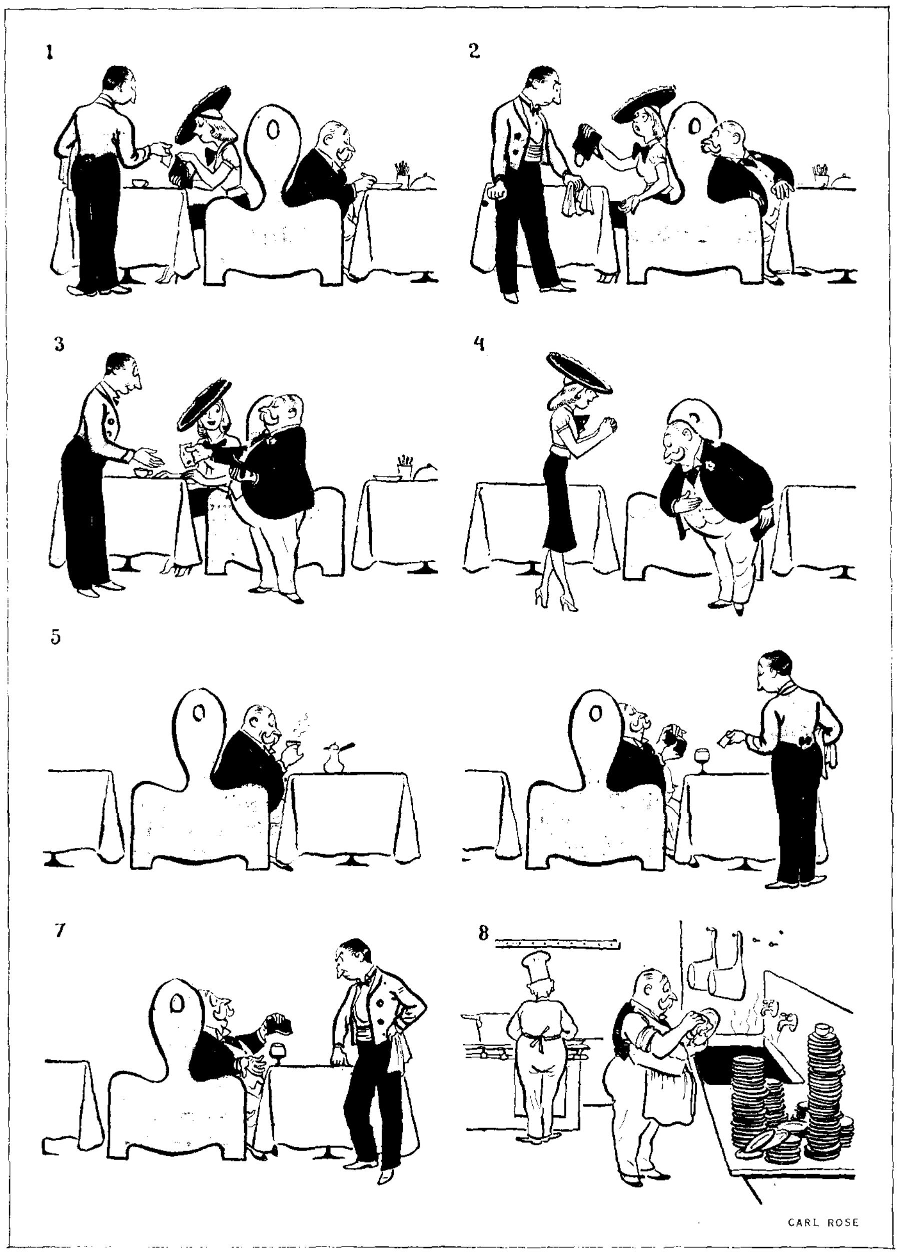
"Humph! What do de guv'mer 'low 'bout dis crop?" asked the Widow Duck.

"De guv'mer," Giles said guardedly, "ain't sayin' much, one way or de yuther. But de price drap a notch, ev'y now and den."

The Widow Duck sighed sadly. "De guv'mer speakin' agin de crop wid a parable," she decided. "Hit look like de guv'mer ought to do like de Bible say, and speak wid de tongues er men, 'stid er wid de price er cotton. Efn I was de guv'mer, I'd mark de price up to about fawty cents, and den set down and have church!"

Giles laughed. "I bet you would," he told her. "But you'd give all de money to de preacher, and start plantin' you another crop."

THE Widow Duck allowed her mind to dwell pleasantly on the munificent things she could do with the price of cotton, if it were left to her. "De trouble wid us, Giles," she decided, "us is Old Aunt Hagar's Chilluns, and us love cotton. White fo'ks, like de Bossman and de guv'mer, don't onderstand cotton like us, cause dey don't love hit good like us. 'Place yo' love on de river of waters, and hit'll float back to you like fawty loaves and fawty fishes. But speak ye evil of my good deeds, and will come a day and hour like a thief in de night.' So say de Sperrit, Giles. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."



"Maybe so," Giles grinned, "but what about dese dark chilluns which is fixin' to run off, right in de middle er de biggest cotton crop we's ever had?"

"Who?" demanded the Widow Duck.

"Joe Booty and Cooter," Giles replied.

"Naw!" The Widow Duck could not believe it. "Any man which kin pick out fo' hund'ed er better, ev'y day, on de fust pickin', is got cotton in his blood. Joe Booty ain't picked less'n fo' hund'ed any day dis fall. And Cooter been crowdin' him. Dey ain't fixin' to leave. Dey's jest lyin' to you."

Giles shook his head. "Dey ain't lied to me," he said. "Dey jest went to de commissary, dis mawnin', and bought some new shoes and some new overhauls, and a Sunday shirt apiece, and had hit charged agin dey crop."

"Dey got a good crop," the Widow Duck pointed out, "and dey kin pay hit."

"Dey been eatin' twenty-three-cent meat agin dat crop, since befo' last Christmas," Giles reminded her, "and dat'll eat up anybody's crop."

"Dey'll make hit back next year, den."

"Buyin' clothes on a credick, wid cash money in dey pockets?" Giles countered. "When a man do dat, he's fixin' to git. Joe and Cooter been drawin' twelve dollars or better ev'y Sadday for five weeks, and dey ain't spunt a dime. Dem boys is got a eetch on de heel, and dey aimin' to scratch hit on strange gravel."

"WELL," the Widow Duck condoled, "dem boys is young, yit. Maybe dey jest got fed up on de good things, and aims to git out and projeck about wid de swines. Me, I'm gittin' old, but I been hyarin' de devil tell me in my mind dat efn I wanted to git about, I c'd go out yonder to a town name Holl-you-wood, and make me a dollar a day, jest settin' flat in de chair, gittin' my pitcher tuck."

Giles was amused at the idea. "You's wrong," he told her. "I been seein' dem pitchers. You got to be able to ride a buckin' hoss and shoot a pistol wid bofe hands, to git yo' pitcher tuck, out dar."

On the first picking, the crop yielded nearly seven hundred bales, and the Bossman sold it in one lump. He was almost happy.

"It ran an inch and a quarter almost throughout," he told Giles. "I got a flat two-cent premium."

"Jest wait," Giles encouraged. "Us jest been pickin' de trash close to de ground. Wait to de sho' 'nuff cotton middle-way up de stawk git to openin'."

But the Bossman had made up his mind not to be happy.

"That pasture, where the bald-faced yearlings are," he said, "is awful thin. And we've got to save the big pasture for the mules, because we can't feed corn until we start plowing."

"Dey gonter be all right," Giles assured him.

"I paid thirty-seven hundred dollars for those two carload of calves," the Bossman went on, "to eat up the Johnson grass on the land we're laying out. And for the first time in twenty years the rains went wrong in the summer, and the grass isn't there. I don't believe these calves will weigh as much now as they did when I bought 'em."

"Dey's growin', Boss," Giles declared.

"Growing into a big loss," the Bossman countered. "Buying feed for them is out of the question, and the grass is not there to hold 'em."

"Us got a heap er hay."

"That will just about keep them from starving to death," the Bossman stated. "But it won't fatten them, nor will it make them grow."

GILES changed the subject adroitly. "Boss, jest look at all er dat cotton," he urged. "Ain't hit purty?"

The Bossman shook his head gloomily. "If I could look at cotton and forget all the ramifications of marketing and the correlated economic structure, I'd be the happiest man in the country with this crop. But if the government of a country on the other side of the world writes a note to the government of some other country that you never heard of, the price of cotton goes down."

"Hit do?"

"And," went on the Bossman, "if that country doesn't answer the letter just right, cotton goes down some more. Or if it rains in China or they make a good olive crop in Italy, cotton will drop off a few points in Shreveport."

"Cotton," summarized Giles, "sho' do git about hits business."

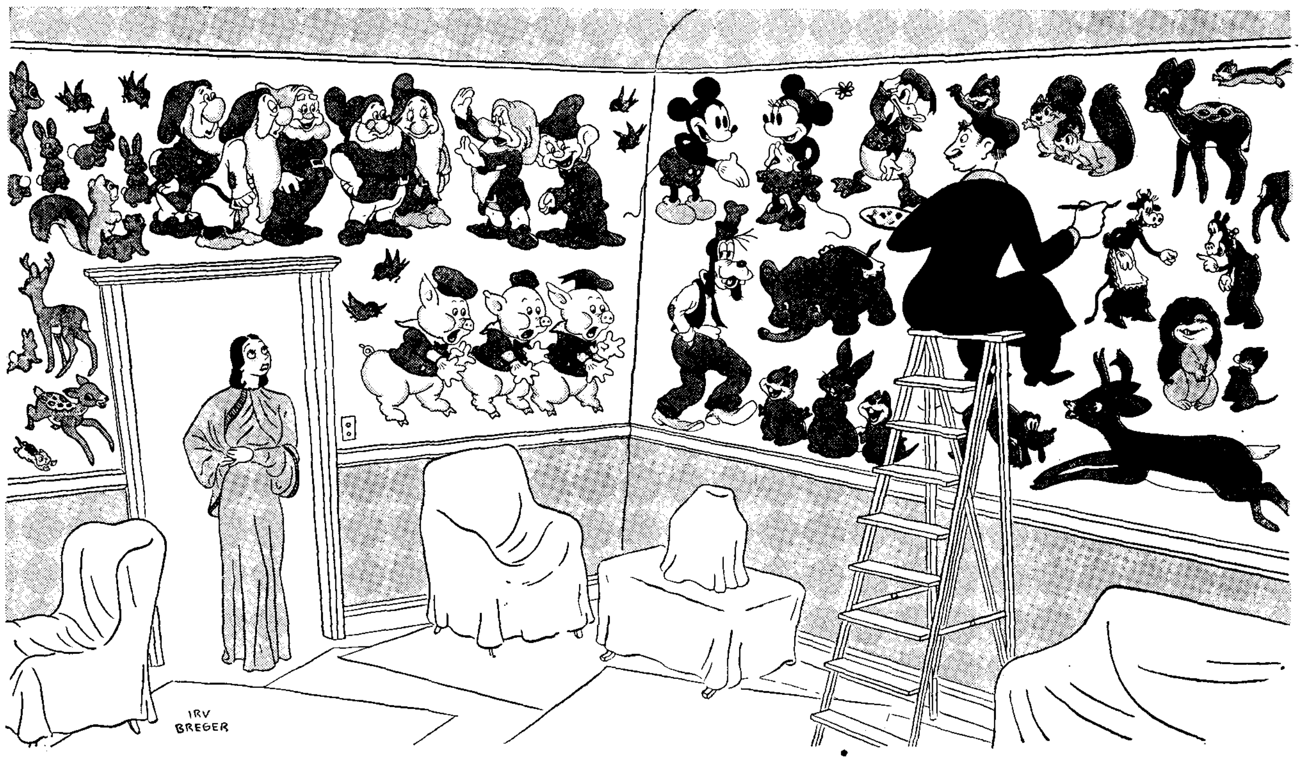
Giles rode to the pasture where more than a hundred bald-faced cattle, now nearly two years old, were grazing. The grass was too short and the animals were in only moderately good condition.

"Dat's a shame," he commented to himself, and he went to the hayfield.

"Haul a load er dat hay to dem yea'lin's," he told Dock.

"Hit's a good thing," Dock said. "De barn is full and de seed house is full and de waggin shed is jest about full. I was fixin' to haul de rest to yo' front po'ch."

Giles laughed. The lamest sort of joke would make him laugh these days. There was something about that cotton crop that kept him almost laughing at nothing, anyway. "Stack de rest in de pasture," Giles instructed Dock, "and quick as y'all git done wid dis cut, take



"No, no, my good man, this is my husband's den—the nursery is upstairs" IRV BREGER

de machines to de shed and git de whole hay crew to pullin' and haulin' cawn."

"Want to leave de nubbins in de field?" Dock asked. "Hit ain't but about one good year on ev'y stawk, dis year."

"Git hit all," Giles decided. "Dat's de guv'mer's land, quick as us git de cawn out, and de nubbins ain't gonter—" He stopped short. "Leave de nubbins," he ordered briskly, and set off at a gallop.

GILES had had an idea, which was not unusual for the foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation. But the idea had nothing to do with cotton, and that was unusual. He rode to the cotton field and called:

"Joe *Booty!*"

"Yassuh!"

"Coot—*er!*"

"Yassuh!"

"Come to *me!*" Giles yelled.

The two men dragged their long, half-filled sacks to the end of the row and stood with averted eyes before the foreman.

Giles studied the pair before he spoke. They were good men, and he liked them. They had grown up on the plantation and had never left.

"De diff'unce betwixt a man and a dog," Giles told them, "is like dis: Efn de dog don't like bein' whar he at, he jest up and leaves. And dat's his business. And a man will do de same, on'y he got de cheeks to tell de Boss he's three times seven, and he feel like gittin' about. But man or dog won't go buy somethin' on de credicks and den sneak off. Hit take a rogue to do like dat."

Joe Booty tightened his lips and looked squarely at the foreman. "I ain't no rogue," he declared stoutly. "I tole you a mont' back, I and Cooter wanted to sell we's crop and git about."

"And I," Giles stated, "said you had done et up yo' crop."

"I still feels like gittin' about," Joe Booty said.

"And me, too," Cooter said defiantly. "I got money in my pockets to pay for dat stuff I bought."

"Well, now, dat's de way for a man to ack," Giles agreed. "Whar y'all fixin' to go?"

Joe Booty shrugged. "Fust one place and den de yuther, I reckon. Us was fixin' to do a little peepin' about to we find a place us likes."

"Dat's de way she's done," Giles nodded sagely. "I used to git about when I was y'all's age. And I found all kinds er places. But f'm what I hyars, hit's a place name er Holl-you-wood whar a man kin git a dollar a day, jest gittin' his pitcher tuck."

"I seed some er dem pitchers," grinned Joe Booty.

"Me, too," echoed Cooter. "Us might git out dar."

"Hit's a nice place f'm what I hyars," the foreman went on. "But you got to ride a hoss, good, and shoot a pistol wid bofe hands, and wear hairy pants and big hats and stuff like dat, to git yo' pitcher tuck."

"I kin ride a hoss purty good," Joe Booty said, "and I already got me a thirty-eight special."

"I got one, too," seconded Cooter. "On'y I can't hit nothin'."

"Well," concluded Giles, "y'all go 'haid pickin' de cotton th'ough Friday and when you gits yo' money, Sadday, come and see me."

They agreed and Giles rode away, happy in his mind.

COTTON continued to roll to the gin and the Bossman sold every pound for a premium price. Joe Booty and Cooter disappeared and nobody knew where they went. The bald-faced cattle lay all day in the shade of the trees by the hay that had been hauled into the too closely grazed pasture, and chewed their cuds and fattened.

"I never knew cattle to fatten on Johnson grass hay," the Bossman observed.

"Nawsuh," Giles agreed, "but dat's powerful good hay."

"Yassuh."

"The funny part," the Bossman mused, "they don't seem to be eating much of that hay, and they really are getting fat."

"Hit do look funny," Giles agreed. "But dem cows was bawn out yonder whar hit's dry weather all de time. Maybe dey likes de dry hay mo' better den de green grass."

The Bossman shook his head. "It's not reasonable," he decided. "But at the same time, they're getting fat. I think I'll get the government livestock expert out here to have a look at them."

"Naw, Boss, don't do dat," Giles pleaded. "Let good enough be. Ev'y time de guv'mer man come out hyar, us gits bad luck. Now, us is havin' good luck, so le's don't crowd hit."

The Bossman saw the foreman's point of view and the government expert was not called.

The third and final picking of the cotton began. A light frost killed the plants, the blooms stopped and the matured bolls popped open. The price fluctuated. Giles rode about after dark occasionally, and many nights he and Dock made mysterious trips with the truck.

When the last bale of cotton was sold, the Bossman went before the government man and, over the seal of a notary, deposed that he had planted a certain number of acres in cotton, a certain number in corn, with alternate rows in legumes; that the legumes had not been pastured, and that the acreage not in cultivation had produced only hay from native grasses, which would be used exclusively for domestic animals on the place—all of which the Bossman had contracted to do.

The bookkeeper figured out everybody's account and the Bossman, himself, grinning for the first time in months, paid each man off personally.

Grant, whose large family ate more meat and wore out more clothes than anybody else, was just as happy with his four dollars and a dime as the frugal Nud was when the Bossman handed him a shot sack with three hundred and eight silver dollars in it.

AND while the bookkeeper was rapidly going crazy over a matter of eighty-four dollars, the bald-faced cattle, now sleek and fat, were shipped to Fort Worth and sold for a handsome profit. But the day the cattle were driven off the place, Giles set Nud to disking the corn and bean field with the big tractor. And then he went to an old cabin far on the back of the place.

"You Joe *Booty!*" he yelled.

"Yassuh!"

"You Coot—*er!*"

"Yassuh!"

"Come to *me!*"

Two sleepy men, dressed in what the mail-order catalogue had described as "a complete cowboy outfit," with the "stockman's hat," calfskin vests with the hair on the outside, chaps, guaranteed to have been made from pure angora skins, and spurs that would have done credit to a Mexican bandit, came to the porch. In addition, Joe Booty and Cooter each had a small pistol strapped in a holster. But Giles was neither surprised nor shocked at the appearance of the strangely dressed men.

"Y'all boys done good," Giles began. "You had a heap er good practice ridin' hosses and runnin' cows ev'y night. O' cou'se, runnin' dem cattle in de cawnfield after dark, and runnin' 'em back in de pasture befo' sunup, ain't de same as runnin' 'em across de river, like you got to do when you gits to Holl-you-wood. But I been turnin' in yo' time at a dollar a day for might' nigh two months, now, and you git cash money at de commissary to make up for de diff'unce."

"And us ain't got to wear dese clothes no mo'?" Joe Booty asked eagerly.

"Not to you gits to Holl-you-wood," Giles told him.

"Man!" exclaimed Cooter. "Lemme git in my overhauls!"

"Me, too," seconded Joe Booty. "I been like a stranger in a strange land. I never got so sick er cows in my life."

"And hosses, too," added Cooter. "Gimme a pair er mules on de yuther end of a plow."

GILES rode home, well pleased with his scheme of grazing the cattle on the forbidden "soil-rebuilding project." When he arrived, the Widow Duck was spreading the latest plantation gossip to Betsy.

"I laughed and told the bookkeeper," she was saying, "dat I never knowed a man so wearied about gittin' too much money. But hit didn't tickle him. He jest looked kind er wild in de eyes, and went on back to figgerin' and mumblin' to hisse'f."

"What ail de bookkeeper?" Giles wanted to know.

"He claim," the Widow Duck explained, "dat he got eighty-fo' dollars mo' den he jue to have. He claim he charged up sixty cents a hund'ed agin de croppers for all de cotton picked, and den he claim he paid out sixty cents a hund'ed for de pickin'."

"What wrong wid dat?" Giles demanded.

"Dat what he tryin' to figger," the Widow Duck told him. "Cause ev'y time he git done figgerin', he got eighty-fo' dollars piled right up in front er him, and he don't know what to do 'bout hit."

Giles tabulated on his fingers. "Lemme see," he counted. "Hit was fo'teen, at six dollars a head. Dat'd make about eighty-fo' dollars, wouldn't hit?"

After considerable calculation, everybody agreed that it would.

"Hit was fo'teen er dem hill niggers," he explained, "which had old, skinny mules, and no hay to feed 'em on. So I made 'em buy a ha'f a ton er dat guv'mer hay at six dollars apiece, and pay for hit, pickin' cotton."

"Well, I believe you!" exclaimed Betsy. "And a pleasant time for de mules, too."

"You better go tell de bookkeeper," suggested the Widow Duck.

"Nope," Giles decided. "De Bossman got a grin on his face, now. And I aims to keep hit like dat. Efn I tell de bookkeeper, he'd tell de Bossman, and dat'd make him weary. Me and dat guv'mer hay is me and de guv'mer's business. And we's business is no skin offn nobody's back. Me and de guv'mer is ve'y satisfied."

"Well, I believe you!" echoed the Widow Duck, impressed. "And when you made dem hill niggers feed dey stock, you was castin' yo' pearls on de tree er life."

"Yeah," Betsy agreed, "hit was a good job."

"I'm ve'y satisfied," Giles admitted modestly. "But wait to next year, when de guv'mer turns me a-loose!"

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A Punch in the Spine

Continued from page 11

tubercular meningitis and pneumococcic meningitis that people get sometimes as aftereffects of tuberculosis or pneumonia, and there is streptococcic meningitis that people sometimes get after ear infections or even from sinus trouble. Each one shows up a little differently in the spinal fluid and the reason they're so important to spot is that, while practically speaking nobody has found out yet what to do about the first two kinds, there is a new and marvelous cure for the strep kind.

Take little Tommy, who was nine years old and woke up one morning with a little earache. It came and went for a few days and got gradually worse and then he began to complain of a bad headache. His doctor—and this time he wasn't even being an alarmist, for Tommy was showing symptoms that looked pretty serious—got to work and did a spinal puncture. It didn't hurt because the doctor used novocain where the needle went in. Under the microscope the doctor found the spinal fluid was just full of a certain unpleasant streptococcus hemolyticus that had got into Tommy's nervous system from the infection in his ear.

The Miracle of Sulfanilamide

Now up to not much more than a year ago this strep meningitis was quite a little more than ninety-nine per cent fatal. So Tommy was lucky that he got his in 1937 because recently a new drug had turned up, called sulfanilamide, that is fairly fatal to streptococcus hemolyticus, the kind of strep, fortunately, that is apt to cause strep meningitis.

You've probably heard of sulfanilamide, for it's had a lot of publicity lately, and if you're one of the people who are afraid of it because of those deaths caused by elixir of sulfanilamide last fall, get over the idea. It wasn't the sulfanilamide that caused the deaths but the stuff in which it was idiotically dissolved.

Sulfanilamide is potent but splendid stuff. It is so potent that, given in large doses, it may cause pretty severe anemia and other complications, but it's often worth those complications. That's what Tommy's doctor thought. What was anemia compared to not being alive? He gave Tommy this sulfanilamide in very large doses, as large doses as he thought Tommy could possibly stand. And—you won't believe this but it's true—six days later Tommy felt perfectly well. He might not have. Even given sulfanilamide, a good many people with strep meningitis don't get well, even now. But Tommy was one of the lucky ones, and this is certain: if he hadn't had the spinal puncture when he did, the sulfanilamide would never have had a chance to do its work.

But meningitis isn't the only disease that your spinal fluid can give warning of. It can bring advance information of almost every disease or injury that has anything at all to do with the central nervous system, and since these diseases—infantile paralysis and encephalitis and paresis, for instance—are all of a pretty serious sort, it's just as important to find them out early. The first way the spinal fluid tells its story is by its pressure. When a doctor does a spinal puncture he usually attaches to the needle a little gauge that measures the spinal-fluid pressure just the way the gauge on an automobile tire measures the air pressure. If it is about normal that is hopeful, but your doctor isn't taking any information at its face value, so there is a funny little test called the Queckenstedt test that he's apt to do on any spinal fluid with normal or subnormal pressure. When he has the needle and gauge in place he'll tell his nurse or assistant to press on both your jugular veins. The idea is to make the blood back up in your brain under pressure, for this pressure should affect the spinal fluid and make it go leaping up in the gauge. If it does, fine. If it doesn't, it is apt to mean there is a tumor somewhere along the spinal cord that is blocking off the spinal fluid, and then the doctor can have you X-rayed and operate and fix things up. Spinal tumors aren't very common, but they're hard to spot and the discovery of even one in several hundred spinal punctures is reason enough for making the Queckenstedt test a matter of routine.

But what is much more likely to happen, and to be a sign of something more serious than too little pressure, is too great pressure. For increased pressure means that something is cutting down the space where the spinal fluid can flow. It might be a brain tumor causing pressure from above or a brain hemorrhage or an injury from an accident. Or it might be a sign of infection.

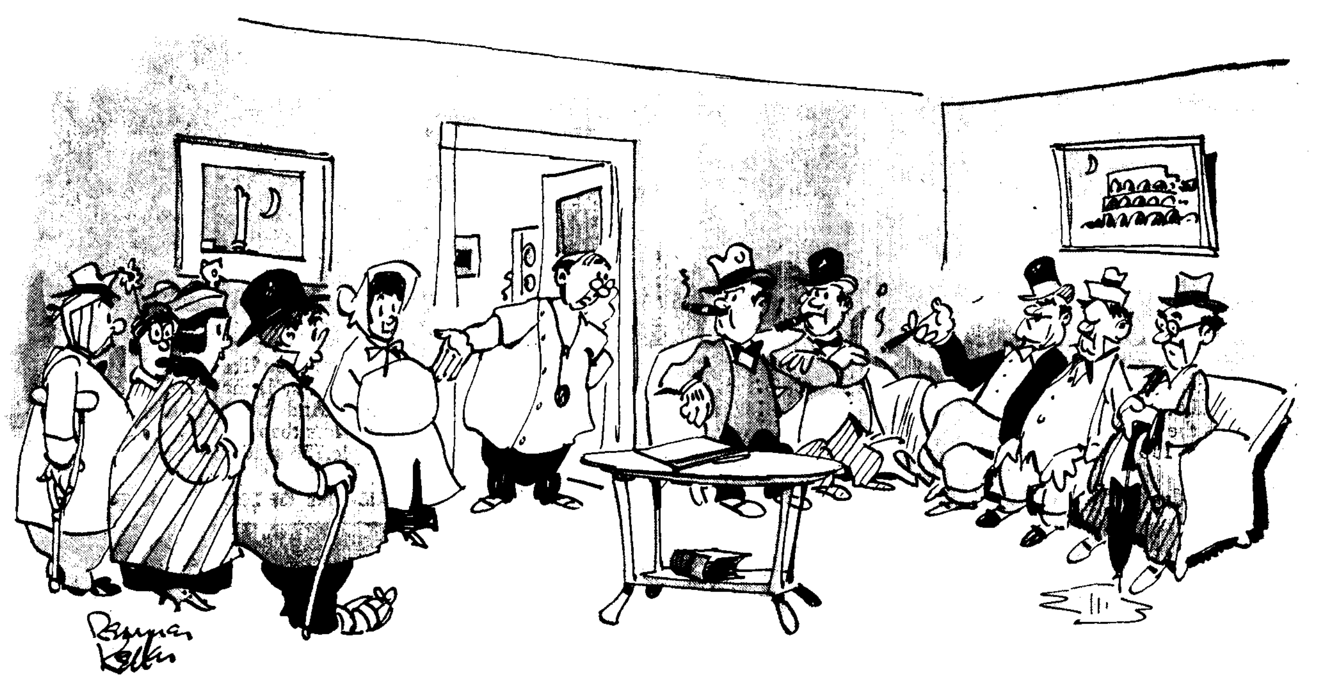
And then again, just to make it difficult, your spinal fluid can have a normal pressure and still have quite important things to tell. This is true in infantile paralysis, for instance, so, no matter what pressure he finds, your doctor will get right to work on some of the other tests.

The first and most important thing is to look at the spinal fluid under the microscope and count the cells. Normally there are practically none. But there may be too many lymphocytes, a kind of cell that some types of inflammation send into the spinal fluid, and this may mean encephalitis—that's sleeping sickness—or polio, that's modern and fancy for infantile paralysis, or paresis, or tubercular meningitis. Or there may be a good many cells which collect to fight certain kinds of infection, and this would be apt to mean meningococcal meningitis or one of the other kinds I've told you about. Sometimes there will be various organisms swimming right around in plain sight; that is a great help, for it's only by finding the specific organism that doctors can diagnose the different kinds of meningitis.

Sometimes they can find the organism by culturing the fluid, adding it to some substance the germs like to feed and grow on. But even if all they find is cells, they've still gone a long way toward knowing what is wrong.

Important Tests

The next thing the laboratory would be apt to do would be to test for increased protein. Normally there is a certain limited amount in all spinal fluid, but, for some reason, whenever there is an infection the amount of protein goes way up, and it goes higher in some diseases than others, which is another important clue. There are other very accurate chemical tests they make too, to find out exactly how much sugar and salt there is in the spinal fluid. This is often very important. There is, for instance, less sugar and salt in the spinal fluid than normal with all the meningitises, while with encephalitis there is increased sugar. Yet tubercular



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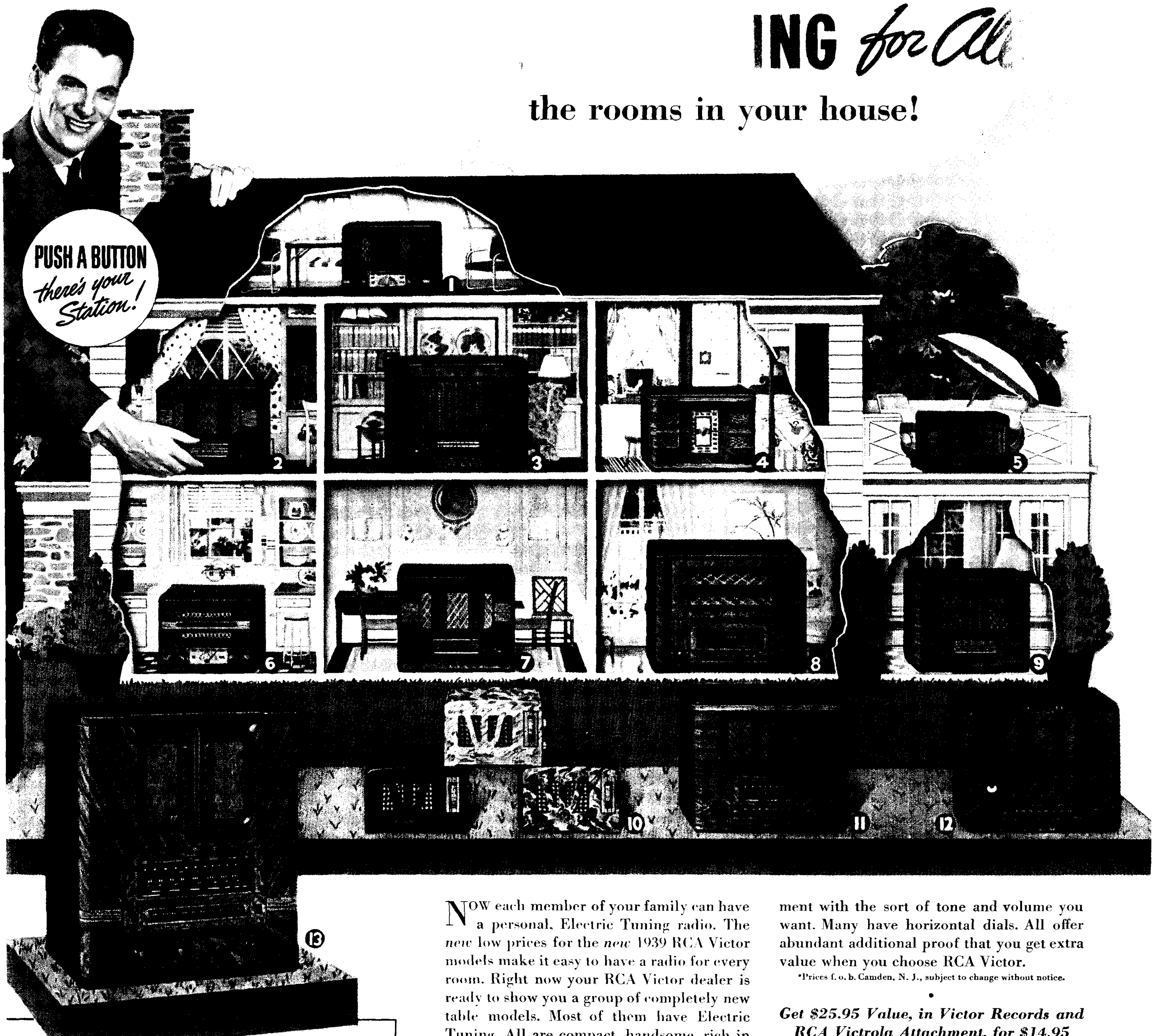

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12 Model 97T ... Electric Tuning, 7 RCA Victor Tubes, Magic Eye, Victrola Push-Button Switch, 3-band Straight-Line Dial. Continental style cabinet. (Also available for AC-DC operation as Model 98X) ... $59.95*

13 Model 99T ... A de luxe Electric Tuning table model. American and foreign reception. 3-band Straight-Line Dial, 9 RCA Victor Tubes, Master Noise Eliminator, Victrola Button, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, Metal Tubes. 8" Electro-Dynamic Speaker $89.95*

NOW each member of your family can have a personal, Electric Tuning radio. The *new* low prices for the *new* 1939 RCA Victor models make it easy to have a radio for every room. Right now your RCA Victor dealer is ready to show you a group of completely new table models. Most of them have Electric Tuning. All are compact, handsome, rich in tone, superb in performance. In your RCA Victor dealer's store, you will find styles and sizes to suit every room and all tastes. When you test the models that interest you, you will discover that each one is a real musical instrument with the sort of tone and volume you want. Many have horizontal dials. All offer abundant additional proof that you get extra value when you choose RCA Victor.

*Prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

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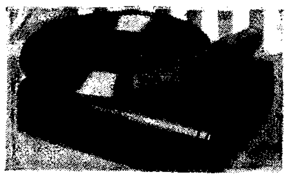
Get $25.95 Value, in Victor Records and RCA Victrola Attachment, for $14.95



SAVE $11.00! This special offer gives you $14.95† RCA Victrola Attachment, $9.00 in Victor Records, $2.00 subscription to Victor Record Review, and membership in the Victor Record Society—all for $14.95—a saving of $11.00. †List price.

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. D. S. T., on NBC Blue Network. • You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna.

FOR FINER RADIO PERFORMANCE—
RCA VICTOR RADIO TUBES

RCA Victor

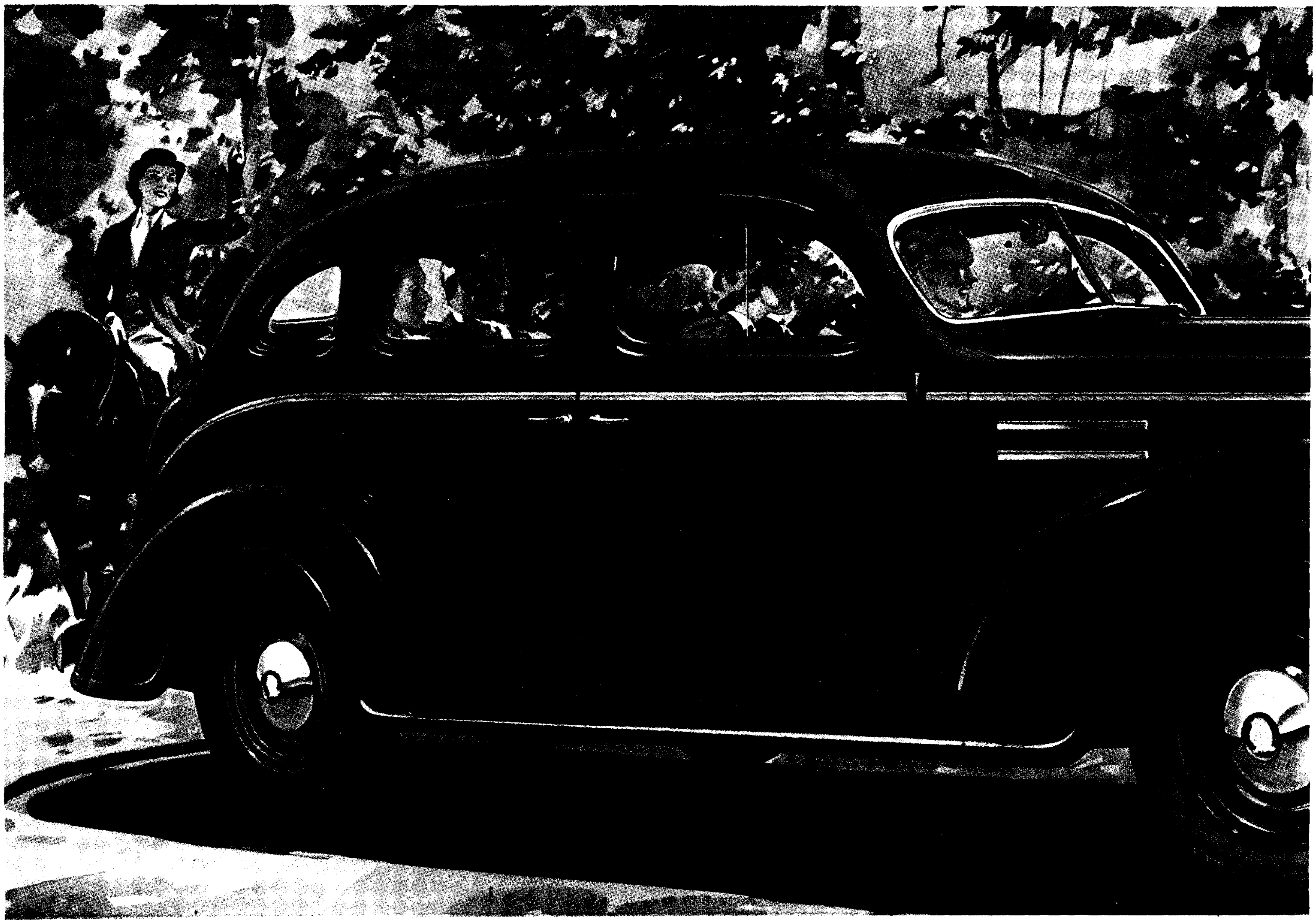
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

SO BEAUTIFUL YOU

IT'S STILL A LOW

New 1939 Plymouth Is Now On Display

GLAMOROUS NEW STYLING...Lavish New Luxury...Longer Wheelbase—now 114-ins.... New High-Torque Engine Performance-with New Economy...Perfected Remote Control Shifting...New Al

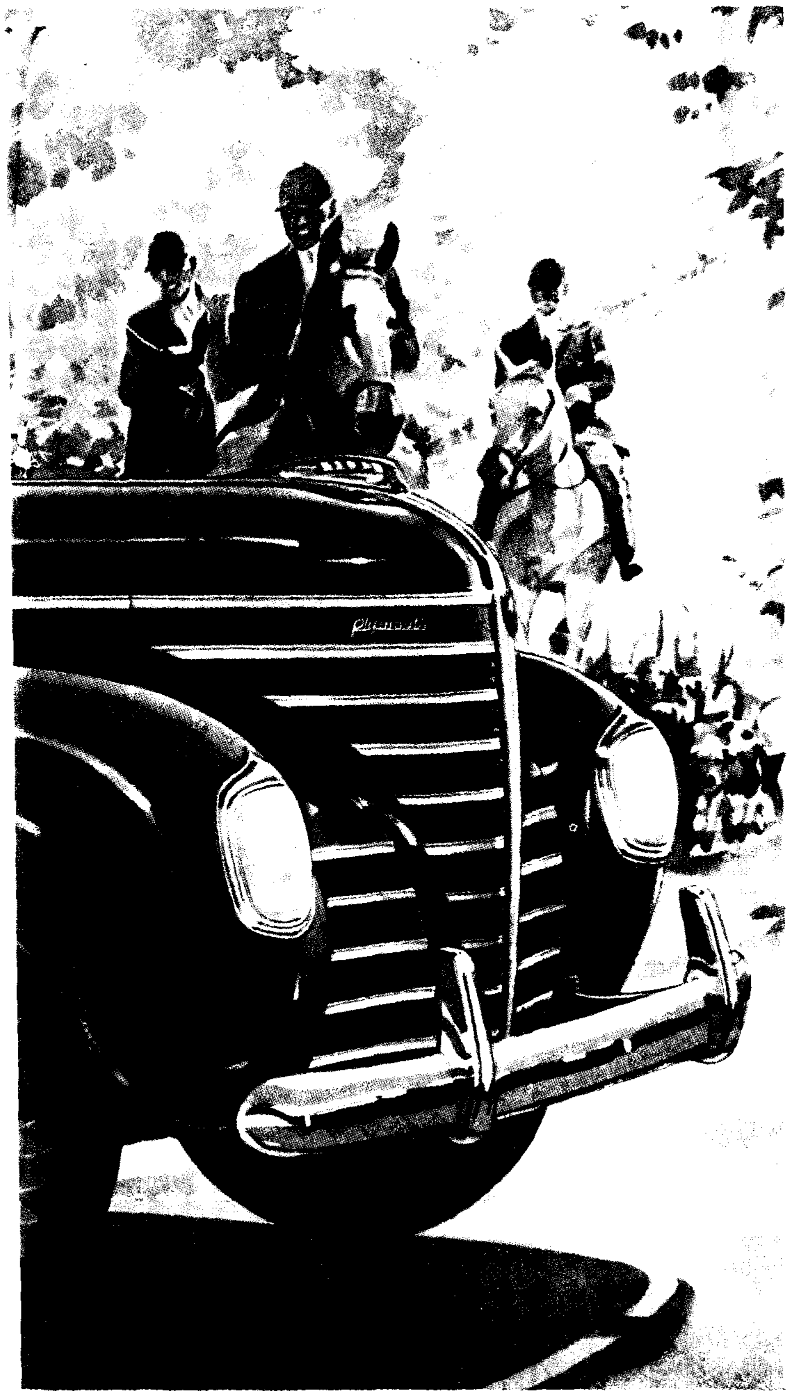


Here is the amazingly beautiful new 1939 Plymouth—with improved Floating Power engine mountings, easier-acting hydraulic brakes and rust-proofed all-steel b

PLYMOUTH BUILD

ON'T BELIEVE
PRICED CAR

Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission . . . New Amola Steel Coil Springs . . . Improved Airplane-type Shock Absorbers...New True-Steady Steering...New "Safety Signal" Speedometer...A Sensational New Ride!



see this exciting new car at your nearby Plymouth dealer—today!

YOUR CHOICE OF TWO GREAT CARS— A NEW "ROADKING" A NEW "DE LUXE"

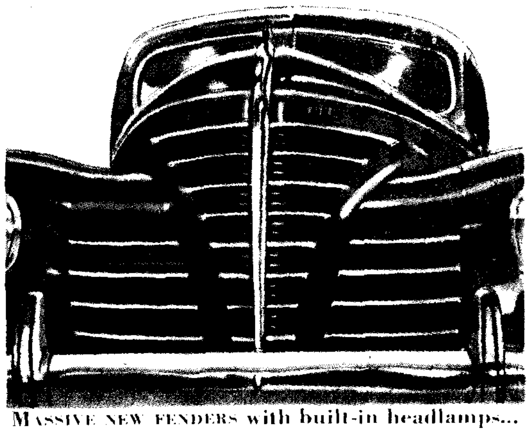
IT IS AMAZING what low price now buys! The great new 1939 Plymouth is so big, so brilliantly beautiful in every way, you won't believe it's still a low-priced automobile!

You have a distinct new thrill coming to you when you step inside and drive. The new Plymouth has a sensationally smooth, soft, new ride . . . and great engineering has managed to combine new, High-Torque engine performance with *greater economy*.

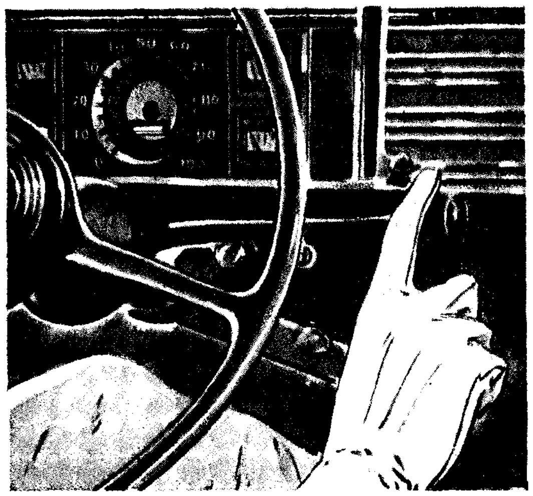
But, most important, this great Plymouth is *priced with the lowest* . . . and is amazingly easy to own. Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's *low delivered price* . . . balance in surprisingly *low monthly instalments*. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

THIS YEAR PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR

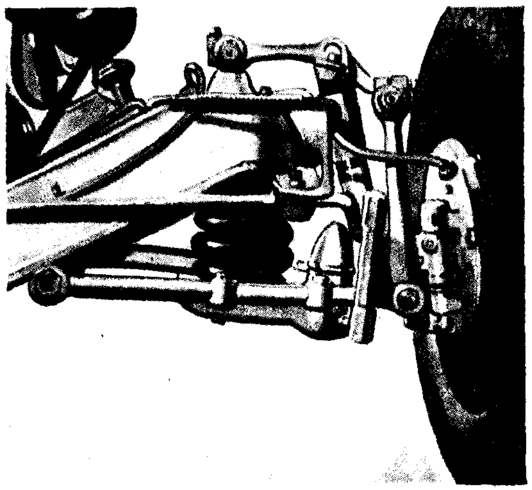
GREAT CARS



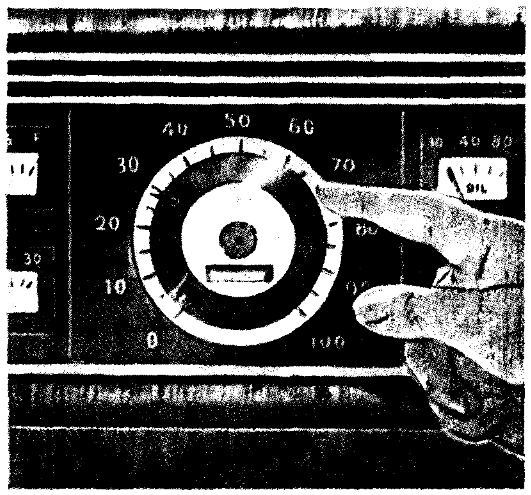
MASSIVE NEW FENDERS with built-in headlamps... longer, more graceful hood...brilliant new style in every modern line . . . an all-steel body, completely rust-proofed, to preserve its beauty.



PERFECTED REMOTE CONTROL SHIFTING and new All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard equipment on De Luxe models. Nothing new to learn, and it's much more convenient than a floor lever.



AMOLA STEEL COIL SPRINGS, finest design in the industry, provide a marvelous new ride. Jolts, bumps and road shocks are ironed out. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.



NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" SPEEDOMETER helps you to drive safely. Up to 30 miles an hour the light shows green...from 30 to 50 m. p. h., amber...and over 50 m. p. h., it shows a warning red.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.

meningitis and encephalitis may look so much alike in their beginning stages that except for this they might not be able to tell them apart.

That business of telling one disease from another is exactly why all these examinations are so necessary. Each one tells something different about a different disease, and two diseases that make the spinal fluid react just the same to two or three tests may affect it just sufficiently differently in the fourth to establish the diagnosis.

How Precious Time is Gained

A child, for instance, may be only days away from the paralytic stage of polio, and seem to have nothing but a slight fever and a cold in the head, for these are the first symptoms. But if there is any chance that he has been exposed to infantile paralysis, his doctor will insist on doing a spinal puncture. Here's how the tests work out: The pressure will probably be normal and so will the color of the spinal fluid, though it might be a little opalescent; the salt and sugar tests will probably be normal too, but there will be more protein than usual, one sure sign of infection, and, what is still more important, more lymphocytes. And there is the diagnosis for the doctor to read: infantile paralysis, days before it could have been known any other way, days in which the doctor and family can take special care to keep the child away from other children and try to get hold of some polio-immune blood for injection.

There are two more tests I haven't mentioned before because, generally speaking, they only help uncover the presence of one disease, but that disease is serious enough to make these two tests almost as important as all the others put together. It is syphilis, and the tests are the Wassermann and the colloidal gold.

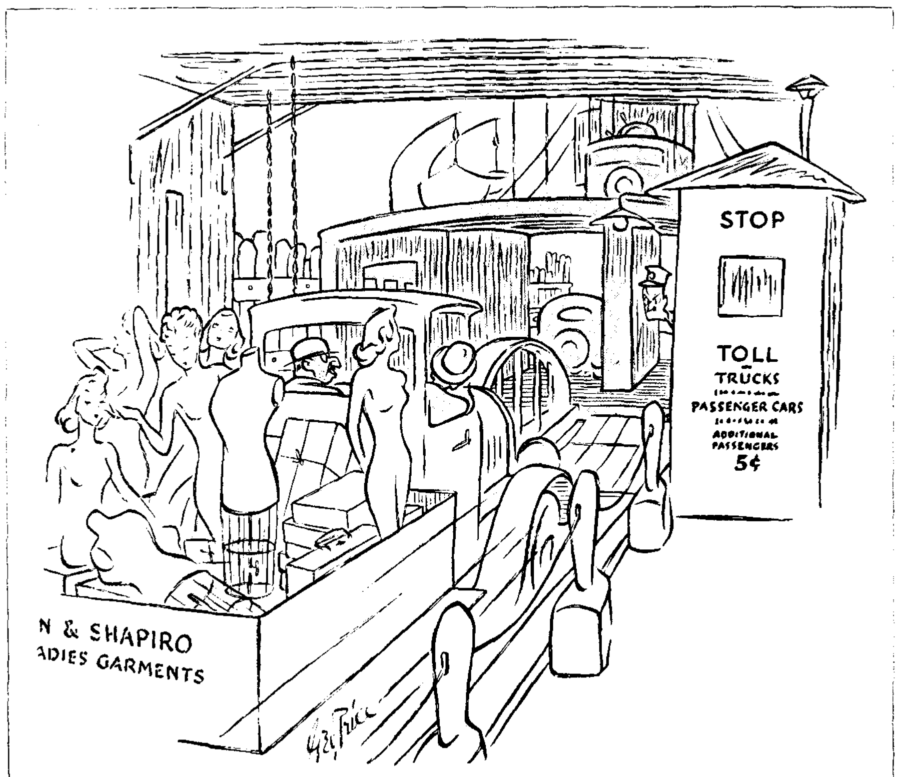
A spinal-fluid Wassermann will tell whether syphilis has reached the central nervous system. Of course by the time syphilis has reached a person's nervous system it is pretty far along and very serious, but that makes its discovery doubly important. Discovering early that it has reached the nervous system may make the difference between insanity or invalidism or death and years of happy, useful life. And a spinal-fluid Wassermann can tell this months or even years before it could be known any other way.

Once the presence of central-nervous-system syphilis has been detected, then comes the colloidal gold test, for the syphilis can have begun to attack either the spinal cord or the brain itself and only the colloidal gold test can tell which until there are unmistakable physical signs—and this is pretty dangerously far along. When the syphilis attacks the brain it causes a kind of insanity called paresis. When it attacks the spinal cord it causes difficulty in walking, which you've probably heard of as locomotor ataxia, and which doctors call tabes dorsalis. And here is how the colloidal gold test tells them apart: A doctor takes ten different dilutions of the spinal fluid he is examining and adds each dilution to a numbered test tube of colloidal gold, which—believe it or not—is a bright red liquid. For some strange and mysterious reason the colloidal gold will change color, turn violet or purple, at some dilutions if the patient has paresis and at other dilutions if he has tabes, and there you are.

A doctor has told me of a quiet, pleasant woman who came to him for indigestion and who, he discovered in the course of routine examination, had syphilis. She had apparently had it for years and never suspected it. The spinal Wassermann was strongly positive, and the colloidal gold test showed that the syphilis had reached the brain. She had the beginning of paresis.

Well, that explained everything. The doctor, acting promptly, insisted that the woman take a course of artificial fever, a treatment that is becoming generally accepted as the most successful for paresis. And her nervous and mental symptoms vanished rapidly. There isn't a doubt that that spinal puncture saved the woman from insanity.

Doctors who specialize in syphilis have seen hundreds of cases like this, and many of them say now that every person who has a positive blood Wassermann should have a spinal puncture done as well. For it is the only way to tell how far the syphilis has progressed, and even if it has reached the central nervous system there is an amazing percentage of cures if the treatment is begun in time. But the only way to know enough to begin it in time is through that little needle in the spine and the complicated spinal-fluid tests.



"Now commences the old argument about additional passengers"

GEORGE PRICE

They say she married him for his money!

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU★

A BALD man may smile when you joke about the desert on his dome, but it's a tragedy to him and to the woman who shares his life.

Don't let this happen to you; guard the hair you have!

For hair once gone is gone forever, and with it goes the appearance of youth. Youth that attracts youthful women. Youth that makes the better jobs come easier.

Start now the twice daily use of Kreml. It removes every speck of dandruff. Massaged into the scalp, it is cleansing to the pores, stimulating to the millions of tiny vessels that feed the roots with life-sustaining blood.

In this way, Kreml helps to keep your hair in lustrous good health, and will prevent excessive losses, unless you are suffering with the disease known as alopecia areata, which requires special treatment by your doctor.

Kreml is also an excellent dressing for the hair, keeps it neatly in place the long day through, yet it is neither greasy nor sticky. Your hair looks *naturally* lustrous, not plastered-down and "sheiky." Ask for Kreml at your druggist's. Call for it in the barber shop.

Women, too, find Kreml a wonderful beauty aid. Besides lending glamour to the coiffure, it is especially beneficial after permanents, relieving the hair of its brittle dryness, giving it a soft *alluring sheen*. Ask for a Kreml treatment at your beauty parlor.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

I'll Take Both

Continued from page 16

touchdown. On the first play of the game against Colorado Mines, he ran 65 yards for a score and had other touchdown dashes of 42 yards from scrimmage and 63 yards running back a kick.

By this time the country was becoming Whizzer mad. The metropolitan papers had taken him up, the fan mail had begun to arrive and Whizzer was blushing from morning till eve at the soft things the girls were writing him. At this crucial moment, Colorado played Utah at Salt Lake City. It was the big game of the conference and Utah was laying for the lads from Boulder. Whizzer kicked a placement early in the game and then Utah went ahead with a touchdown and the kick following. In the third period, with Utah leading 7-3, Whizzer took a punt on his own 15-yard line and began a series of maneuvers calculated to rile every Morman in Utah. He started back-pedaling until he was on his 3-yard line and Coach Oakes was out of his mind. Then he began running around a few of his Utah chums. En route he annihilated a few others with his straight arm. Others he faded away from. Others he ran over. It ended in a 97-yard run for touchdown. Later in the game he went 57 yards around end for another score but that first one made him All-America.

The furor by this time was enormous. Whizzer was slinging hash over at the Alpha Chi Omega sorority house and working a bit around the stadium for his room. He lived with Marty Brill, a teammate, and Marty appointed himself secretary to handle the fan mail. There was a slight strain on the relationship when Whizzer found that Marty was corresponding with assorted cuties in Whizzer's name and had brought things almost to the matrimonial stage in several instances.

"Fame," Whizzer was saying in these days. "You can't eat it."

This was before he knew of Art Rooney and the Pittsburgh bank roll.

Football Coaching by Mail

It was a tough period for Coach Bunny Oakes because the demands on Whizzer were increasing, he was trying to keep up with his college work, and Bunny had no chance to pin Whizzer in a corner and talk over next week's game with him. Bunny had been on the same team at Illinois with Red Grange and knew what dementia was, so he solved the problem with Whizzer in his own sweet way.

"I wrote him a long letter," explains Bunny. "That was before the Denver game and it worked swell. It was the best game that the Whizzer called all year."

Insistent investigators who bored into the matter discovered that Whizzer wore glasses off the field and might be found both before a game and between halves with his beak in a book. The assumption was that Whizzer tore culture asunder like a herring, but the Whizzer is not one to pretend.

"Nah," he says honestly. "Just those school books; that's all."

His father is manager of a lumberyard at Wellington and Pa and Ma are both pretty sensible people. Mrs. White says Byron "has worked in the beets every summer since he was twelve" and also did a stretch as a section hand on the railroad. Byron broke his arm one year fooling around in high school but kept in shape by running so he could be on hand for the big game against Ault. He was a good pole vaulter and shot-putter at Wellington but passed it up in college for basketball and baseball. When he had that bad knee in his sophomore year they thought his football days were over, but he cured the thing by going out for basketball and giving the leg hell. It's been all right ever since. If you ask the Whizzer, he'll tell you he likes baseball best. He hit over .400 last year in college.

When seen this fall before reporting to Pittsburgh, the Whizzer was master-of-ceremonying on the radio and getting in a jam over it. He was on a program boosting the chain stores and the 14,000 independent dealers of Colorado were taking his picture off the wall. Next to having Pikes Peak disappear in a cloudburst nothing could have been more startling in the Rocky Mountain area. Whizzer was worrying less about that than what the big boys in pro would do to him. The experts who held that the Colorado competition wasn't enough to judge him by had started a new tune after he personally conducted fourteen points across in the Rice game. It was rather generally agreed that the rush to get on the White bandwagon had been aided by the fact that Dutch Clark, regarded by many as the best football player of all time, had once languished at Colorado College unheralded. The gentlemen in Portland, Maine, and St. Petersburg, Florida, who rushed to get the Whizzer on their All-America team were taking no chances a second time.

Will Whizzer Reach Oxford?

The question now is whether Whizzer is ever going to reach Oxford. If he goes after the football season, as he insists he will, he goes for a two-year stretch with no round-trip privileges. The boys around the drugstore in Boulder were cagey about it and refused to be quoted. The poolroom gang in Denver shook their heads dubiously. That good jack being tossed over the shoulder—provided, of course, that Whizzer made good with the Pirates? Well, perhaps.

"Sam had those Oxford years," they said, "and now he's back going to medical school. What's the use of that England stuff if you still have to crack those books when you get home again?"

Whizzer wants to be a lawyer and there is little doubt that he could round up a few clients on the home grounds, he being regarded in the Rocky Mountain section as something akin to Buffalo Bill and the Moffatt Tunnel.

The real worry, however, is about his career in football. The sourdoughs panning a little gold back in the hills keep in touch with the world through Whizzer. If those birds in Pittsburgh named Basrak, Karpowitch, Karas, Weinstock, Lannanelli, Nicolai, Cara, Sartette and the others do their part, Whizzer will show them.

As for the tough guys around Pittsburgh, there was only one worry: that famous run against Utah. The consensus was that if Whizzer ever started running backward against the Detroit Lions or the Chicago Bears, he'd find himself eventually in the Allegheny River. In pro ball you either die face forward or you die like a dog.

Whizzer isn't worrying about it, and his ma and pa are even less perturbed. Ma White was a bit sad at the thought of her boys both being out of college. She didn't know what she'd do when there wasn't one of her boys to watch play football.

"Well, Mother," said Pa White. "I'll tell you what we'll do then. We'll go see someone else's son play."

If that doesn't knock the nonsense out of football, it's too late.

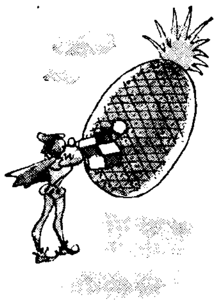
"That's Three for Tiffany"

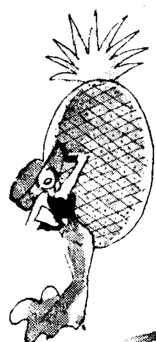
said the score-keeper

A pity you can't see Mr. Tiffany, too. You'd love his expression. A masterpiece of enjoyment!

Faintly perplexed, though. Wondering (as you did, the first time Del Monte Pineapple Juice crossed *your* palate) how *anything* can be so downright delicious!

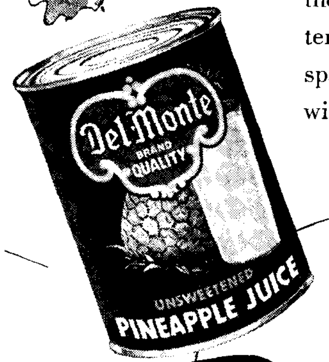
Simply because Del Monte takes its Pineapple Juice seriously. It's such a grand, *natural* fresh flavor — zingy, zippy, refreshing! The pure juice of very ultra "pines." Gorgeous big beauties of top-drawer lineage, fully sun-ripened. Then de-juiced at peak maturity — the golden, sparkling juice sealed tight, sealed fresh, sealed quick!



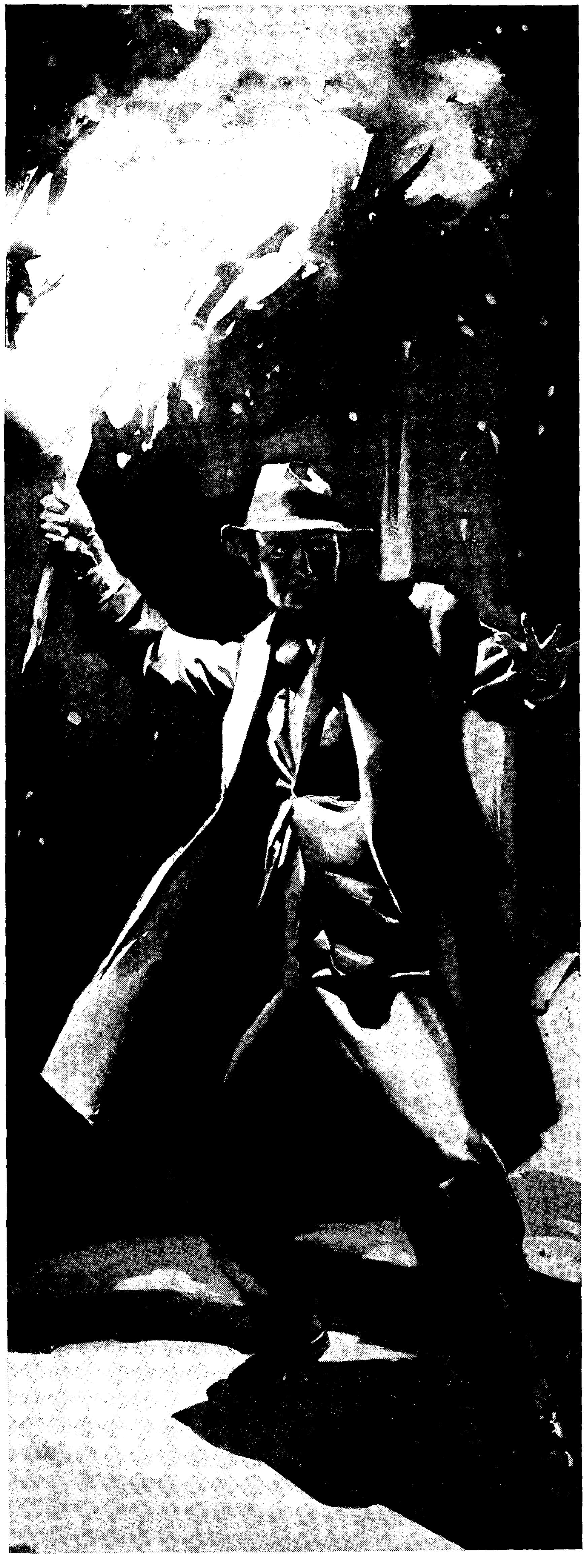


That's why Del Monte Pineapple Juice is so full of exhilarating "umph" and "come on." It's a witching, tempting flavor you just can't say "no" to. Even Mr. Tiffany can't — cool, detached, Mr. Tiffany!

As for the really forthright and robust souls — they're likely to yell "Gimme" most any time. Better stock up with Del Monte Pineapple Juice — the sparkling goodness of pineapple fairly freighted with fragrant, fascinating flavor!



It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice



The torch flared up wildly in his hand and he hurled it with all his strength

The Greek General

By Irwin Shaw

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Alex may never be the gentlemanly owner of a refined poolroom; but it won't be for lack of trying

"I DID it," Alex kept saying. "I swear I did it."

"Tell me more stories," Flanagan said, standing right over him, "I love to hear stories."

"It's true," Alex said, beginning to feel scared.

"Come on!" Flanagan jerked Alex to his feet. "We are going to visit New Jersey. We are going to revisit the scene of the crime, except there was no crime."

"I don't understand," Alex said, hurriedly putting on his coat and going down the stairs between Flanagan and Sam, leaving his door unlocked, "I don't understand at all."

Sam drove the car through the empty night streets, and Alex and Flanagan sat in the back seat.

"I did everything very careful," Alex said in a troubled voice. "I soaked the whole darned house with naphtha. I didn't forget a single thing. You know me, Flanagan, I know how to do a job. . . ."

"Yeah," Flanagan said. "The efficiency expert. Alexander. The Greek general. Only the house didn't burn. That's all."

"I HONESTLY don't understand it." Alex shook his head in puzzlement. "I put a fuse into a pile of rags that had enough naphtha on it to wash an elephant. I swear it."

"Only the house didn't burn," Flanagan said stubbornly. "Everything was dandy, only the house didn't burn. I would like to give you a swift kick."

"Now, listen, Flanagan," Alex protested, "what would you want to do that *for*? Listen, I meant well. Sam," he appealed to the driver, "you know me, ain't I got a reputation?"

"Yeah," Sam said, flatly, not taking his eyes off the traffic ahead of him.

"Listen, Flanagan, why would I want to run out? Answer me that. What's there in it for me if I run out? I ask you that simple question."

"You give me a pain," Flanagan said. "A terrible pain, Alexander." He took out a cigarette and lit it, without offering one to Alex, and looked moodily out at the policeman who was taking their toll money at the Holland Tunnel entrance.

They rode in silence through the tunnel until Sam said, "This is some tunnel. It's an achievement of engineering. Look, they got a cop every hundred yards."

"You give me a pain, too," Flanagan said to Sam, so they rode in silence until they came to the skyway. The open starlit sky seemed to loosen Flanagan up a little. He took off his derby and ran his fingers through his sandy hair with a nervous, unhappy motion.

"I had to get mixed up with you," he said to Alex. "A simple little thing like burning down a house and you gum it up like flypaper. Twenty-five thousand dollars hanging by a thread. . . . I ought to shoot you."

"I don't understand it," Alex said miserably. "That fuse shoulda reached the naphtha in two hours. It shoulda burned like a gas stove."

"You Greek general."

"Listen, Flanagan," Alex said, tough and businesslike. "I don't like the way you talk. You talk like I threw the job away on purpose. Listen, do you think I'd throw five thousand bucks out of the window like that?"

"I don't know what you'd do," Flanagan said, lighting another cigarette. "I don't think you got enough brains to come in outa the rain. That's my honest opinion."

"Five thousand bucks is five thousand bucks," Alex insisted. "With money like that I could open a poolroom and be a gentleman for the rest of my life." He looked up at the ceiling of the car and spoke softly. "I always wanted to operate a poolroom." Then, harshly, to Flanagan, "You think I'd give up a chance like that? What do you think—I'm crazy?"

"I don't think nothing," Flanagan said stubbornly. "*All I* know is the house didn't burn. That's all I know."

He looked stonily out of his window and there was quiet in the car as it raced across the Jersey meadows through the stockyard, fertilizer, glue-factory smells, and turned off on the fork to Orangeburg. Two miles out of the town they stopped at an intersection and McCracken came out from behind a tree and got into the car. Sam started the car again before McCracken was seated. McCracken was not in uniform and there was a harried frown on his face. "This is the nuts," McCracken said even before he got the car door closed. "This is wonderful. This is a beautiful kettle of fish."

"If you just come to cry," Flanagan said bluntly, "you can get right out now."

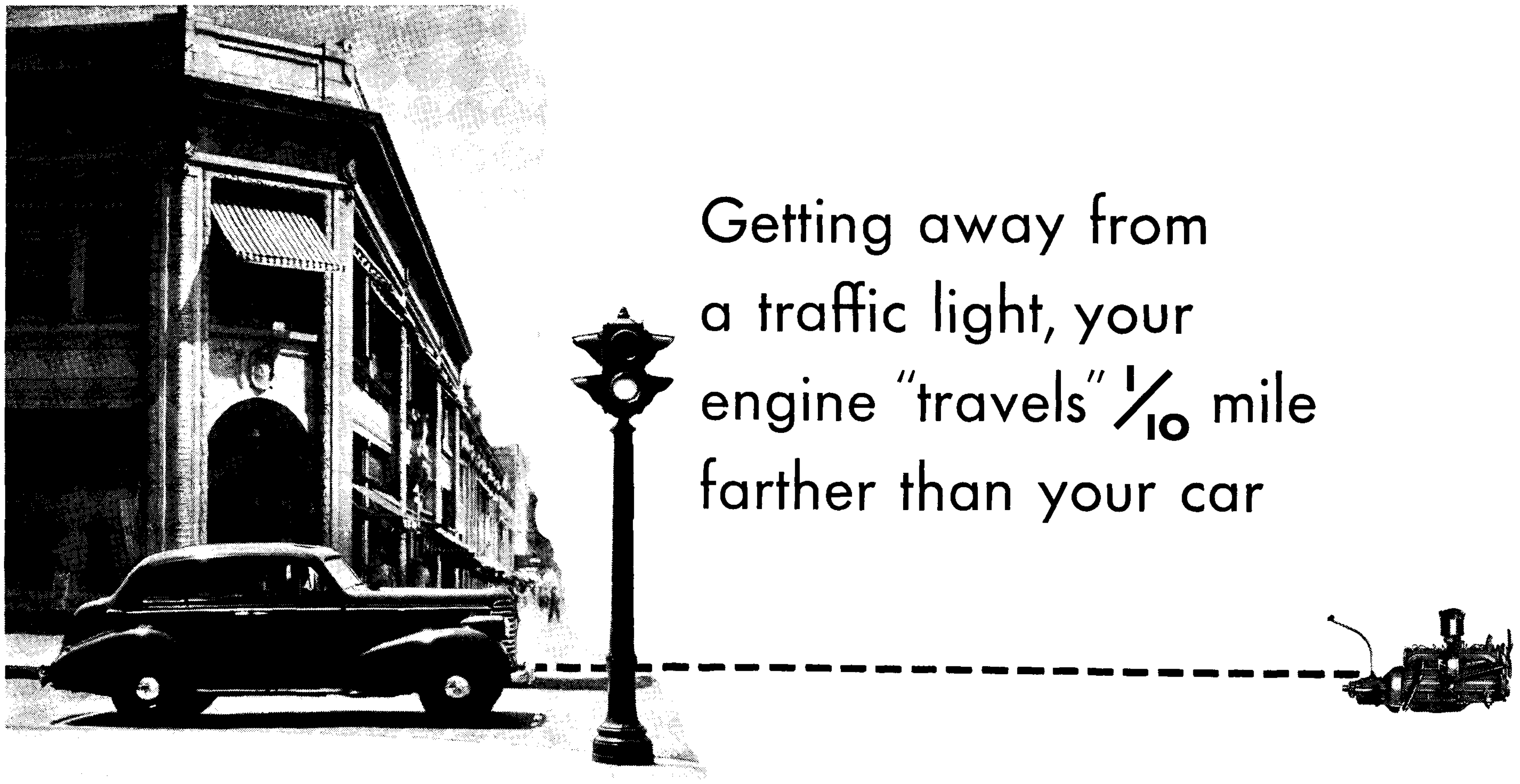
"I have been sitting around in the police station," McCracken wailed, "and I have been going crazy."

"All right. All right!" Flanagan said.

"EVERYTHING worked just like we planned," McCracken went right on, pounding his hand on his knee. "Ten minutes before eleven o'clock an alarm was turned in from the other end of town and the whole damned fire department went charging out to put out a brush fire in a vacant lot. I waited and waited and for two hours there was no sign of a fire from the Littleworth house. Twenty-five thousand bucks!" He rocked back and forth in misery. "Then I called you. What're you doing, playing a game?"

Flanagan gestured toward Alex with his thumb. "Look at him. There's the boy. Our efficiency expert. I would like to kick him to pieces."

(Continued on page 53)



Getting away from a traffic light, your engine "travels" 1/10 mile farther than your car

In STOP and GO, a mile S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high —*uses 3 times as much gasoline*

When you start up in low, your engine makes 3 times as many revolutions as in high . . . for each foot your car moves forward.

You shift into second, and your engine makes *twice* as many revolutions as in high.

Actually, your motor makes enough *extra* revolutions in one stop and start to drive your car a tenth of a mile in high gear.

You can't avoid stop-and-go driving, but you can do something about its high cost.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you 1/3 of a mile.

To cut this costly waste, they found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline. They make every drop of Super-Shell "motor digestible" under all conditions—every drop usable in stop-and-go driving.

There is a Shell dealer near you. Use Super-Shell and your savings count up.

SUPER-SHELL

SAVES ON STOP AND GO

SHELL

Life Begins At 40

LOU REESE WAS A SKILLED LABORER four years ago. Hearing of a tumble-down pottery factory in Scio, Ohio, he *persuaded the town to sell him the plant on credit* and began to work it with four unemployed men. Now he has 525 people on the pay roll and annual shipments of more than $1,000,000. All this was accomplished *after* he was 40.

THIS BROTHER AND SISTER—Harry and Emma Clark—were over 40 when they started their "Memory Food" store in downtown New York City—selling *only* white cornmeal and Virginia sausage. Today—their shop, "Witcherie Farms," is doing a thriving business in 24 old-time specialties and they fill mail orders from all parts of the country.

They are Scoring a NEW SUCCESS at 40 PLUS!

MANY men and women past 40 find these years the happiest and busiest of their lives. Yet many others at this age start to *slow down*. They *feel* and *act older* than they really are.

Two reasons for this early aging are common:

1. Your body may need more vitamins. Older people need certain vitamins just as much as children do.

2. Digestion often weakens after 40. This poorer digestion may pull down health and energy. It also may keep the vitamins you eat from doing you their full good.

BOTH these after-40 troubles are helped by a tonic food . . . Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

This food is high in 4 important vitamins. Eating these vitamins *in fresh yeast* helps the system to use them *more fully* and *quickly*. The yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins by stimulating a freer, more active flow of digestive juices in the stomach.

This improved digestion is a help many people over 40 especially need.

Begin eating Fleischmann's Yeast every day—½ *hour before* meals, plain or dissolved in a little water. You'll soon learn to like its fresh, malt-like taste. Eat the yeast regularly. See if it doesn't help you feel younger, more energetic.

"More of a Success at 44," says Edward Blake

Dear Life Begins:

I'd been considered a success in my line—traveling salesman covering the Middle West—but three years ago I was positive my success was all in the past.

I was sick and tired and unhappy. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. Finally, I gave up my work.

A doctor in my home town recommended Fleischmann's Yeast as soon as he heard my story. It was surprising how much better I began to feel after just a few weeks. In three months' time I applied for my old position and not only was accepted but given a larger territory. I'm 44 and I make more money and I'm more active and happier than I've ever been.—EDWARD BLAKE.

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First and Forever

Continued from page 21

stared curiously at the tall young man hurrying toward the beautiful girl who was holding out her arms to welcome and reward him.

From that moment time once more divided itself into exciting intervals with Barbara and dragging hours of separation. His zest for law waned. Nothing interested him unless it interested her, too.

Although she seemed supremely content with the present, he found, when he suggested a formal announcement of their engagement, that she was evasive about the future. Swayed now by hope, and now by resentful pride, he clung grimly to his long quest of a happiness that always beckoned and always withdrew.

Coral sand cushioned his back; a breeze dried his bare chest; his arms, folded across his eyes, repelled the April morning sun while he listened contentedly to the ancient voice of the sea.

After a time he became aware of a human voice. As it drew nearer he recognized the inflections of a Southerner. And presently, lowering his arms, he looked at a thin girl who was splashing hilariously in the surf.

Near by he saw a second girl. She stood motionless, knee-deep in the tumbling water, her body a lovely statue against the sky. Puzzled, he stared—and then recalled another calm tableau on a croquet lawn seven hundred miles away. He walked down to the surf, and was close behind Eve North when she turned. Gladness suffused her face as she held out her hand.

"I am extremely happy to see you again, Mr. Tatnall," she said. "This is Sue Wilson, my roommate."

Tatnall, observing Eve North, saw that the years had made her tall. Yesterday's immature lines were in the very process of becoming exquisite contours; and her young body, infinitely naïve, infinitely charming, was now a prelude to imminent splendor.

"The last time I saw you, Eve," he remarked, "there was snow on the ground, and you and Erin seemed to be tramping through the deepest drifts you could find."

"I remember," she said, smiling. "Erin and I built a snow man that day, and we tried to make him resemble you."

Its faintly academic quality, which had sounded incongruous from a child, now gave her speech a rare, unworldly grace. The old serenity still dwelt in her eyes; it lay within the curve of her arms as they lifted dripping from the water in a slow expert crawl; it hovered about the unhurried action of her knees when later they walked along the pink sand to dry their suits.

Tatnall said: "Let's get a carriage and make a round of the places you haven't seen."

IT WAS a gay tour. He whisked them from one point to the next, and amused them by adopting the glib manner of a professional guide.

"Bermuda, oldest of all British colonies," he began, "has an approximate area of twenty square miles. Though larger than the Vassar campus, it cannot boast as many pretty girls per acre. No automobiles are permitted here, but, as you can observe on your left," he added, pointing, "this restriction does not apply to yachts. The large white yacht standing in the middle of the harbor is the Cachalot. It belongs to Mr. William Denfrest II, young scion of the well-known American family."

The colored coachman flicked his whip; the bays trotted through a canyon of sheer coral walls and came abruptly into bright sunshine again. And presently, with a dramatic clatter of hoofs, they swept into Hamilton.

Later, at the gangplank when her boat left, Eve North was an oasis of calm amid turbulent babble. Tatnall stood beside her.

"I shall never forget you," she faltered. "You always have been so very, very sweet to me."

A whistle blared. They were shaking hands now.

Slowly the liner, moving sidewise, was drawn away from the wharf. Tatnall raised his arm in farewell. Eve North, standing at the rail, waved while the inexorable sea flowed in and widened the gulf between them.

The memory of her voice troubled him as he turned away.

But his uneasiness was gone, an hour later, as he hurried toward the pink stone cottage that Barbara's aunt had bought the year before. He went in through an arched gateway and started across the enclosed garden. His eyes sought and found Barbara.

"She's beautiful," he thought, "and she's mine."

Several men were standing around her chair. One face he recognized—the pleasantly cherubic face of William Denfrest II. The group turned at Tatnall's approach. Then Barbara saw him. She smiled a greeting and put out her hand, the star sapphire on her finger flashing purely in the sun.

"Surprise, darling," she drawled. "We're all going home on Billy's yacht."

THE Denfrest money was one of the newer family fortunes of America, and William Denfrest II had become its sole proprietor at twenty-one. Thereafter, through its sheer bulk, his money had meant that all purchasable things were his. It meant a permanent stable of thirty Irish hunters at Melton Mowbray; it meant a block of fifty ringside seats for his guests at the important prize fights; it meant private cars, recognition, deference everywhere.

And it meant, finally, Barbara Coe.

Only in looking back did Tatnall realize that the change in Barbara had begun aboard the Cachalot. It grew plainer after they arrived home. At first he forced himself to be casual; then, suddenly sick and tired of his role, he spoke plainly. And he went home richer by one star sapphire, poorer by one fiancée.

Meanwhile, through Wharton, he had been quietly investigating Mam'selle. He found proof that for months she had been pawning things from Eve's home. He went immediately to the North house and confronted her at the dinner table. She attempted haughty indignation; he cut her short.

"Pack your belongings," he ordered. "If you're not out of this house in thirty minutes, I'll call the police."

AS THE driver carried her luggage to the waiting cab she started to follow, but suddenly turned on Tatnall, her black eyes glittering with spite.

"You think you are so clever," she said, "but you did not deceive Eve. No, she deceived *you!* She knew it is not the right puppy which you bring back to her. At once she knew, and all night she cried because it is a different puppy. So a child—*a little child*—has made a fool of you!" Then she went away.

At once he put through a long-distance call. But the voice presently coming over the wire was that of Sue Wilson.

"Eve's in the infirmary, Mr. Tatnall."

"Infirmary! What's wrong?"

A thrill of fright swept through him at the news that she had been struck on the head while playing field hockey.

"I'm coming up there," he said. "Can I see her?"

"Oh, she's all right," Sue protested. "There's nothing to worry about."

"But I want to see her, anyway."

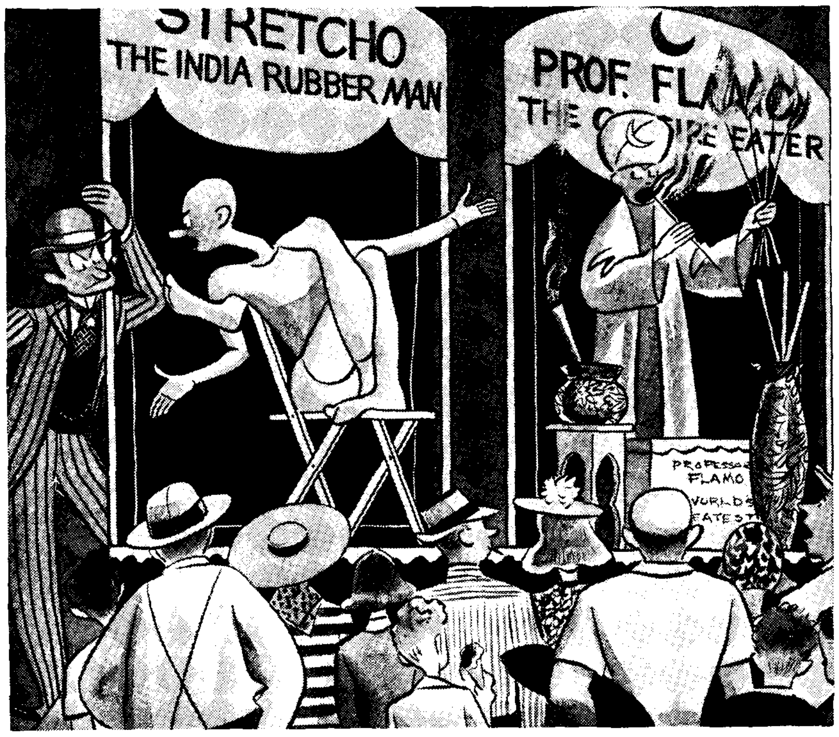
"I don't think she'll be here."

"No?"

"She's planning to go away this week end."

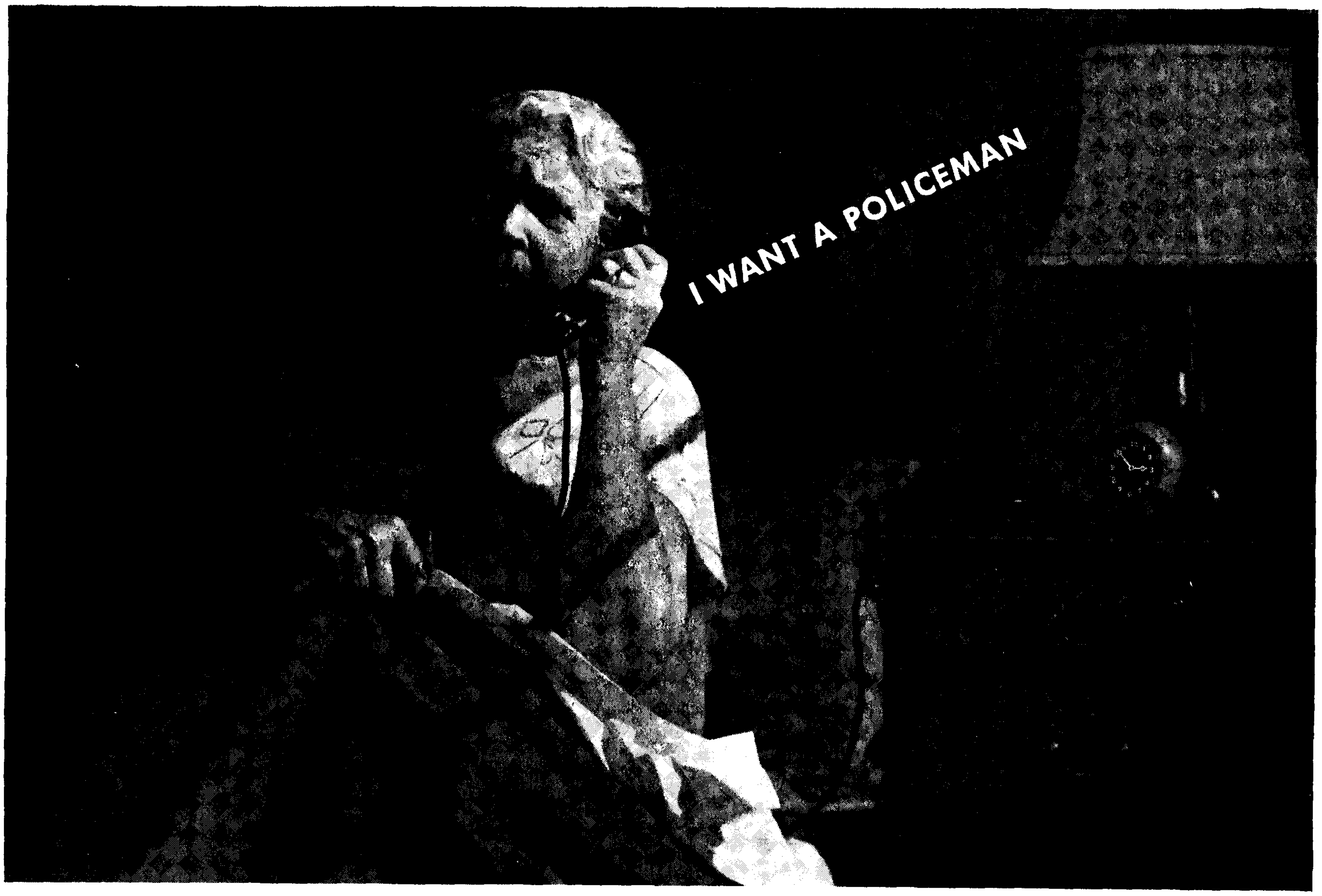
"Then I'll be there early tomorrow morning," he said.

On the train a novel exhilaration filled him. He felt keenly alive, buoyant with a happiness he had never known before. And now at last he was grateful to the



"He keeps breathin' at me and me left side's gettin' vulcanized!"

GEORGE MC WILLIAMS



Your telephone *won't let you down*

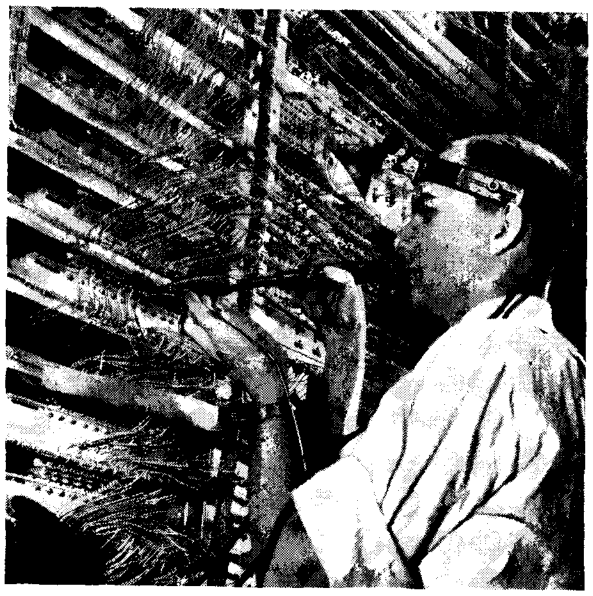
A suspicious noise in the night—you quietly reach for the telephone—you call for help.

Your voice carries through a great network of telephones, wires, cables and switchboards—and your call is answered.

This equipment was designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and supplied by Western Electric, manufacturing unit of the Bell System.

For more than fifty years Western Electric has been meeting the Bell System's standards for high quality service. Constant improvement in manufacturing methods, and rigid tests at every step of the way, assure telephone equipment you can depend upon.

Every wire in every cable made at Western Electric receives many tests before it is acceptable for your service. Here is one of the final tests after the lead covering is applied.



This skilled worker is performing a delicate operation on equipment for a new telephone exchange. He joins thousands of wires that will carry your voice wherever there are telephones.

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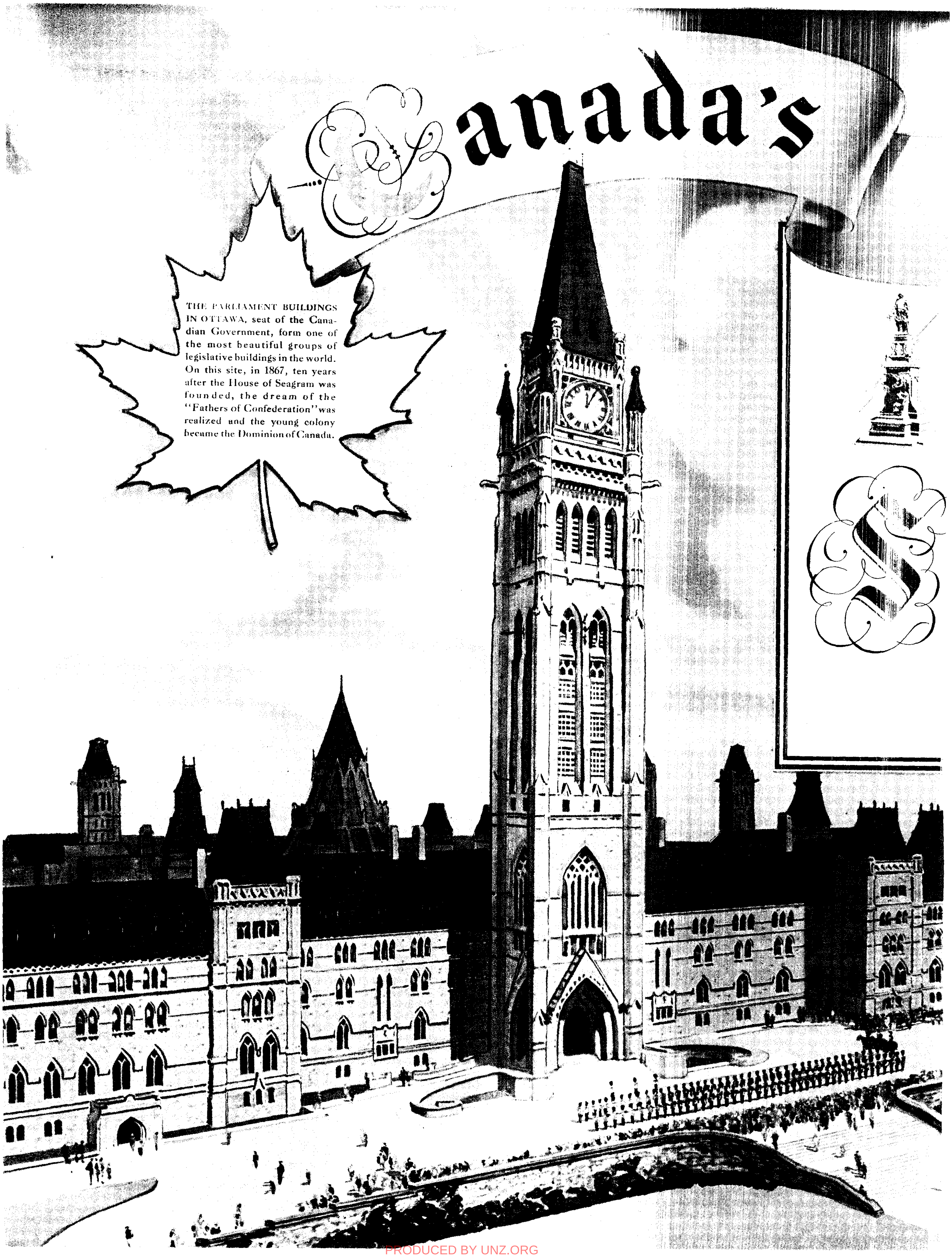
BELL TELEPHONE

Canada's



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN OTTAWA, seat of the Canadian Government, form one of the most beautiful groups of legislative buildings in the world. On this site, in 1867, ten years after the House of Seagram was founded, the dream of the "Fathers of Confederation" was realized and the young colony became the Dominion of Canada.

Finest...

Seagram's Greatest Canadian Whisky

CLEAN-TASTING... You will find that you do not have to cultivate a taste for Seagram's "V.O." This distinctive Canadian whisky is so clean-tasting, so deliciously delicate you can enjoy it from your very first sip.

ALWAYS UNIFORM... From Seagram's treasure of rare Canadian whiskies master blenders select finest stocks, none less than 6 years old, and skillfully blend them to produce the distinctive "V.O." taste – a taste that never varies, never changes.

FAMOUS IN CANADA... For years Seagram's "V.O." has been a leading favorite throughout Canada. Canadians appreciate the finer taste and character of a true Canadian whisky.

HIGHEST QUALITY... In distinguished American homes where living is a gracious art, and in the most exclusive bars – "V.O." is recognized and respected as Canada's Finest Canadian Whisky.

DELICIOUSLY DELICATE... The light Canadian character of Seagram's "V.O." – its 86.8 Proof – are in keeping with the trend all over the world today for lighter, less-heavy whiskies.

TRY SEAGRAM'S "V.O."... When you serve your guests an imported whisky – or when your mood calls for a particularly fine highball – why be satisfied with anything less than "Canada's Finest"... Seagram's "V.O." Canadian.

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FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Deliciously Delicate —
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V.O.
CANADIAN

6 YEARS OLD – 86.8 PROOF

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
"CANADA'S FINEST"
Distillers since 1857
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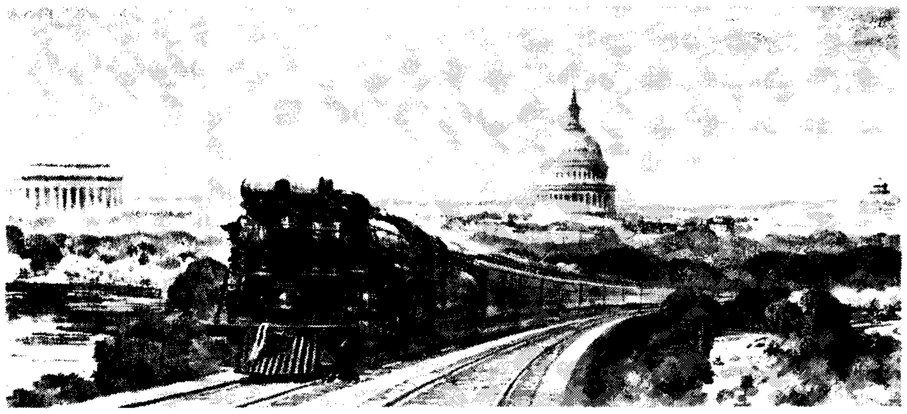

The George Washington, crack Chesapeake and Ohio Flier, pulling out of Washington, D. C., bound for Cincinnati, Louisville and points west

COMPTOMETERS keep C & O figure work on fast schedule

- The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company has long been recognized as one of the most efficiently managed railroads in the United States—and this efficiency applies to C & O figure-work methods as well as to the more obvious phases of this company's activities.

For 26 years, the Comptometer has played a major role in C & O figure-work methods . . . kept C & O figure work on fast schedules. In the entire C & O organization, a total of 165 Comptometers (including 71 Electric Model K machines) are used on such varied work as checking multiplications which represent the basis of this road's proportion on interline settlement sheets, dividing passenger mileage sheets, making extensions for the issuance of statement of differences and corrections, verification of both interline and local passenger accounts and freight waybills; also in handling other miscellaneous figure work where speed and accuracy are essential.

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Comptometer Bureau of C & O's Auditor of Revenues at Richmond, Va. The work handled on this Comptometer "battery" includes addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. The Shaw-Walker Desks shown here are specially designed for Comptometer use.

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- A Comptometer representative will gladly demonstrate (in your office, on your job) how Comptometer methods can save your concern's time and money. Telephone your local Comptometer office, or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

COMPTOMETER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

casual past, profoundly thankful that chance, years ago, had made him the hero of a lonely childhood and enshrined him in a small girl's heart.

You were her first beau, Rickie.

This thought, once a source of troubled pity, had become a miracle to glory in as he sped onward through a world unmarred by doubts or fears.

"WHAT'S his name?"

"Tom Rogers."

"Where did he meet her?"

"At Second Hall dance," said Sue. "Tom drove down from Dartmouth, and it was love at first sight."

"You don't think it's really serious?"

"Yes, just as serious as it can be," Sue said contentedly. "Tom's been back here every week end since they met, and sometimes even during the week. He's coming down the day after tomorrow to take her to the tennis matches—did I mention that he's captain of the tennis team? And flowers! He sends her roses almost every—"

"I see," Tatnall cut in, "but what about Eve?"

"She's even more in love than Tom is."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Oh, no," Sue replied. "She's quite secretive about it—which is one of the signs."

"A sign that it's serious?"

"Yes, the whole thing's very sacred to her, and naturally she doesn't want to talk about it."

"What are the other signs?"

"One of them," said Sue, "is something that I discovered by accident. It's a souvenir case of Eve's, a lovely little box of red leather, like a jewel case, that locks with a gold key. Well, she puts everything in it that's a souvenir of Tom Rogers. Letters, telegrams, snapshots—anything at all. She keeps that case under her pillow every night, and I swear she simply couldn't go to sleep unless it was there."

Tatnall studied the tree that shaded the stone bench they were sitting on; he kept his voice casual.

"Don't girls go through lots of affairs like that?"

"Not Eve North," said Sue gravely. "Tom's the first man she ever fell in love with, and it certainly looks like the real thing."

"Do you know if they've made any definite plans?"

"Yes, Tom was confiding in me the last time he was here," Sue answered. "He wants them to get married the same day Eve graduates—two weeks from tomorrow. I think it's rather sweet, don't you, the idea of being married on your Commencement Day?"

Tatnall, ignoring the question, took out his watch. He gazed at it until he realized, in a curiously detached way, that his hand was trembling.

"Let's go over now," he said quietly.

AT THE infirmary entrance Tatnall paused.

"There are some business matters I've got to talk over with Eve," he said. "Can you leave me here, Sue, and drop back later?"

Then he saw Eve North.

Enthroned by pillows, she formed a charming picture in a pink bed jacket. She was just closing a small leather case. She had turned a tiny key in the lock, and tucked the case under the pillow at her elbow, when she caught sight of him in the doorway.

"The prettiest invalid I ever saw," he declared.

"At least," she said, smiling, "I am the healthiest one."

Although he spent only a few minutes with her, the poignant melancholy he endured in that brief interval blurred all sense of time. Often his eyes, drawn unwillingly, switched to the souvenir case that protruded from beneath a pillow: the pang it gave him was sharper because he must conceal his real feelings while they talked and laughed; while he told about discharging Mam'selle; while they discussed Eve's coming graduation.

Remembering, he told her what Mam'selle had said about the dog. At this Eve's face grew sad.

"You went to a great deal of trouble for my sake," she said regretfully, "and I wanted you always to believe that your plan had worked perfectly."

"No other child in the world would have been so considerate," he exclaimed. "I think it was marvelous the way you kept that secret all these years."

Her regret vanished, and then she was explaining how the puppy had promptly betrayed the entire plot by his bewilderment when taken into the house. His feeding pan, his drinking pan, his bed—all these were so obviously unfamiliar to him that Eve, puzzled, had examined him closely.

"The original Erin had two tiny warts behind his left ear," she added, smiling. "The new puppy had none at all."

"It must have been a blow to you."

"No, I was very happy."

"Happy? Why?"

"Because the new puppy was a present from you."

"But you cried when you found out—cried all night."

"I wanted to thank you," she said gently, "and I was crying because I realized that I must never mention it."

DEEPLY moved, he was engulfed for a moment by the nostalgic past. *You were her first beau, Rickie.* He thought of what might have been, and the regret sweeping through him was so intolerably painful that suddenly, desperate to escape it, he put his hand on the souvenir case. He looked at Eve. Although he achieved a sympathetic smile, he could not prevent his voice from shaking.

"I know about this, Eve."

She glanced at the case—then, shocked, stared at him.

"It's all right," he said gently. "Sue told me."

A deep flush, as of resentment or chagrin, spread slowly across her face.

He hesitated; then, leaning closer, he took her hand.

"Eve," he said, "remember that this comes from one who cares more for you and your happiness than anything else in the world. Tell me, are you sure it's really love—the kind that lasts for always?"

It was now that he received his keenest stab of anguish; for she was nodding slowly, infinitely confident, her face radiantly tender and her fine eyes shining with the eternal splendor of young, unquestioning love.

"Yes," she said softly, "I am very, very sure."

He pressed her hand, trying to smile approvingly—trying to face a lifetime of irrevocable loss.

"Rickie, I want to show you these."

Like a confiding child, eager to share her happiness with him, she unlocked the little souvenir case. She tipped it, spreading its contents on the bed.

In utter stillness he looked down at her souvenirs of love: A Christmas card; an old letter that acknowledged the gift of the legal brief case; a coral bracelet; the telegram he had sent her yesterday; and a snapshot that his mother had given away long ago because a small girl's eyes had begged for it.

"Rickie," she was whispering, "is there anything wrong?"

But for a little longer, shaking his head blindly, he could not trust himself to speak.

"Why are you crying, Rickie? Oh, dearest, tell me!"

Kneeling, he told her.

California Scrip Tease

Continued from page 13

increasing daily. But let us go on. We'd hate to have you think that we've gone Hollywood.

The movement is a legal promotion, not an incorporated program; it's an organization without formal organization. Its affairs are managed by a board of eleven men, only two or three of whom have ever surmounted obscurity, all of them chosen by the Messrs. Allen, who, as late as last October, were themselves viewing with alarm the tendency of business to diminish. Until they emerged from the shadow of their lack of brisk private business and became economic figure-flingers overnight, they were readily, even eagerly, accessible to anyone. Lawrence being a lawyer (and a clever one) was taking no chances of being a briefless barrister. And Willis, more than willing to sell you radio time, was an all but incorrigible greeter.

Today it is not quite so easy. The Allen boys are busy. What with writing radio exhortations for Ham and Eggs and giving unceasing battle to those who by dark and devious means would deny the needy of so small a boon as Thirty Dollars Every Thursday, every moment of their waking hours and much of the time they should be seeking the balm of sleep are devoted to closely confining work.

Nothing's Been Overlooked

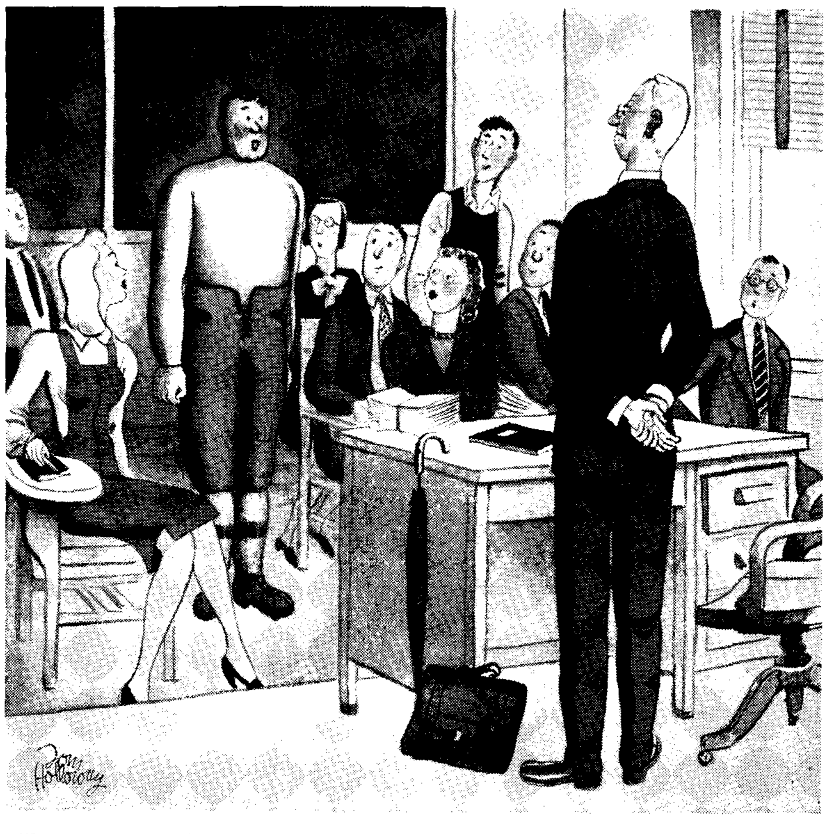
One may speak to the Allens if one persists; but upon your first visit to headquarters you are met by a capable, affable and swiftly loquacious gentleman—Mr. Charles P. Keyes—the project's advertising promoter, drive organizer and public relations counsel. In these related endeavors Mr. Keyes displays genius and lots of it.

He and Mr. Willis Allen told us that the California Pension Plan amendment was not the product of any one mind but the result of much collaborated cerebration, research, consultation and observation. Whoever the authors were, they may not be accused of overlooking anything. The amendment names the man who must be chosen to be its dictator for the first two years, the gentleman having been selected by the Allen-chosen directorate. It even makes it impossible for the courts of California to enjoin any part of the proposed law.

The amendment relieves the legislature of any work in the operation of the plan except perhaps to enact some sort of enabling act and produce the sum of $700,000 to prime the pump. Once the pump is primed, the amendment makes it clear that California will be deluged with prosperity. Life won't be difficult enough to be interesting.

What these overwrought crowds hope will become the supreme law of the state will be known as the California State Retirement Life Payments Act. Every person of fifty or more who has been a citizen of California for a year at the time of the adoption and is willing to quit work will be eligible to receive Thirty Dollars Every Thursday in Retirement Compensation Warrants in denominations of one dollar. They will be "noninterest-bearing, nontaxable, self-liquidating, negotiable and transferable without endorsement." They shall be accepted in and by the state "for the payment of any licenses, taxes, wages, fees, royalties and any and all classes of debts and obligations of any kind and character." One will be able, for example, to pay one's state income tax in warrants. We became somewhat interested in that. We asked Mr. Willis Allen and his Number One Economist, Mr. Roy G. Owens, whether federal income too might be paid by checks backed by warrants. That, they agreed, was a question that only the federal government would be able to decide, with the majority thought on the No side.

The businessman, they agreed, whose bank account was largely in pension warrants, who in exchange for his wares or services had taken in warrants instead of legal tender, would of necessity have to pay Uncle Sam in such medium



"I'm sorry you feel that way, sir, but this is the only suit they gave me"

TOM HOLLOWAY

To a freshman with scalp
dry and scaly
The professor
suggested quite gaily,
"If you know the right stuff
A little's enough...
Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic
daily...!"

Vaseline
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40¢ AND 70¢

Speaking Seriously if your scalp is dry you ought to use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is *different*. It contains *no* alcohol—has no drying effect. And a little goes a long way . . . **EVERY DAY** rub a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on to the scalp to supplement the natural oils. **EVERY WEEK** before shampooing wake up the circulation with a two-minute Tonic massage. It helps to remove loose dandruff scales and stop unpleasant shedding. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

of exchange as he had—California Pension Warrants. If the federal government declined the warrants it could go to court about it. And that, at the moment, is that. It is but timely to add, however, that large numbers of California's businessmen, fearful that the amendment will be adopted at the impending elections, are more than merely apprehensive. They are thinking too of what they are going to use for money when they purchase stocks and supplies outside the state. However, let's get on.

In effect California will be selling its citizens dollar bills for a dollar and four cents. Not a bad business—for the politicians. You see, each warrant (you will receive thirty of them in the mail every Thursday morning) will have room on its back for fifty-two two-cent revenue stamps. These stamps will be printed and sold by the state of California. You must, to keep the plan in motion, spend the entire thirty one-dollar warrants in one week. But each week the holder must affix a two-cent stamp to the back of each warrant. No warrant is negotiable unless it bears the revenue stamp for that week in which it is spent.

Warrants will not be printed in smaller denominations than one dollar. If, for example, you desire to purchase something costing less than a dollar, the shopkeeper will be required to give you your change in "the lawful currency of the United States." But we did not discover where the merchant, whose wealth will sooner or later consist almost wholly in warrants, will get the currency to make change with. The California Pension Plan is splendid exercise for one's jaded thinking apparatus. In California it has taken the place of crossword puzzles, anagrams, acrostics, charades, rebuses and other erstwhile popular Sunday-afternoon assassins.

Shaming the Dictators

At the end of the year, after fifty-two two-cent stamps have been stuck on the back of the warrant, the person possessing it at the time will take it to the administrator and receive one dollar—cash—for it. Thus the state has made a profit of four cents cash for each warrant. You won't be able to purchase the stamps with warrants.

There are in California approximately 1,160,000 persons of fifty or over. Actually there is no way of arriving at a satisfactory estimate of the number of eligibles who will avail themselves of this shinplaster handout. The Allen brothers assure you that there will not be more than five hundred thousand because there are some three hundred and fifty thousand noneligible aliens within the age requirements and, they tell you with what looks like a bit of overoptimism there are some three hundred and fifty thousand more who will not give up their jobs and occupations for a mere Thirty Dollars Every Thursday.

The opponents of the measure tell you that there will be anywhere from 600,000 to 900,000 eligibles on this dole. But we'll learn all about that if the amendment is adopted; and if it is you had better look quickly because the chances that the dream will live long are not robust.

But let's be modest. Let's assume that no more than 500,000 persons go on the grab. That means that after one year there would be $780,000,000 in warrants constantly outstanding—seven hundred and eighty million one-dollar warrants "eight and three-quarters inches long and three and three-quarters inches wide." These warrants if laid end to end— But no. We have no time to fritter away like that.

The amendment has it that "within five days after the adoption of this amendment the governor shall appoint either Roy G. Owens of Los Angeles, Will H. Kindig of Los Angeles or J. C. Elliott of Anaheim, California, Allen-chosen directors of the movement, to serve as administrator for the term which shall begin on the day of such appointment and continue until his successor shall be elected and qualified in 1940."

That the authors of this measure should refer to the gentleman as an administrator indicates that there still are vestiges of modesty in Hollywood. The man will be a dictator to a degree that will cause Messrs. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin to remove their helmets, genuflect and write letters of admiring congratulations.

Financial Fireworks

He would be responsible to no man, body or court. Neither he nor the law may be enjoined from any activity by any California court. If inflation results and prices of commodities rise, "he shall compute all such weekly retirement life payments upon the basis of consumer goods and rentals prevailing in 1937 and in the event that the average price level of all consumer goods in Los Angeles and San Francisco show an increase over the price levels for those cities for the entire year of 1937 then he shall increase the number of dollar warrants issued to each person per week to meet the rise in said costs of living. But in no case shall the number of warrants issued weekly to each client be less than thirty."

ME
WEAR
FIRE SALE
Ted Key

"Will you do us a favor before you come down?" TED KEY

If you happen to hold a political job in California fifty per cent of your salary will be paid in warrants. But if you work in private enterprise you may and probably will receive all your wages in warrants, your employer having taken them in over the counter. And it is wholly likely he will be anxious to disburse his take into those channels least equipped to protest.

Into the hands of this arbitrary fellow, inadequately described by the amendment as administrator, will fall, the first week that these 500,000 Californians receive thirty of these one-way tickets to inflation, $300,000 (in cash) from the sale of two-cent revenue stamps. That's easy. At the end of the first week there will be 15,000,000 one-dollar warrants in California's hands. These initial 15,000,000 will of course continue in existence for the ensuing 52 weeks when, being a year old, they will be redeemed at their face value—in cash. Every week another stamp must be affixed to the back of each.

On the second Thursday in paradise, therefore, another 15,000,000 warrants will issue from the bonus boss' office. And into his keeping will roll $600,000 in cash money because stamps will be required for the second flight of warrants as well as the first. On the third week the administrator's take will be $900,000 and 45,000,000 one-dollar warrants will be blooming beneath the California sun. And so on and on for fifty-two weeks, after which, unless we're somewhat mistaken, somebody is going to become more or less confused. At the end of the year California will have issued 780,000,000 warrants—assuming that the 500,000 takers we started with have not increased their numbers. And California will have taken in $413,400,000 in United States currency from the sale of the stamps. After the first year the state will have to redeem 15,000,000 warrants at one dollar each every week, each week liquidating and retiring the warrants issued on the corresponding week of the preceding year. See?

Naturally you want to know what California is going to use for money—what, that is, besides warrants. And there is the lusty possibility that out-of-state business houses from which the California jobbers and retailers must buy fresh stocks will shy from accepting checks backed wholly or even partly by shinplaster money—scrip which the United States Treasury will not and may not by law recognize. When you mention this to the Allen brothers and their spielers you will get what you deserve: A table-thumping peroration on the Identity of Money or a burst of sky-writing oratory advising you that California is selling taxation down the river and launching the inevitable movement that will reform the national monetary system. It isn't wholly satisfying but it solves the problem of how to kill the next hour or so. Of one thing you emerge sure: That the roll will be called up yonder in Sacramento when presently California shall try to amortize warrants with warrants. Provided always that the amendment is adopted.

Anyway, what California does on November the eighth is being observed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen in other states. Monetary bushbeaters, political godsakers and salvation peddlers in Oklahoma, Missouri, Florida, Maine, Nevada, Arizona, Washington, Oregon, Utah and Ohio have written to the Messrs. Allen for copies of the proposed amendment, for directions and instructions in how to expound same and for the loan of a couple of the Allen faculty, one of whom confided to us that it was "too damned bad we can't get this thing patented."

The bonus boss—the administrator—would have the power "to appoint each and all state and national banks within the state to act as retirement life payment agencies to serve the public in harmony with the extent and provisions of this article. The administrator shall pay each agent a commission of ten cents each week for each retired person (pensioner) assigned to said agent, and a commission of two per cent of all moneys collected for warrant redemption stamps sold by said agent and all such commissions shall be paid weekly with either warrants or lawful money of the United States."

Foolproof Paradise—on Paper

But here's something to wrap up and take home with you. The amendment reads: "In the event that for any reason any bank may not or cannot accept such agency appointment, then the administrator shall appoint one or more merchants to act as retirement life payment agents." Something is bound to tell you that the party is going to get hot when Harry Hickup, the furniture man and undertaker, and Barney Benzino, the popular local haberdasher, set up in the banking business—as a side line.

As you've just read, any bank or corner grocery may serve as an agent through which one may buy stamps or with whom one may deposit warrants, but that provision is enlivened by the following carload of pin wheels: "The administrator shall cause all money resulting from the sale of stamps or from other sources to be deposited for safekeeping in one or more of the banks in the state of California which have been designated as legal depositories for state funds."

It was foreseen that some long-chin in California would find fault with the operation of the new Hallelujah Heave-ho. So the authors tucked in a silencer: "No injunction or writ of mandate or other legal or equitable process shall ever issue to interfere with the administration of this article or to prevent or enjoin any provision of this article going into effect." And having done that the amendment weavers decided to throw the whole book at the old folks: "If any section, subsection, sentence, clause or phrase of this constitution of the state of California is in conflict with any of the provisions of this article, such section, subsection, sentence, clause or phrase is to the extent of such conflict hereby repealed."

Of course, we weren't present when this amendment was written. Therefore, we can only imagine the dimensions of the lather covering the new founding fathers when, having polished off the foregoing, they spat on their hands, lowered their heads and plunged through with the concluding section: "In the event that any decision or order of any court shall hold invalid or unconstitutional any provision, section, subsection, sentence, clause or phrase of this article, or the application thereof to any

WHAT "The Railroad Problem" IS NOT!

A LOT of people in recent months have been trying to put a finger on the answer to the so-called "railroad problem."

That's fine. We welcome it. All this is a healthy sign that people are coming to recognize the railroads' problems as their problems — part of an unsolved *national* problem of transportation. But by way of keeping the discussion on the track, we'd like to point out a few things which the railroad problem is *not.*

It is *not* failure of service.

Freight moves faster than ever before. Freight schedules are more dependable. Freight rates are the lowest offered by any railroads in the world. Passenger schedules are faster. Passengers ride in air-conditioned comfort — and fares are below the pre-war level.

It is *not* failure to keep pace with progress.

Engineering advances in locomotives, to take just one example, have produced a notable step-up in power and speed—and an economy of operation which produces the power to haul a ton a mile with a glass of water and a handful of coal.

It is *not* lack of watchfulness for sound economies.

The serviceable life of cross ties, for instance, has been multiplied by three in the past twenty years by improved methods of treating timber — and this, plus improved metallurgy and better methods of track construction and maintenance, has *increased* safety and still saved $1,000,000 a day. Another $50,000,000 a year has been saved by softening the water used for steam.

It is *not* an increasing burden of debt.

The proportion of stocks and bonds and equipment notes in relation to total investment is far less today than it was in the most prosperous periods in railroad history.

It is *not* "watered stock."

The amount of railroad stocks and bonds outstanding is billions of dollars less than the investment in railroad property.

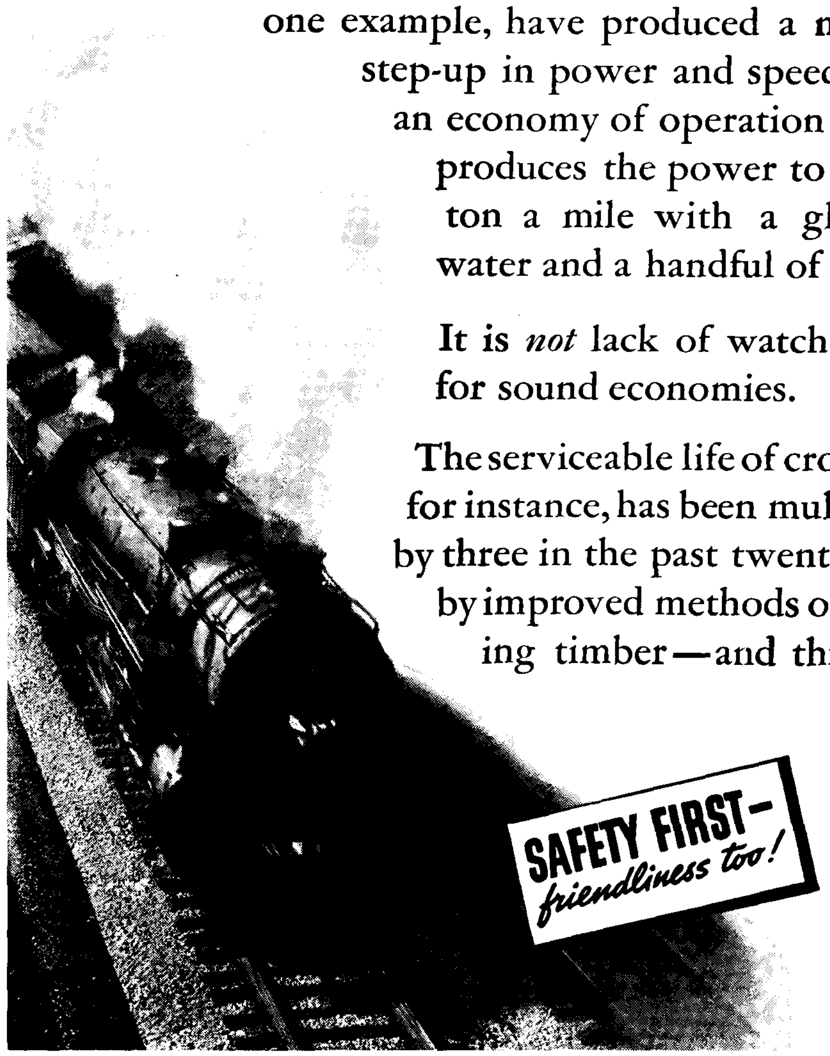
No, the real railroad problem is none of these.

It is due, at bottom, to the fact that railroads must operate under rigid regulations based on a fifty-year-old theory that they have a monopoly in transportation — and compete with three other forms of transportation subsidized or helped by tax money.

In the interest of straight-thinking, the American railroads have prepared a concise and clear-cut program for a public transportation policy. What it adds up to is this:

All the railroads need is an opportunity to run their business as a business, on a fair business basis — with reasonable freedom to "price" the only product they have, which is transportation service—greater freedom to adjust their rates to meet competition—and to adjust their expenses to the conditions of their business.

You'll find the whole railroad program interesting. Send for your copy today.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

person or circumstance, such decision or order shall not affect the validity of the remaining portions of this article. . . . The people of the state of California do hereby declare that they would have adopted this article and each section, subsection, sentence, clause and phrase thereof irrespective of the fact that any one or more sections, subsections, sentences, clauses, or phrases be declared unconstitutional."

Having thus concluded their literary labors, the creators of this legal Garden of Allah, ignoring the sourpusses who suggested that the concluding section gave a wholly unnecessary to-hell-with-the-constitution odor to their labors, fared forth to sell the bargain to the folks. They encountered all the difficulty you'd have in selling a ride to a hitchhiker.

In what amounts to no time whatever, squads, platoons and regiments of elderly hopefuls began to wait upon the tradesmen, banks, theaters and other neighborhood businessmen. Several young men, boasting that they had got their training in the Walt Disney Studios, sold the Allen brothers the idea of an animated movie cartoon that would depict the deliriously happy life of Mr. Dollar Warrant as, for a year, he circulated throughout California making joyous the lives of all. The pension goon squads called at their local theaters.

The Old Squeeze Play

Would the theater owner exhibit the cartoon? No? Too bad, too bad. They would not, then, patronize his theater. Nor would any members of their families. Nor their friends. Moreover, they would start forthwith to picket his show shop with banners that warned all and sundry away from the establishment of a brute who objected to the old and weary mothers and fathers, to say nothing of Aunt Josie, enjoying peace and plenty in their declining years. Beg pardon? He had thought it over? He would then exhibit the cartoon? Goody, goody, goody. Let's all go in, girls, and see what didoes dear little Shirley is up to now. And thank you, Mr. Papadoupolis.

Whereupon, dripping victory, they troop over to the big chain grocery yonder. Would the manager of the store decorate his windows with the posters of the California pension plan whereon it was printed in large type that the dollar warrants would be accepted in his store? Well, now, ladies, you see it's like this: I'm just the manager of this here link in a great chain—just a hired hand. I ain't got no right to say yes or no until I hear something from Chicago, the head office. Personally, ladies, I think it's a fine idea but I ain't got no authority—

So the Goon to Glory squad replies that it will give the manager one week to find out. In the meantime they will not buy anything from that store—with love and kisses to the gentleman in Chicago.

And now to the bank—a pink, red, gold, violet and silver edifice that looked like the creation of a sun-kissed confectioner. It is a happy coincidence that it is the birthday of the president of this dream bank. (We are citing an actual occurrence). The ladies, now reinforced by the chain-store manager; the theater owner; Mr. Allesandro Blodgett, the town's leading plumber; Mr. Bert Muzzlewiper, the vegetable man; Mr. Regis Klaak, the clothier, and fifteen assorted husbands, march upon the banker singing Happy Birthday to You. The banker, who knows them all by their first names and, without calling up his bookkeeper, by their balances, rises, bows, blushes and bows. The poor devil is already handcuffed. When the singing ceases—two miles off key—the smile fades from the face of Mrs. Beeputter, the delegation's spokesman, who forthwith puts the shake on Mr. Bolivar Banker.

Would he be so good as to sign up as one of those co-operators who would accept dollar warrants on the day of jubilee? Would he act as a retirement life payment agent? Would he cash checks in warrants or cash to suit the whims or wants of his clients? Would he please sign here? He would think it over? Too bad, dear, dear, dear. Well, he could have a week to think in but Mrs. Beeputter was sure he would not care to have all the pensioners and tradesmen withdraw their accounts from his vaults—would he, folks? No, indeedy. . . . And they departed to interview Mrs. Gussie Gundlemuckel, proprietor of the Morning Glory Department Store, leaving the banker chattering something about such inanities as the Federal Reserve System, Legal Tender of the United States, credit, inflation, frozen assets, the United States Treasury and, bless his flinty but innocent heart, something about federal bank examiners and solvency.

INFORMATION
von Riegen

"He says he's waited for you long enough, now you can wait for him"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Well, well, we can't go on like this. Surely you get the idea by now. This has been going on from Oregon to Mexico for months. And the true pre-election heat is just being turned on. There should be about three hundred and fifty thousand of these "or else" ladies and gentlemen working in organized Goon to Glory squads before the eighth of November.

Add to this membership of 350,000 the WPA workers, the direct relief rolls and their voting children and you get a hint of what is tail-spinning California's politicians. They retired the venerable Mr. McAdoo and ruined other unfriendly aspirants in the August primaries.

WPA workers who are age-eligible assure you that they would rather get $30 a week for not working at all than $30 a month for playing on the pick and shovel. And their younger brethren are preparing to retire on the warrants their parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts receive. They'll tell you that they can always return to WPA.

The New Promised Land

Mr. Dave Lasser's Workers Alliance—direct reliefers and WPA beneficiaries—is cheering vociferously for Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. And thousands who are not on relief or WPA—who are not even age-eligible but who have dependents who are—inform you that they intend to vote Aye because "It may be a racket. Maybe it won't work for more than a couple of weeks. But what the hell—that will be sixty dollars more than I ever got before for one vote."

The amendment has it that one must have been a resident in the state one year preceding its adoption to be eligible. One must, too, be fifty years old. Furthermore, one must resign any job he or she may be holding down and turn it over to someone less than fifty—one's son or daughter for example, or Willie the nephew. So of course one may not, when the amendment becomes the supreme law of California, migrate thence, mooch around for a year on WPA, and then join The Grand Army of the Glad. No, some brute inserted a clause which requires five years' residence after adoption. Not that this will deter the Thirty-Niners from invading this groggy state in large and enthusiastic numbers. Into the Imperial Valley already are coming dilapidated caravans of the hopeful hopeless demanding to know where a body can get his warrants. They've been told that the law is already in effect.

We had the magnificent luck to be invited to a gathering of eligibles and their children who were anxious to tell us just what they intended to do when the Gabriel-Allen horn sounds the come-and-get-it. Here's the idea.

If Pa, being fifty, has a job in El Caballo Hamburger Drive-In and desires to quit that fifteen-a-week job for the Thirty Dollars Every Thursday dole, as is wholly probable, he asks his employer to take on in his stead his jobless son, who will work for twelve dollars a week. The chances are bright that the boss will agree. That makes two in the family to enjoy the new handout because Ma, not being gainfully employed, is immediately eligible no matter what Pa's income may be. So that's sixty bucks a week—free. Back in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is Pa's sister, Bessie, to whom Pa and other members of the family have been sending a bit of money now and then. So word is sent to Aunt Bessie to get on her feet and hurry out. It is no major difficulty to demonstrate that Aunt Bessie's real residence is California—at least the Allen followers intend to see to it that it will not be too difficult. So Aunt Bessie comes home. That's ninety dollars a week coming in. And then there are Grandma and Gramp to grow suddenly fond of. And pretty soon they're all living under the same happy roof and the family begins talking about building a nice new stucco and redwood home with a tiled swimming pool. And the real-estate lads and the building contractors (like that guy whose sign reads Creator of Precious Firesides) go completely whacky with industry.

Of course we've merely begun to tell you the story, given you merely a hint or two of what can happen under the amendment and what will happen if it is adopted. Reluctantly we quit as we lead you, popeyed, into a vast park where fifty thousand members of the movement begun so inauspiciously last October have gathered to hear The Word, pitch horseshoes, sing Gospel hymns and eat ham-and-egg sandwiches.

Retirement, Rah! Rah! Rah!

From the band rolls the still majestic chords of the most outraged of all American songs, the Battle Hymn of the Republic. The throng roars the chorus: Thirty Dollars Every Thursday, Thirty Dollars Every Thursday Thirty Dollars Every Thursday—As Long as We Shall Live. On the platform sit ten of the eleven directors. Only Lawrence Allen is absent. He is in ill health. The song ends. Across the stage, walking on the balls of his feet like Jack Dempsey or Twinkletoes Selkirk, speeds a youngish light heavyweight in a truly Hollywood sports jacket, fawn slacks, white and tan shoes. The crowd rises, goes mad. It's Willis Allen, the boss of the movement, chairman of the all-powerful board of directors.

He's forty years old. He has a tugboat chest, a Tarzan voice, unruly red hair, close-set eyes, a hard, cruel jaw, hands like a stone mason. He used to go to the University of Southern California, where he was a cheerleader before becoming a varsity end. Between those extracurricular activities, he told us, he studied psychology and economics.

"Ham and Eggs, everybody," he yells.

"Ham and Eggs, brother," roars the crowd.

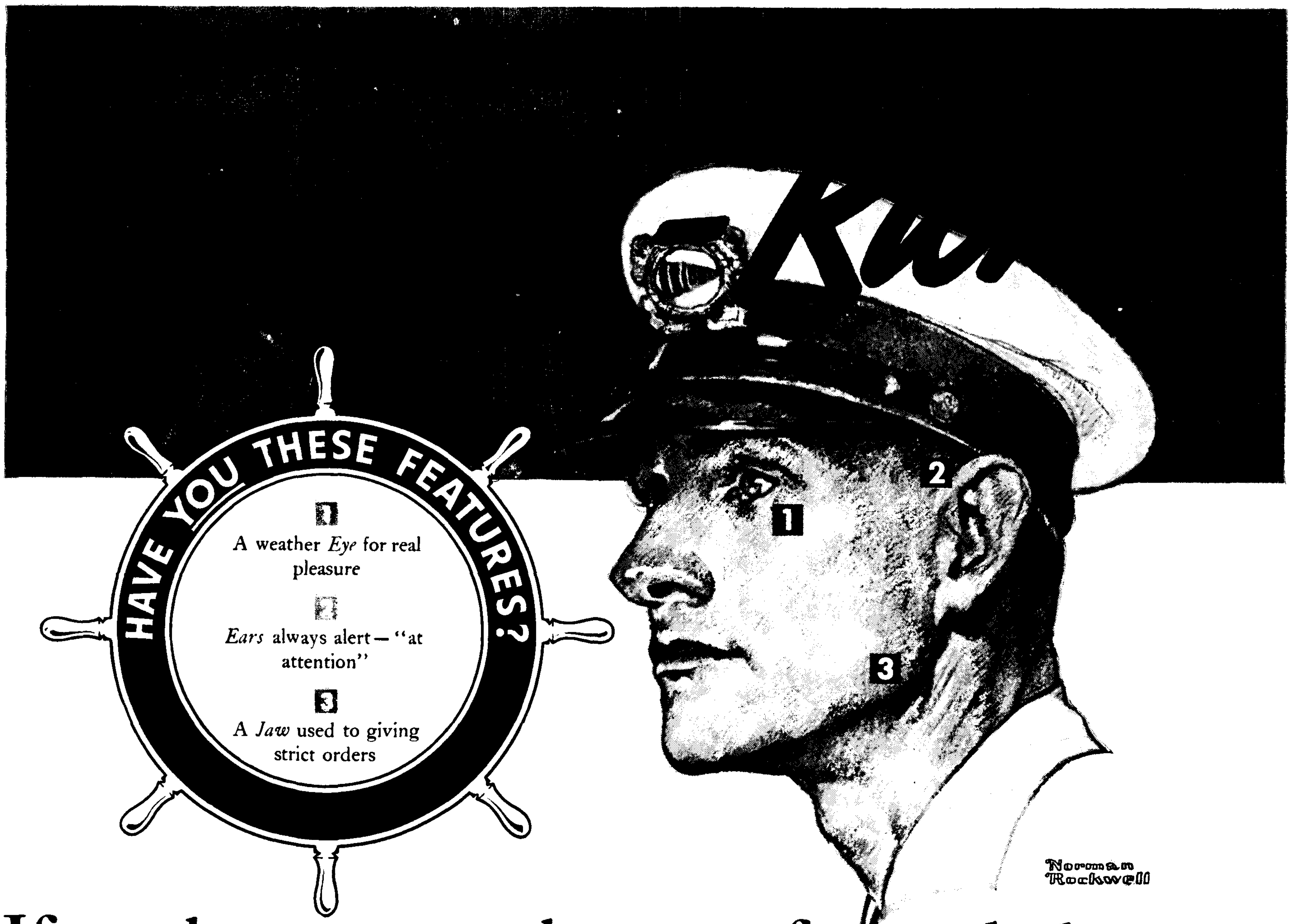
"Thirty Dollars Every Thursday," cries Willis.

"Thirty Dollars Every Thursday," screams the crowd.

And then Willis Allen, dropping to one knee, his body tense, his fists upraised, yells, "Hip . . . Hip . . . Hip . . ." And the cry of the pension is launched, Willis doing all his acrobatic cheerleader stuff. Listen to the dolesters:

"Five . . . Ten . . . Fifteen . . . Twenty . . . Twenty-five . . . Thirtyyyy.

"Reee . . . Tire . . . Ment . . . Life . . . Pay . . . Ments. Waaaooowwwwww."


HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?
1
2
3
Norman Rockwell

1 A weather *Eye* for real pleasure

2 *Ears* always alert—"at attention"

3 A *Jaw* used to giving strict orders

If *you* have a weather eye for real pleasure, head *top-speed* for a tall drink made with the Kentucky straight Bourbon that's *"double-rich"!*

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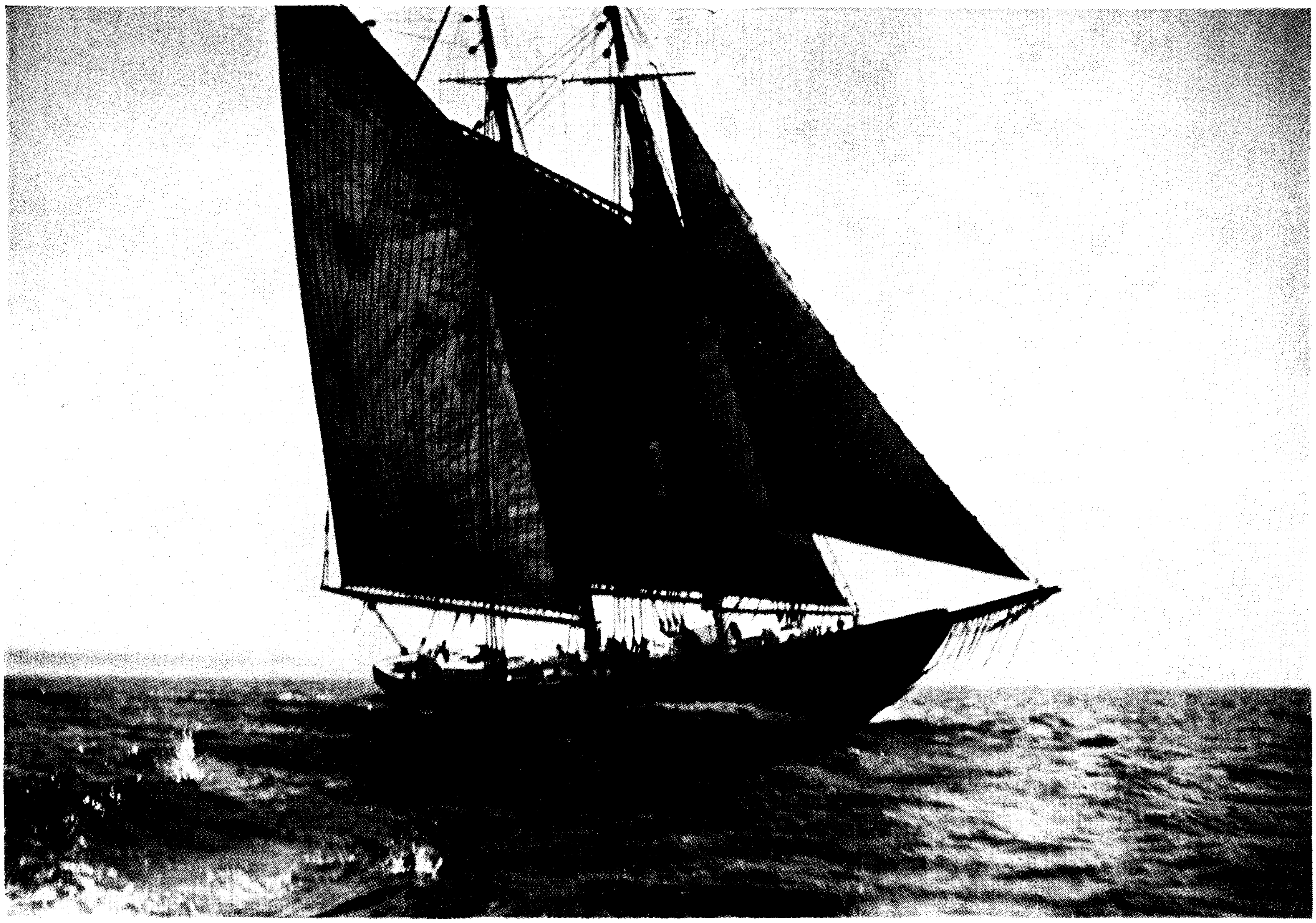
Pride of Vessel

By James B. Connolly



America's entry for the International Fishermen's races is the Thebaud, a true Gloucesterman

IFOR THOMAS

James B. Connolly was a mainsheet man on the Gloucester schooner Esperanto in the first International Fishermen's Race. He tells you about the vessels soon to meet in what may be the last of the series—the Bluenose and the Thebaud, fastest craft under sail in the world

THIS year has seen no race for the America's Cup, a thing to regret. Besides stirring yachting millionaires into putting a lot of new money into circulation, that race also stirred a multitude of landsmen into going down to the sea and drawing a breath or two of salt air, and a change to salt air is always good for landsmen.

However, we are not to be denied an international sailing race this year. The Bluenose of Nova Scotia, and the Gertrude Thebaud of Gloucester are to sail for the International Fishermen's Cup next month. Let the weather be what sail-carrying fishing captains call propitious, meaning wind enough to blow the paint off a vessel's deck, and we will see a race that will be something to talk about afterward, because while these sweetly modeled vessels can step along in light air, they are designed to be at their best in heavy weather.

Schooner racing is an old-time Gloucester fishermen's sport. Back in the days when Gloucester was beginning to be a great fish market, two Gloucester schooners on the offshore banks could not swing off for home together without a race coming of it. Besides the pride of vessel, there was also a better market for the first vessel home.

That combination of good business and pride of vessel brought on frequent desperate sail-carrying duels in heavy weather, but without always settling the question of which was the better vessel. Leave it to a fishing captain to explain how it happened that his vessel didn't get home first.

Gloucester citizens were threatened with deafness from listening to the alibis until one day a citizen had a bright idea. To a group of skippers he said: "Look here! Every one of you is satisfied he has the fastest and ablest vessel that ever sailed past Eastern Point. What about racing your vessels over an appointed course on an appointed day, and settling all the arguments?"

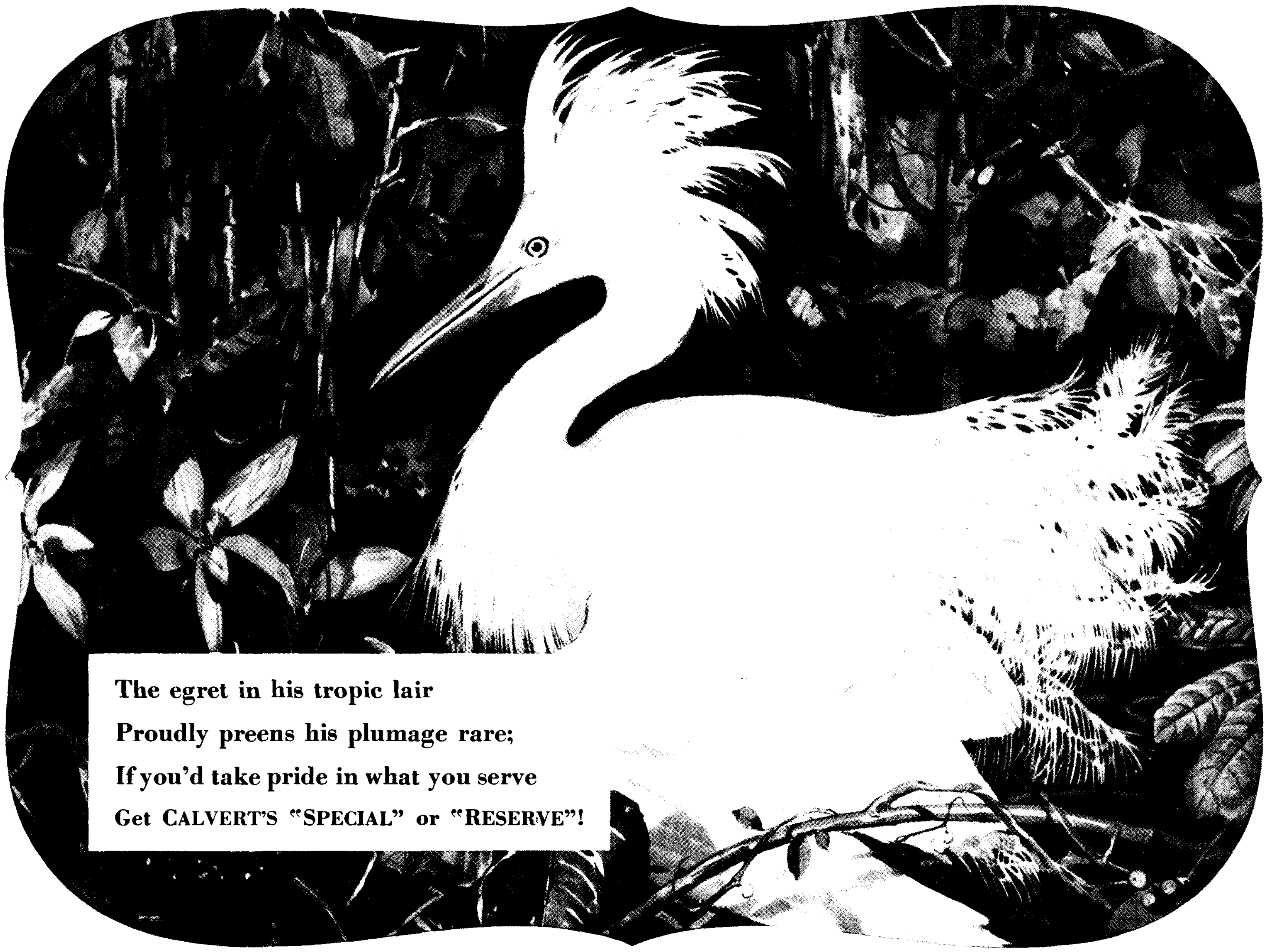
"Fine! Fine!" said all the sail-carrying skippers, and stood by for the day, praying meantime for a good breeze of wind for the race.

The wind came. The morning of the race produced a sixty-mile breeze of wind. That sixty-mile wind was the official weather-bureau report, not drug-store gossip. And reports came in from outside of a high-running sea to match the noble breeze o' wind.

Sail-carrying skippers had no idea their prayers

© MACASKILL

Heavy weather for the famed Canadian champion, the schooner Bluenose



The egret in his tropic lair
Proudly preens his plumage rare;
If you'd take pride in what you serve
Get CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" or "RESERVE"!

America is learning how to drink!

You have, no doubt, observed it, too . . . a definite trend in American drinking habits. A trend toward moderation. A sensible trend toward lighter, blended whiskies . . . *better* whiskies.

Americans are learning how to drink . . . how to enjoy in wise moderation the pleasant flavor and bouquet of truly fine blended whiskies. And so, more and more, the call is for Calvert.

American good taste and judgment have created a nation-wide demand for these light, smooth, fine-flavored whiskies . . . Calvert's "Reserve" and "Special." They are whiskies you, too, will drink appreciatively . . . in pleasant moderation.

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BLENDED FOR BETTER TASTE

Call for Calvert *The Whiskey of Good Taste*

Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

COMING-OUT PARTY

Presenting the Newest members of the smart set-
Two Newly Designed
Toastmaster Hospitality
Sets!

BEDECKED with orchids is the beauty of the year—the new *De Luxe* Toastmaster Hospitality Set, the smartest and most useful thing ever created to make your parties the talk of the town. You set it before your guests at buffet suppers, bridges, teas, or cocktail parties. And graciously it invites them to partake of tantalizing things to eat.

Clustered snugly on the richly grained mahogany or walnut tray are four individual lap trays (better than an extra pair of hands!), three appetizer dishes of gorgeous Duncan crystal, a toast-trimmer, and—like a king on his throne—the newly designed and improved Toastmaster* toaster, the famous automatic pop-up type.

And what delicious toast it makes—for parties, or *every day* for breakfast! Just put two slices in the toaster, press the lever, and the toaster does the rest. The Flexible Timer runs fast when the toaster is cold, faster when it's hot. When the toast is done *precisely* as you like it, up it pops and off goes the current, automatically. No watching, no turning, no burning bread or fingers!

What would *you* like for your birthday, anniversary, or Christmas? Perhaps a hint in the right direction *now* will work wonders when the big day comes.

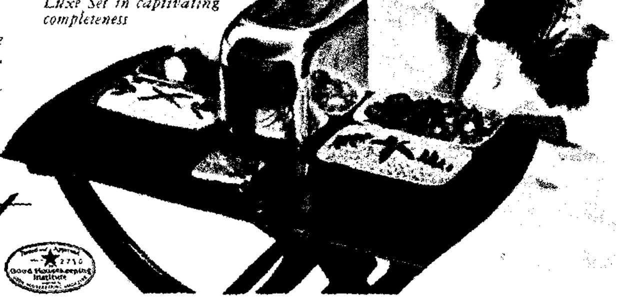
* * *

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS: 2-slice automatic pop-up type toaster, $16.00; 1-slice, $10.50; Hospitality Sets, $19.95, $23.95; folding stand, $5.95; Toast 'n Jam Set, $17.95; Junior non-automatic type toaster, $7.50; automatic waffle-baker, $12.50

JUST LIKE HOME—*Most good restaurants and hotels serve delicious toast made on Toastmaster Toasters.*

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Illinois. European Sales Office: Frank V. Magrini, Ltd., Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford Street, London, W. 1, England.

Another beauty! The Standard Hospitality Set, in walnut only, with gay peasant-pottery dishes, rivals the De Luxe Set in captivating completeness



TOASTMASTER *Hospitality Set*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

would be so powerful, but they were grateful and gave thanks for the God-given breeze; and there were those among them who put out for the race with every sail set and halyards lashed aloft, and the pledge that the only sail coming off their vessels that day would be what the Lord took off. And they lived up to that pledge.

The race was won by the Harry Belden, Captain Maurice Whalen. He sailed the entire course with the two helmsmen lashed to the wheel and standing in solid water to their waists. Sometimes they went in to their necks. All the racing vessels carried men lashed to the wheel and had loose water aplenty on their decks that day.

It was the sight of the Belden driving to the finish line with a twenty-foot belt of white suds to her lee and only her windward rail showing out of water that sent an old Gloucesterman to knocking his heels together and roaring against the roar of the wind: "The Harry Belden wins! The able Harry Belden, sailing across the line on her side, and her crew sittin' out on the keel."

That was the first prearranged race of the Gloucester fishing fleet and it was held forty-six years ago. Interport races with the Boston bank fleet followed; and the two ports might have been racing yet only for the inescapable trend to motor power.

In the Maritime Provinces meantime the all-sail vessels were still the thing. Fishing captains there were having new vessels built on Gloucester models; and the day came when Nova Scotia thought she had a schooner or two that could sail with—yes, and maybe outsail—the best that Gloucester could show, which meant anything this country could show in the way of fishing vessels. The next thing was Capt. Himmelman of Lunenberg, Nova Scotia, challenging with his new schooner, the Delawanna, and Editor Dennis of Halifax putting up a Cup; and so was inaugurated the Fishermen's Race for the International Championship.

A Handsome, Able Lady

That challenge came in 1921, the year after the two America's Cup Race boats had drifted for two weeks off Sandy Hook without getting anywhere, and then when a nice two-mile breeze happened along the two boats elected to stay in harbor, fearing disaster. Now disaster probably would have come to the fragile boats that were then contesting for the America's Cup; and so, when Canada challenged Gloucester, the sporting world scented a race between real seagoing vessels and cheered lustily, saying that here was the real Blue Ribbon of the Sea affair.

Now the Gloucester fleet was pretty well changed over to power when that challenge came, and Gloucester would have liked to meet the new-built all-sail challenger with a new-built all-sail vessel of her own, but there wasn't time for that if the race was to be held that year. However, Gloucester still had a few all-sail vessels salt fishing on the Grand Banks. She took the first salt banker home, hoisted out her fish, painted her weather-beaten planks, varnished her spars and looked to her ballast. Then, with half the citizens manning the waterfront, Gloucester bid her Godspeed and waved her on her way to Halifax.

That vessel was the Esperanto. She was fourteen years old, a good age for an offshore fisherman, but she was still a handsome, able lady. And fast. She was built in the days when every Gloucester vessel was fast and able and handsome, and the sweet sailing lines of her were not to be hidden. Off she goes to Halifax, and a week later she comes sailing back home, the handsome able lady, with the International Cup.

Next year Canada challenged with a new schooner, the Bluenose, the biggest two-masted fishing schooner ever built, and designed especially to bring the Fishermen's Cup back home. Gloucester expected to have the able Esperanto standing by to meet that challenge, but that great old vessel was lost coming home from a Grand Banks trip. Another Grand Banker was commandeered, but she wasn't able for the new big Bluenose, and the Cup went back to Canada.

The Fishermen's Race was intended to be an annual affair; but there were interruptions in the schedule. It is money out of owners, skippers and crews to take a vessel out of the fishing and race her. When the fishing is good, they do not mind that; but it is expecting too much of them to do that when for trip after trip, say, they haven't been making enough to pay for their tobacco.

"Don't worry, pal. This next place we're taking you to is open all night"

LEONARD DOVE

There were arguments, but take it by and off the wind, good sportsmanship has been the thing in the Fishermen's Race. Take that first race of all, that time the Esperanto and Delawanna had it out. I was one of the Esperanto's crew. The two vessels were on a long windward leg, and the Delawanna was trying to luff the Esperanto out of the race, a perfectly proper procedure.

The Delawanna luffed until both vessels were miles off the course and the Esperanto was in danger of going ashore at a place called Devil's Island. The Esperanto's masthead man hailed the deck, saying: "Shoal water, Skipper. I can see the kelp on the bottom, and that ledge of solid rock is dead ahead."

Now the racing rules for that course off Halifax read that a vessel being crowded onto a lee shore could call for sea room. Captain Martie Welch was sailing the Esperanto. He nodded up to the lookout but said nothing. Now a Canadian pilot had been assigned to advise the Esperanto in the strange waters. The pilot now said: "You are in dangerous water, Captain Welsh. You can call for sea room and the Delawanna will be compelled to swing off."

"I'm not calling for sea room," said Captain Welch. He meant by that that he would put his vessel ashore before he would ask for favors from his opponent.

It was no favor. It was his right; but there was fisherman's pride.

The pilot stared at Martie. Then: "I'll call for sea room," he said. And he called. And Captain Himmelman of the Delawanna hurried to jibe his vessel. While jibing over, a squall of wind caught his mainsail aback. His main boom came swinging across the Esperanto's quarter rail. The two vessels were side by side at the time.

Now if the Delawanna's main boom touched any part of the Esperanto's hull or rigging it would be a foul on her part, and the Esperanto would automatically win the race; and that would mean the Cup for her, because it was two races out of three for the Cup, and she had already won a race.

Sportsmen of the Sea

The Delawanna's main boom would have swung into the Esperanto's after rigging if it had been left to itself, but Captain Welch called out sharply not to let it foul. Half a dozen of the Esperanto's crew then leaped onto their cabin house and checked the swing of the boom.

The main boom swung back, the Delawanna jibed clear of us, and by so doing gave us the chance to edge safely past the ledge of rocks ahead. In the freshening breeze we then worked to windward of the Delawanna and turned the next buoy in the lead. The wind increased and hauled, making the last leg a beat to windward also. That was all fine for the Esperanto, she was being a horse to windward in a breeze of wind. She won the race and the Cup.

Now Captain Welch of the Esperanto showed himself a good sportsman when he cried out: "Don't let her main boom foul us!" But Captain Himmelman showed himself a good sportsman, too, when he hurried to give us sea room. He had to give us sea room when it was called for, yes; but he need not have hurried to do it. He could have moved a bit more slowly, allowed time for the Esperanto to pile up on the ledge before he swung away, and what committee on a judge's boat a mile away could have then ruled that he had not made reasonable speed to give us sea room? And if we piled up on that ledge that day it would have ended the Esperanto's racing for that year, and the Delawanna would have been awarded the Cup and the championship.

Captain Ben Pine of Gloucester showed himself a good sportsman, too, one year. He was sailing the schooner Columbia, and, the race being over the Halifax course, a Nova Scotia committee was in charge of the race. The other vessel cut inside a buoy when Ben had her safe under his lee quarter. The other vessel should have turned outside the buoy. The short cut enabled the other one to win that race by a few seconds. When the Nova Scotia committee awarded the race to the Columbia, the other skipper refused to race further. The committee then told Ben that he had only to sail over the course next day to take the Cup home with him.

To which Ben said: "I'm winning no Cup by sailing alone over the course. You can keep the Cup here." And he sailed to Gloucester without the Cup.

Something to Remember

Take them as a class, men who like to adventure on salt waters are pretty good sportsmen. The famous old America's Cup if melted into silver ingots might bring $50; yet wealthy yachtsmen abroad have spent millions of dollars to win it back, and wealthy yachtsmen here have spent even more millions to keep it on this side. People may say, have said, that those wealthy men can spend a few millions and not miss it; which may be so, but it is a fine thing for all that to see men spending millions of dollars for a symbol.

The Fishermen's International Cup, if melted down, would bring even less than the America's Cup. Now fishermen haven't millions of dollars to spend on challenge or defense, but they can borrow.

Captain Conrad of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, put $50,000 into a fishing schooner one time to lift the Cup. She was the costliest all-sail fisherman ever built, too big for profitable fishing. She never won the Cup, and he went broke.

When Canada started building the big Bluenose to lift the Cup, Captain Jeff Thomas said that Gloucester ought to have a big all-sail vessel to meet her. He then took all the money he had in the world and built himself the schooner Puritan. Captain Clayton Morrisey of Gloucester later put all his money into the Henry Ford. Both vessels were almost sure to beggar their owners eventually, they being also too big for profitable all-sail craft in a motor-power era.

The Puritan was perhaps the fastest all-round two-masted schooner afloat in her day, and that claim includes two-masted schooner yachts. But she never won that Cup. She never got a chance to win it. She was lost on Sable Island on her second Grand Banks trip. Captain Morrisey's great schooner never got a fair chance to show what she could do when she had her proper sail. She was

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also lost later. Every dollar that these fishing captains put into their vessels was a dollar earned in the face of hardship and danger.

Those fishing captains were real sportsmen. Even if they won the Cup, they looked for no world acclaim. There would be a home-port dinner, with their mayor and perhaps the governor present. They might get a few stickfuls of type for two or three days running in the metropolitan press; which they would never read. But that was all right with them. They weren't seeking the big ballyhoo. What they really sailed for—after the national prestige, of course—was to hear good words from their own kind.

And that goes for the crews of the vessels. It is something to be the skipper or a crew member of a champion fishing schooner and then, as you go walking the streets of your own home port, have men you have known all your life—men who know vessels too—have them greet you and say: "A great vessel! A great vessel! And she was well sailed, boy, damn' well sailed." There's something to remember.

To Keep the Race Alive

We hear talk now and then of the Blue Ribbon of the Sea. Sometimes the gentlemen of the press use the phrase in connection with the America's Cup Race; sometimes the award is to some new great ocean liner after a record-breaking Atlantic passage. Now what about the winner of the International Fishermen's Race? There are those among us on the seacoast here who think an all-sail vessel making use only of natural power—I speak of wind—to battle natural dangers—wind and sea; who think such a vessel able to stand up to the heaviest winter weather, and with that able to outsail the best of her class—why, we say, how about the Blue Ribbon of the Sea for her?

What the world at large doesn't know, what many seafarers do not know, is that the fastest sailing done by fore-and-aft rigged vessels has been done by fishing schooners. It is not surprising that it should be so. For more than half a century now, fishing captains have had vessels designed by the same men who were designing fast yachts, including America's Cup yachts; but where the racing yachts were so often of flimsy hull or unseagoing rig, the fishing schooners had the planking and spars and the running gear to withstand the heaviest weather.

They had to be built that way, of course, if they were to come safe back from the winter offshore banks. It takes strong winds for record sailing, and often when the Cup yachts thought the going too tough to venture out of harbor, the fishing schooners would be carrying whole mainsails in the open water outside.

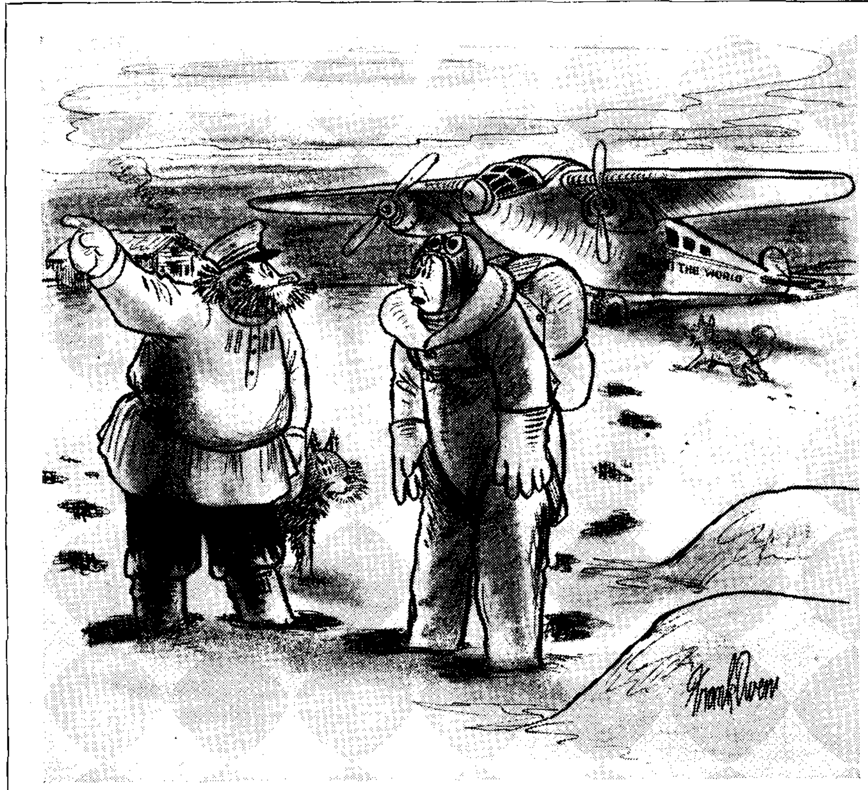
The Bluenose holds the record for the Halifax course. Some things about her Gloucestermen do not like: but they have to admit that she is a great vessel—fast and able, a great one to windward. The Thebaud is also fast and able. During a race of a few years ago, in a forty-three mile breeze and a rough sea, the commander of an American destroyer in attendance went on record with the statement that when his ship was doing fifteen knots the Thebaud was running away from him. On another occasion, with less wind but a smoother sea, the Thebaud logged 15.6 knots between two buoys of the Gloucester race course; and she did it with a dry lee rail.

It is to be the best three out of five races this fall, the opening race is set for October 9th, and it will be sailed off Boston Harbor. The Boston Chamber of Commerce is promoting the affair, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the city of Boston and Boston and Gloucester business interests are combining to finance it. They want to keep the race alive.

The Bluenose is the fastest schooner in Canadian history, and the Thebaud is the fastest two-masted schooner, yacht or fisherman, now afloat. Both are bona fide fishermen, the real things in seagoing craft, the kind the able old America was in her day.

This may be the last Fishermen's Race, maybe settling for all time the Fishermen's championship of the world. A pity if it is, but that's what it looks like now. It is a motor age.

However, last race or no, let the weather be propitious, meaning—well, give these able, handsome ladies a breeze of wind, and it should be a race worth remembering.



"Spitzenbitz? Straight ahead twelve hundred miles to a burned cabin, then turn right two thousand to a pile of walrus bones, then . . ."

FRANK OWEN

The Greek General

Continued from page 36

"Listen," Alex said coolly and reasonably. "Something went wrong. A mistake. All right."

"What's all right about it?" McCracken shouted. "You tell me! Listen, Alex, I get four thousand bucks a year for bein' chief of police of this town; I can't afford to get mixed up in mistakes."

"I will do the job over," Alex said soothingly. "I will do it good this time."

"You better," Flanagan said grimly. "You'll be served up as pie if you make another mistake."

"That's no way to talk," Alex said, hurt.

"That's the way I talk," Flanagan said. "Sam, go to the Littleworth house."

The car barely stopped for Alex to jump out in front of the Littleworth house. "We'll be back in ten minutes," Flanagan said as he closed the door. "Find out what went wrong. *Alex!*" he said with loathing.

Alex shrugged and looked up at the huge pile of the Littleworth house, black against the sky. By all rights it should've been just a heap of ashes by now, with insurance experts probing in the remains to estimate how much damage was done. Why couldn't it've burned? Alex wept inwardly, why couldn't it? Five thousand dollars, he thought as he went swiftly and quietly across the dark lawn, a nice, comfortable poolroom, with the balls clicking like music and the boys buying soft drinks at ten cents a bottle between shots and the cash register ringing again and again. A gentleman's life. No wondering every time you saw a cop if he was looking for you. Why couldn't it've burned?

He slipped silently through the window that he had left open and padded along the thick carpet to the library, his flashlight winking on and off cautiously in the dark hall. He went directly to the pile of rags in the corner, over which still hung the faint odor of naphtha. He played the flashlight on the fuse that he had carefully lighted before slipping out of the window. Only ashes remained. The fuse had burned all right. Uncertainly he touched the rags. They were dry as sand. "Nuts," he said softly in the silent library. "Nuts. Smart guy!" He hit his head with both his hands in irritation. "What a smart guy!" He kicked the pile of rags bitterly and went back along the hall and jumped out the window and walked out across the lawn and waited for Flanagan and Sam behind a tree, smoking a cigarette.

ALEX breathed deeply, looking around him. This was the way to live, he thought, peering at the big houses set behind trees and lawns off in the darkness, fresh air and birds and quiet, going off to Palm Beach when you wanted your house burned down and you didn't want to know anything about it. He sighed, blotting out his cigarette against the tree. A well-run poolroom ought to be good for six, seven thousand dollars a year. You could live very respectably in Flatbush on six, seven thousand dollars a year. . . .

The car drew up to him and Flanagan opened the door and leaned out.

"Well, General?" Flanagan asked without humor.

"Look, Flanagan," Alex said seriously, talking in whispers, "something went wrong. I set a two-hour fuse and the naphtha evaporated."

Flanagan leaned way over and grabbed Alex fiercely by the collar. "Listen, Alexander," he said right into Alex's face, "you're goin' back in that house and you're setting' fire to that house, and you're settin' fire to it good! No fuse, no evaporation, nothing, understand?"

"Yeah," Alex said. "Sure, Flanagan."

"You will be served up as pie, anything goes wrong," Flanagan said slowly, his pale, mean eyes glaring straight into Alex's. Then the car door slammed. "Move, Sam," Flanagan said, sitting back.

The car spurted down the street. Alex wiped his face with a shaking hand as he walked back across the completely dark lawn.

Once in the house, though, he became very businesslike. He went upstairs to where he had set out buckets of naphtha and brought them down in pairs. He tore down all the drapes from the ground-floor windows and piled them at the farther end of the long hall that ran along one side of the house. Then he took all the linen covers off the furniture and piled them on top of the drapes. He went down to the cellar and brought up three egg boxes full of excelsior and put the excelsior on top of the piled cloth. It made a heap about seven feet high at the end of the hall.

HE WORKED grimly, swiftly, ripping cloth when it wouldn't give way easily, running up and down steps, sweating in his overcoat, feeling the sweat roll down his neck onto his tight collar. He soaked every piece of furniture with naphtha, then came out and poured ten gallons of naphtha over the pile at the end of the hall. He stepped back, the acrid smell sharp in his nostrils, and surveyed his work with satisfaction. If that didn't work you couldn't burn this house down in a blast oven.

He got a broom and broke off the handle and wrapped it heavily with rags. He soaked the rags with naphtha until the liquid ran out of the saturated cloth to the floor. He whistled comfortably under his breath, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," as he opened the window wide behind him at the end of the hall opposite the huge pile of cloth and excelsior. It was a narrow hall, but long. A distance of thirty-five feet separated him from the pyre at the other end.

"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," he sang under his breath as he took out a match from the dozen he had lying loose in his pocket. He stood next to the open window, prepared to jump swiftly out as he struck the match, put it to his heavy torch. The torch flared up wildly in his hand and he hurled it with all his strength straight down the hall to the pile of naphtha-soaked cloth and excelsior at the other end. It landed squarely in the pile. For a moment nothing happened. Alex stood, ready at the window, his eyes shining in the fierce light of the flaring torch. Alex smiled and kissed his fingers at the other end of the hall.

Then the whole hall exploded. The pile of cloth became a single huge ball of flame and hurtled down the hall like a flaming shell to the open window behind Alex. With a scream sick in his throat, lost in the immense roar of the exploding house, Alex dove to the floor just as the ball of flame shot over him and through the window to the pull of the open air beyond, carrying his hat and his hair, like smoke going up a chimney to the pull of the sky.

When he came to there was a dusty burned smell in his nostrils. Without surprise he saw that the carpet next to his face was quietly afire, burning gently, like coal in a grate. He hit the side of his head three times to put out the fire in

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what remained of his hair, and dully sat up. Coughing and crying he dove down to the floor again, escaping the smoke. He crawled along the burning carpet foot by foot, his hands getting black and crisp under him as he slowly made his way to the nearest door. He opened the door and crawled out onto a side porch.

Just behind him the hall beams collapsed and a column of flame shot up through the roof, as solid as cement. He sighed and crawled to the edge of the porch and fell off five feet to the loam of a flower bed. The loam was hot and smelled of fertilizer, but he lay there gratefully for a moment.

Far off, far, far off a bell clanged again and again. Alex opened his eyes, singed of their lashes, and listened. He heard the fire trucks turn into the street. He sighed again and crawled, clinging to the cold ground, around the back of the house and through a bare hedge that cut his swelling hands, and away from the house. He stood up and walked off behind a high hedge just as the first fireman came running down toward the back of the house.

Directly but slowly, like a man walking in a dream, he went to McCracken's house. It took forty minutes to walk there, walking deliberately down alleys and back streets in the dark, feeling the burned skin crack on his knees with every step.

He rang the bell and waited. The door opened slowly and McCracken cautiously put his face out.

"You—" McCracken said and started to slam the door, but Alex had his foot in the way.

"Lemme in," Alex said in a hoarse broken voice.

"You're burned," McCracken said, trying to kick Alex's foot out of the doorway. "I can't have nothing to do with you. Get outa here."

Alex took out his gun and shoved it into McCracken's ribs. "Lemme in," he said.

McCRACKEN slowly opened the door. Alex could feel McCracken's ribs shaking against the muzzle of the gun. "Take it easy," McCracken said, his voice high and girlish with fright. "Listen, Alex, take it easy."

They stepped inside the hall and McCracken closed the door. "What do you want from me, Alex?" His necktie jumped up and down with the strain of talking. "What can I do for you?"

"I want a hat," Alex said, "and I want a coat."

"Sure, sure, Alex. Anything I can do to help. . . ."

"Also I want you to drive me to New York."

McCracken swallowed hard. "Now, look, Alex"—he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand to dry the lips—"let's be reasonable. It's impossible for me to drive you to New York. I got a four-thousand-dollar job. I'm chief of police. I can't take chances like . . ."

Alex started to cry. "I'll give it to you right in the heart. So help me."

"All right, Alex, all right," McCracken said. "What're you crying about?"

"It hurts. I can't stand it, it hurts so much." Alex weaved back and forth in the hallway in pain. "I got to get to a doctor before I croak. Come on, you dirty dog," he wept, "drive me to the city!"

All the way to Jersey City Alex cried as he sat there, jolting in the front seat, wrapped in a big coat of McCracken's, an old hat slipping back and forth on his burned head as the car sped east into the dawn.

A block from the Jersey entrance of the Holland Tunnel, McCracken stopped the car.

"Please, Alex," he pleaded, "don't make me take you across to New York. I can't take the chance."

"I gotta get to a doctor," Alex said, licking his cracked lips. "I gotta get to a doctor. Nobody's gonna stop me from getting to a doctor. You're goin' to take me through the tunnel and then I'm goin' to let you have it because you're a dirty dog. Start this car." He rocked back and forth in the front seat to help him with the pain. "Start this car!" he shouted.

SHAKING so that it was hard for him to control the car, McCracken drove Alex all the way to the hotel in Brooklyn where Flanagan lived.

"Okay, Alex," he said. "Here we are. You're gonna be a good guy, aren't you, Alex? You're not goin' to do anythin' you're goin' to be sorry for, are you? Remember, Alex, I'm a family man; I'm a man with three children. Why would you want to hurt me?"

"Because you're a dirty dog," Alex said painfully because his jaws were stiffening. "You didn't want to help me. I had to make you help me."

"I got a kid two years old," McCracken cried. "Do you want to make a orphan of a two-year-old kid? Please, Alex. I'll do anything you say."

Alex sighed. "Go get Flanagan."

McCracken jumped out quickly and came right back with Flanagan and Sam. Alex smiled stiffly when Flanagan opened the door of the car and whistled. "Nice," Flanagan said. "Very nice."

"Look at him," Sam said. "He looks like he's been in a war."

"You ought to've seen what I done to the house," Alex said.

"Are you goin' to pass out, Alex?" Sam asked anxiously.

Alex waved his gun pointlessly two or three times and then pitched forward.

When he opened his eyes he was in a dark, meagerly furnished room and Flanagan's voice was saying, "Listen, Doc, this man can't die. He's gotta come through, understand? I don't care if it takes five years, but he's got to pull through."

"I don't think that's Mattie at all. That's a funnel"

BARBARA SHERMUND

"I should never've gotten mixed up in this," McCracken's voice wailed. "I was a fool. Risking a four-thousand-dollar-a-year job."

"Maybe he will and maybe he won't," a strange, professional voice said. "That is a well-done young man."

"It looks to me," Sam's voice said, "as if he's marked special delivery to Calvary Cemetery."

"Shut up!" Flanagan said. "And from now on nobody says a word. This is a private case. Alexander. The lousy Greek."

Alex heard them all go out before he dropped off again.

For the next five days the doctor kept him full of dope, and Flanagan kept Sam at his bedside with a towel for a gag, to keep him quiet when the pain became too much to bear. Ten days later the doctor told Flanagan, "All right. He'll live."

Flanagan sighed. "The dumb Greek," he said, patting Alex on his bandaged head. "I would like to kick him to pieces. I am going out to get drunk." And he put on his derby and went out.

Alex lay in one position for three months in the furnished room. Sam played nursemaid, feeding him, playing rummy with him, reading the sporting news to him.

AT TIMES when Sam wasn't there Alex lay straight on his bed, smiling to himself. When Flanagan gave him his money he would go straight to the pool parlor on Clinton Street and throw his money down on the counter. Cold cash. This was hard-earned money. He nearly died and there were days he'd wished he could die, and his hair was going to grow in patches, like scrub grass on a highway, for the rest of his life, but what the hell. You didn't get anything for nothing. Five thousand dollars, five thousand dollars, five thousand dollars. . . .

On June first he put on his clothes for the first time in three months and twelve days. He had to sit down after he pulled his pants on because the strain hit him at the knees. He got completely dressed, dressing very slowly and being very careful with his necktie, and then sat down to wait for Flanagan and Sam. He was going to walk out of that lousy little room with five thousand dollars flat in his wallet. Well, he thought, I earned it.

Flanagan and Sam came in without knocking.

"We're in a hurry," Flanagan said. "We're going to the Adirondacks. The Adirondacks in June are supposed to be something. We came to settle up."

"That's right," Alex said. He couldn't help but smile, thinking about the money. "Five thousand dollars. Baby!"

"I think you are making a mistake," Flanagan said slowly.

"Did you say five thousand dollars?" Sam asked politely.

"Yeah," Alex said. "Yeah. Five thousand bucks, that's what we agreed. Come on, stop the kidding."

"It is true, General," Flanagan said, looking disinterestedly out the window, "that you was supposed to get five thousand dollars. But doctor bills ate it all up. Ain't it too bad? It's terrible how expensive doctors are, these days!"

"We got a specialist for you, Alex," Sam said. "Nothing but the best. But it costs."

"You lousy Flanagan," Alex shouted. "I'll get you. Don't think I won't!"

FLANAGAN went over to the dresser drawer and took out Alex's gun. Expertly he broke it and took out the shells and slipped them into his pocket. "This is just in case your hot Greek blood gets the better of you for a minute, Alex," he said.

"Listen, Flanagan," Alex cried, "ain't I going to get anything? Not anything?"

Flanagan looked at Sam, then took out his wallet, threw a fifty-dollar bill at Alex. "Outa my own pocket," he said. "My Irish generosity."

"Some day," Alex said, "I'm going to give it to you. Wait and see."

Flanagan laughed. "The efficiency expert. Look, Alexander, you ought to get out of this business. You ain't got the temperament for it."

"I'm going to give it to you," Alex said stubbornly. "Remember what I said."

"The General," Flanagan laughed. "The terrible Greek." He came over and hit Alex's head back with the heel of his hand. "So long, Alexander."

He left the room.

Sam came over and put his hand on Alex's shoulder. "Take care of yourself, Alex," he said. "You've been under a big strain." And he followed Flanagan.

Alex sat for ten minutes, dry-eyed, in his chair. His nose was bleeding a little from Flanagan's push. He sighed and got up and put his coat on. He bent and picked up the fifty-dollar bill and put it in his wallet. He slipped the empty pistol into his topcoat pocket and went out slowly into the warm June sunshine. He walked slowly the two blocks to Fort Greene Park and sat down panting on the first bench. He sat there, shaking his head sadly from time to time.

Finally he took the gun out of his pocket, looked secretively around him, and dropped it into the waste can next to the bench. It fell with a soft plop on the papers in the can. He reached into the can and got out a discarded newspaper and turned to the Help Wanted section. He blinked his eyes in the glare of the sun off the newsprint and traced down the page with his finger to "Help Wanted, Boys." He sat there in the warm June sunshine, with his topcoat on, making neat little checks with a pencil on the margin of the page.

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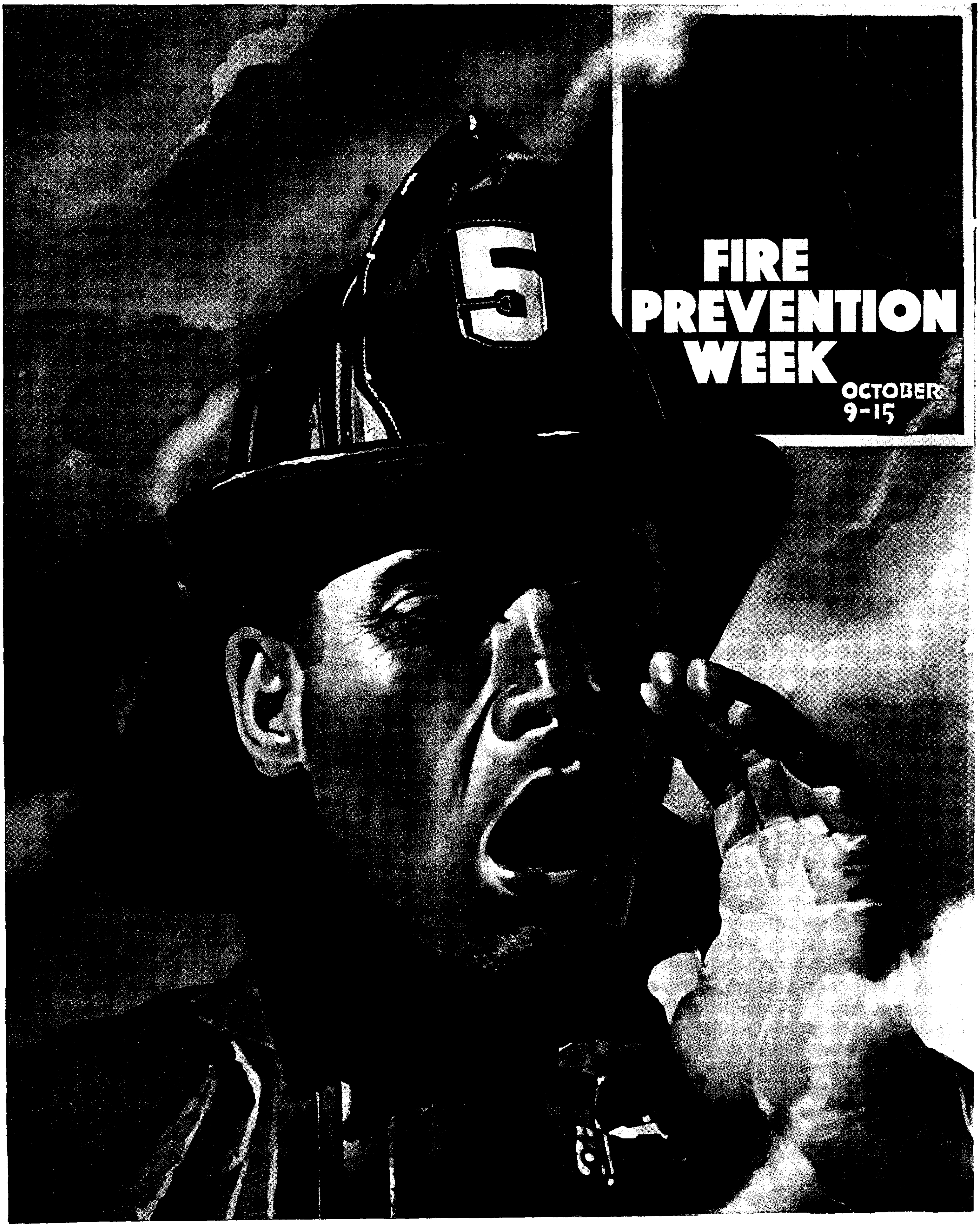
5
FIRE
PREVENTION
WEEK
OCTOBER
9-15

Within an hour

...someone will be burned to death!

America's annual sacrifice to fire is almost three hundred million dollars' worth of property . . . and 10,000 human beings! The frightful loss of life averages 27 people per day . . . more than one an hour. Most of the victims are women and children.

If everybody exercised reasonable care, three-fourths of the fires would be prevented. Hence, Fire Prevention Week, which this year is October 9-15. It asks you to lend a hand in the nationally organized fight against fire

While the average citizen may grow lax, there is an agency that works every week of every year to prevent fire, to save life and property. It is The National Board of Fire Underwriters, the public-service organization of 200 capital stock* fire insurance companies.

This organization helps cities to prevent fire by regular inspection of water supplies, fire-fighting equipment and fire-alarm systems. It formulates fire-prevention standards for better building construction. It concerns itself scientifically with the safety of schools, hospitals, hotels, theatres, churches. Its trained investigators assist the police in apprehending firebugs.

Its Actuarial Bureau receives daily reports of all the nation's fires, thereby co-ordinating the public's fire experience.

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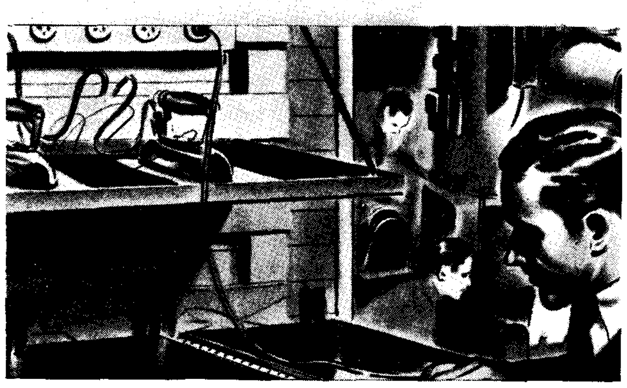

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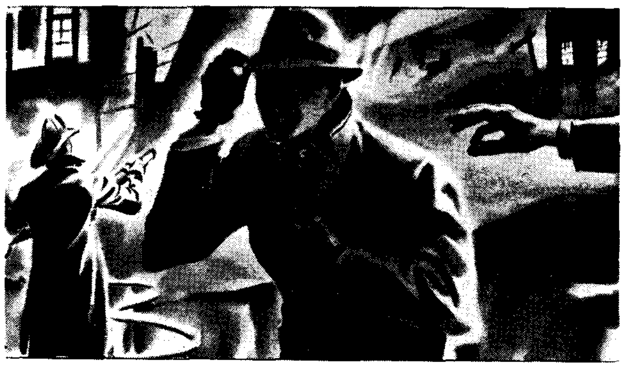

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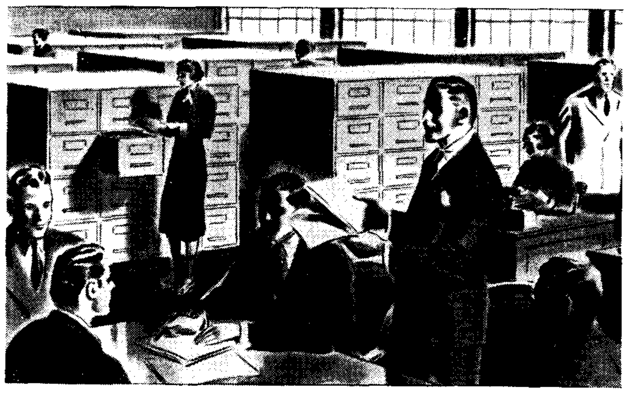
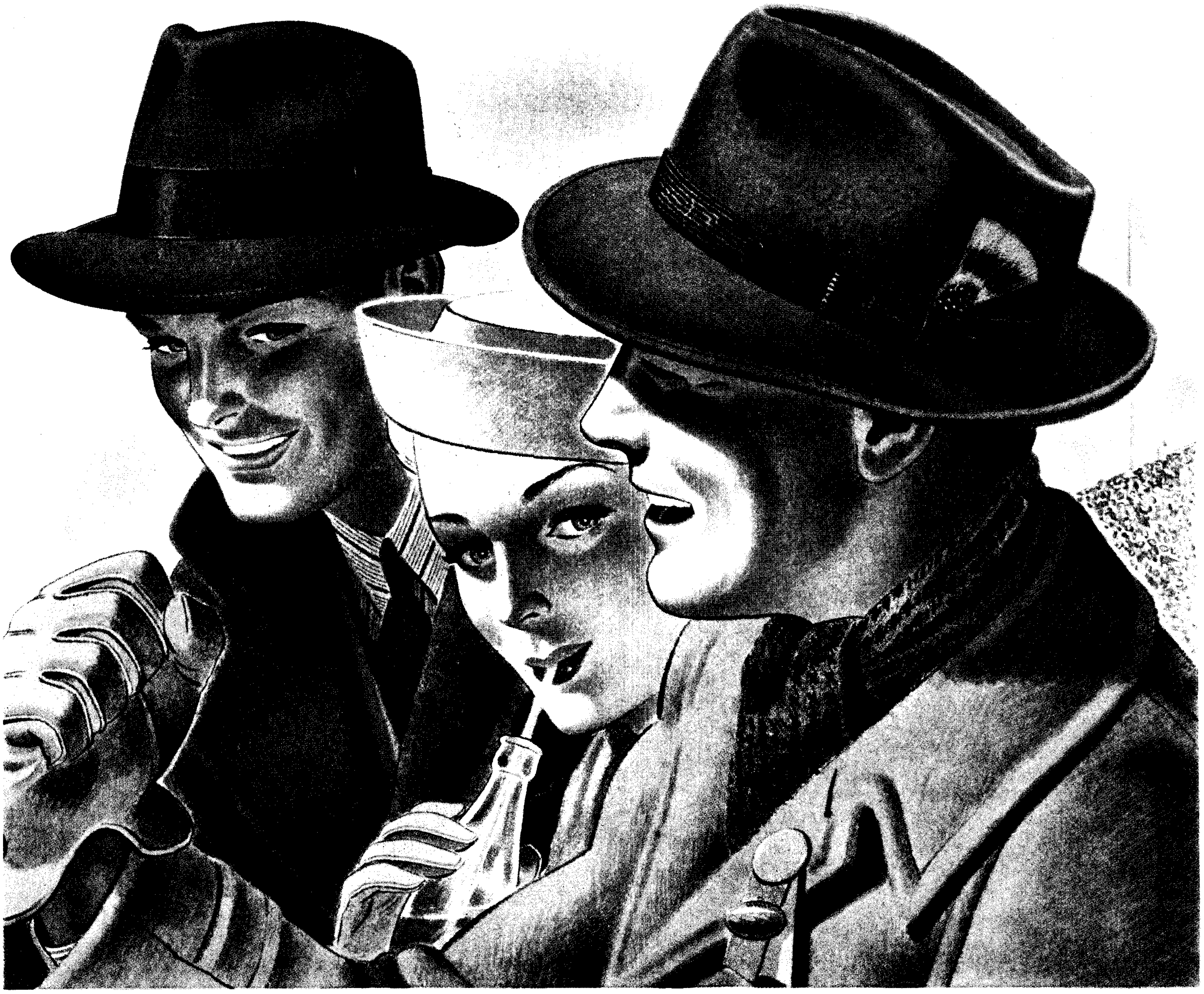


Daily reports of every fire in the United States add their facts to 7,000,000 records of fires kept by a department of The National Board of Fire Underwriters.



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392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Troubled Star

Continued from page 18

ever aimless, and she was not caught off guard when he said plaintively, "I wish you would help the university snare a professor." An innocent helplessness was on his face, so he was spreading a net for her.

"In my golden hair, you mean? Or do I merely lure him to your teas so that you can practice on him the crude but winning wiles you're using on me now?"

Oliver Hannan sighed. "I have no gift for deception. . . . The McNair Professorship of Geology is an old and honored chair, Susanna. In our provincial way we try to bestow it only on distinguished scientists. I've tried all the siren songs a dean can sing and your father's dignity is useless also. You're my last hope. Won't you ask Alec Cornish to reconsider?"

THE net would not be that obvious. It was likely that Dean Hannan was after information, and the urgent question was how much he suspected and how much he knew.

She maintained a careful inattention. "Rudeness is the dean's job, not mine. Dr. Cornish would bluntly tell me to mind my own business. And he'd be right. I'm quite sure that he knows what he wants to do and doesn't need telling."

The dean sighed and looked wistful. "I'm usually proud of my intuitions. I'd think you might be very persuasive to Alec Cornish."

"You're a sentimentalist. It's probably just late hours and too much coffee."

"You won't proselyte for me? You won't coax his vanity a little, make the place a little inviting for him, tell him you'd be glad if he stayed on?"

"There is no reason why Alexander Cornish should pay any attention if I did. It would only be unwarranted impertinence from a stranger."

"But," the dean gently insisted, "if it turned out that you could influence him a little—oh, just the slightest bit, just as a pretty girl with engaging ways—wouldn't you serve science and the children of Hezekiah Morrison that much?"

She said, "I would not!" and flashed him a glance that, she knew too late, had anger and revelation in it. And that was how the dean acquired information.

He stood up, her father coming in. "It's amazing," he said, "what a strong antipathy you've developed toward a perfect stranger. You have much in common with Alec Cornish—a temper that would be shrewish in a less pretty girl, and a stubbornness that may raise the devil with your life sometime. I think I will talk to you like your Uncle Oliver when we get back from Benton. About men you fascinate, men like Dr. Alexander Cornish and Dr. Carl Gilson."

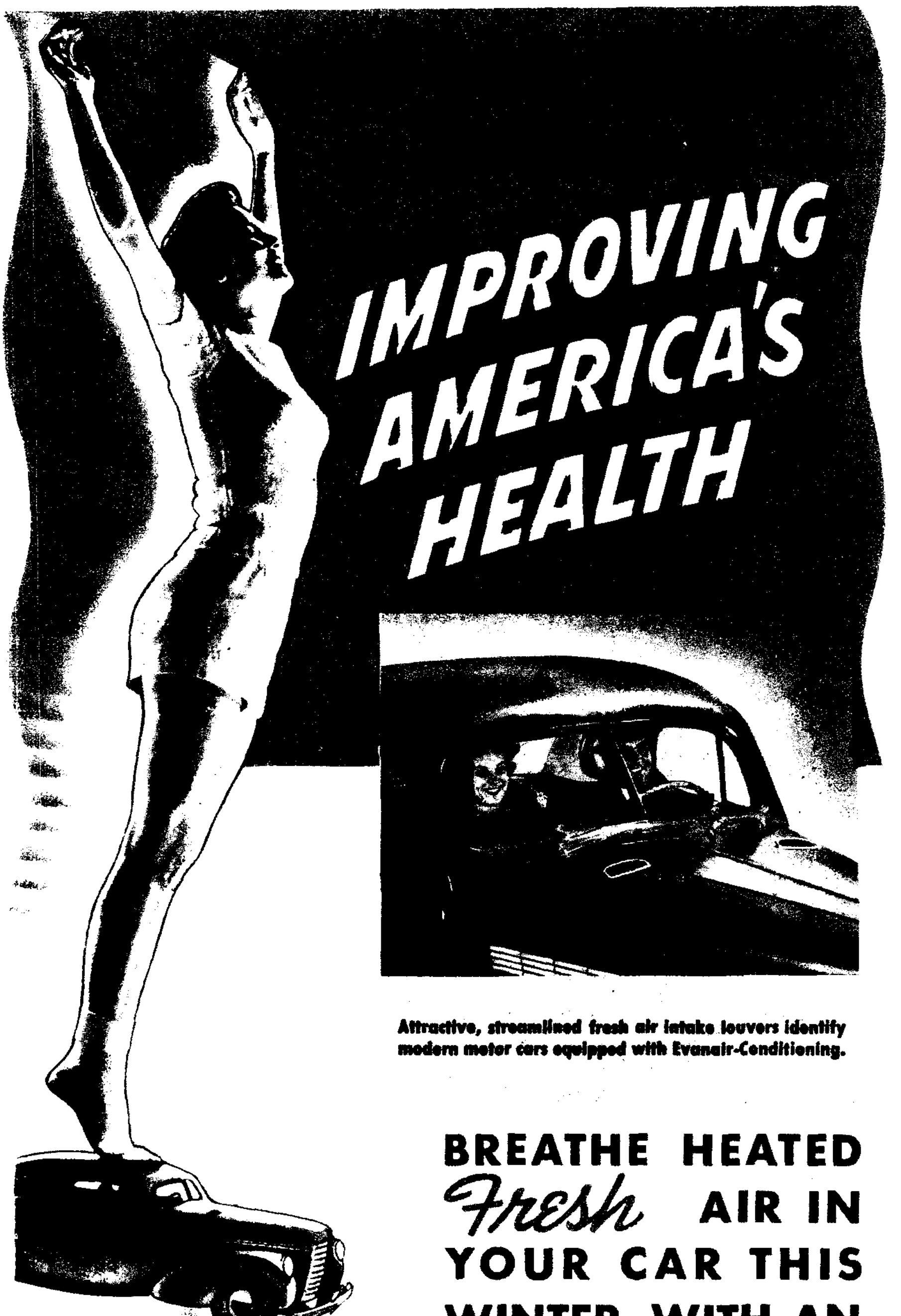
Stephen Bradford said, "Beware of him, Susanna, he has second sight. . . . I think we'll be back Sunday, day after tomorrow." They went out and were driven away in the president's limousine.

It was just as well that she had the house to herself tonight. If her job was to learn, this late, how to behave with moderately good sense, it was convenient to have no witnesses at first. And she could begin by wondering what was behind the dean's hints. He could, of course, only guess—and guess only on the basis of expressions on her face and Alec's, brief instants of impatience, unguarded words, which he would strain as far as possible. He could guess that they had known each other before—he had guessed that the first day. Perhaps he had guessed that she had some reason for resenting Alec—but he could not guess what it was!

So, till dinnertime, hearing the telephone ring repeatedly and knowing that it was sometimes Carl Gilson trying to reach her, she had Alec Cornish to think about in this new effort at clearness and common sense. Alec and her second divorce. She would have to go into court and tell the whole weary story. Well, it would have to be done. George Peters of the law school would represent her and would get her what privacy he could. The rest she would have to face.

No doubt it was this resolution, this bedrock feeling that things must be

DICK SHAW



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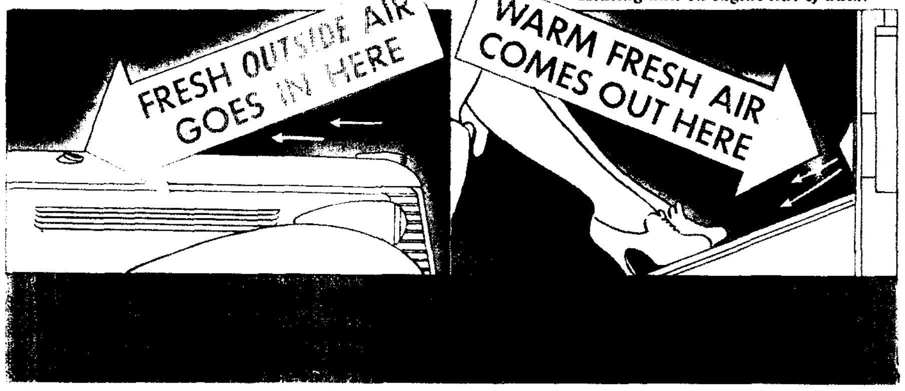
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faced, that led her to intercept the houseboy when the phone rang again, toward eight o'clock. Tension set up in her but she said, tranquilly and remotely, "It can do you no good to call me, Carl. There is nothing more to be said and I think you had better stop being offensive."

His voice had been wild and overstrained for so long that there was shock in hearing it quiet again—quiet, though resonant with despair. "I want only to make sure of one thing, Susanna—that you are condemning me without a hearing."

"I've heard you too much."

"Too much to let me answer whatever it is my enemies have told you?"

"You haven't any enemies, Carl. There are only people who have found you out."

"I see." His voice had a quality of sad bells echoing in a still countryside. "It isn't like you to be unjust. It isn't like you to be cowardly." Fatalistically, she saw that this was his remaining weapon, and that it was a good one. "When you were in my arms, I didn't think you'd be afraid to look for the truth."

THE one remaining weapon. He could not know how fully it met her resolution to face things, but he was right. There was this much more to be faced: she must listen to whatever he wanted to say. "It will accomplish nothing," she said. "Nothing can happen but what has happened. But I'll listen to what you want to say. When do you want to say it?"

"It must be tonight. Can you come to my house at ten?"

The overwhelming impulse was to denounce him finally and forever, but she held to her resolution. "At ten, then—yes, I'll come and listen, but you're a great fool if you expect anything." She heard him say, "At ten. I'll expect you. I knew you would not fail me," and heard the phone click as he hung up.

There had been in his voice, speaking those last words, a triumph unmistakable and complete. They were triumphant with the knowledge that once more he had read her aright, had struck the note that she would answer, had masterfully bent her to his will. He had been so nearly right! But she was learning, and his audacity had failed.

She told the houseboy, "Tell whoever calls me that I'm not here, that I've gone out—you don't know where," and went upstairs to her bedroom, where the telephone extension could be shut off, and settled grimly down to pass the evening making what she could, in solitude, of this bitter knowledge of herself.

This pitiless clarity would not last forever! There would be laughter again, and casual things, and simple jobs and simple enjoyments. She had only to hang on till the wave was spent. . . . Nine o'clock came, then ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock—and by now he would realize that he had lost, not won—that, much as he knew of her, he had not known quite enough.

He knew now! Sweeping aside the books she had been pretending to read, Susanna saw a hard smile on her mirrored lips when she stood up and started to undress. Eleven o'clock: the final curtain would be falling, at the Ashton Theater, on Betty Stevens' wounded faith and on Julie Lomax, who was Carl's discarded mistress. Eleven o'clock: Carl knew now that his skill had failed.

And this was to have been her wedding night. And Julie Lomax's. Well, things happened—things happened and could be forgotten. . . . But she couldn't forget. No sooner was her light out than the long repressed rage broke free. Since two this afternoon, since Betty Stevens had shocked her to realization, she had moved clearly toward the right end in a calm as unnatural as it was ultimately insupportable. And now that unnatural calm blew away.

There was contempt of herself still, but at last she was on fire with rage at Carl Gilson. If she could once face Carl Gilson and say the words that stung and burned in her mind, then she would be rid of this poison and could find peace.

An impulse, when impulses had always betrayed her? Of course it was. Reckless? Yes, it was reckless—imprudent, foolish, and perhaps despicable as well. But she would denounce Carl Gilson to his face, she would sear him as she had been seared, and thus be rid of him forever. She would do this—at any risk. . . . She turned on her light, saw that the clock on her dressing table marked a quarter past one, was amazed that she had been lying here only two hours, and began to dress. She went down through the silent house, took her car from the garage, and started toward Faculty Drive.

The little house was lighted and, imperiously ringing the bell, she felt her heart pounding. No one came and she rang again. No answer. She rang once more—and turned the doorknob, and the door swung open, and she went inside.

She stood in the empty living room . . . and whirling ended and sanity came back. The room was wholly silent, and she felt silence flow over her. This had been madness and it was over. No pounding in her heart, no roaring in her ears. She glanced round the room in the hush of recovered intelligence, saw disordered books and trays full of cigarette stubs, and turned and went out and closed the door behind her. For once a disastrous impulse had come when fortune was on her side.

The night was gripped in winter silence. No bare branch moved, the street was empty under forlorn lights. It was not impulse she was acting on when she turned the car toward the lower bridge across Shagbark Creek. Not impulse but necessity. She would rouse Alec from sleep but he would not mind, and there were greater annoyances and imprudences in their past. It was simple necessity: to confess this latest madness, to delay no longer acknowledging that he had been right, to assure him that she had no grievance. All else having been forfeited, they could be friends. . . .

SHE stopped the car before the little shack and heard the distant chimes at the campanile strike the three quarters. The day had kept its vertigo, even to after-bedtime visiting hours, and there was no disturbance in her pulse or ears when she knocked at this door. She knocked again as loudly as she could, and after a moment bruised her knuckles on the unresponsive wood. Well, tonight she was forcing men's doors and entering their houses unbidden, and this door also opened at a touch. She groped for a light, turned it on, and called "Alec!" at the open bedroom door, then went on and found a switch there, and saw the room was empty and the bed not slept in.

Four pipes were on Alec's drawing table but she could find no cigarettes—and she needed a cigarette, waiting in this cold and cheerless room. She sat on the hard kitchen chair before the black fireplace, whose blaze had transformed this room the last time she was here, and pulled the mink coat tight around her. She sat there waiting for him to come home.

How inevitably she sought him out when she was in trouble, or when a distressing decision had to be made! A stern thought rose: did she dare acknowledge why? Did she dare inquire why she had come tonight? If the words she had intended to speak were of calm

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friendship, behind the words was she so friendly, so impersonal? Remembering how precarious had been her tumult the last time she was here, could he not have proved a lie on her heart if he had so much as followed her across the threshold of that bedroom door? What lie would be proved on her now, tonight, if he came home and found her here, and sensibly disregarded the silly explanations she had intended to make—if he looked at the plain fact that she had come?

If he came home! Susanna stood up and a much swifter thought washed a corrosive acid across her mind. Did she have any reason to suppose that Alec Cornish would always be at hand when she cared to turn to him? Were there no other women in the world?

She switched the lights off, slammed the door violently, and hurried to her car. As she pressed the starter the chimes sounded again, the half hour. Half past two! She had been in Alec's house, waiting expectant and forlorn, for three quarters of an hour. After having rushed there from the house of another man. Frustrated night of an involuntary spinster!

IT WAS just like a scene in a movie, Julie Lomax thought, when the crowd at the Webster Arms started clapping and yelling for her and Jimmy Paige. The whole night had been like a movie. She had held that audience in the palm of her hand, and it had loved her. Not bad for an abandoned woman, oh, not bad at all! But best of all was standing with Jimmy in the middle of that big dance floor with someone playing a spotlight on them from the orchestra, and singing the final duet in a hush you could feel with your skin, and a soft rustling murmur, when they finished, before anyone remembered to applaud.

Why, she felt glorious, and all the things you heard about a broken heart were hooey! Maybe she had been a crushed and broken thing a week ago, as the movies would have made her, but now she was alive clear down to the soles of her feet and every corpuscle was feeling fine. Between a tragic love affair and German measles, give her the tragedy every time.

The interrupted dance got under way again, and her mood soared higher, and a million boys tried to be unimpressed and casual but didn't make the grade. Perry most of all. He kept coming back after he had been cut in on, his face grim and purposeful, his temper edgier each time so that he was positively snarling when someone else claimed her. Her heart had made a good recovery—from brick dust to seeing how wrong she'd been about Perry, in just a week. Her heart wasn't ready to vibrate and turn cart wheels when he came into view but probably it would come to that pretty soon. He was on his side of the street now. She was on his side of the street now. He was a good egg. He was her kind. And on the scantiest and most unreliable information, he certainly did think that she was wonderful.

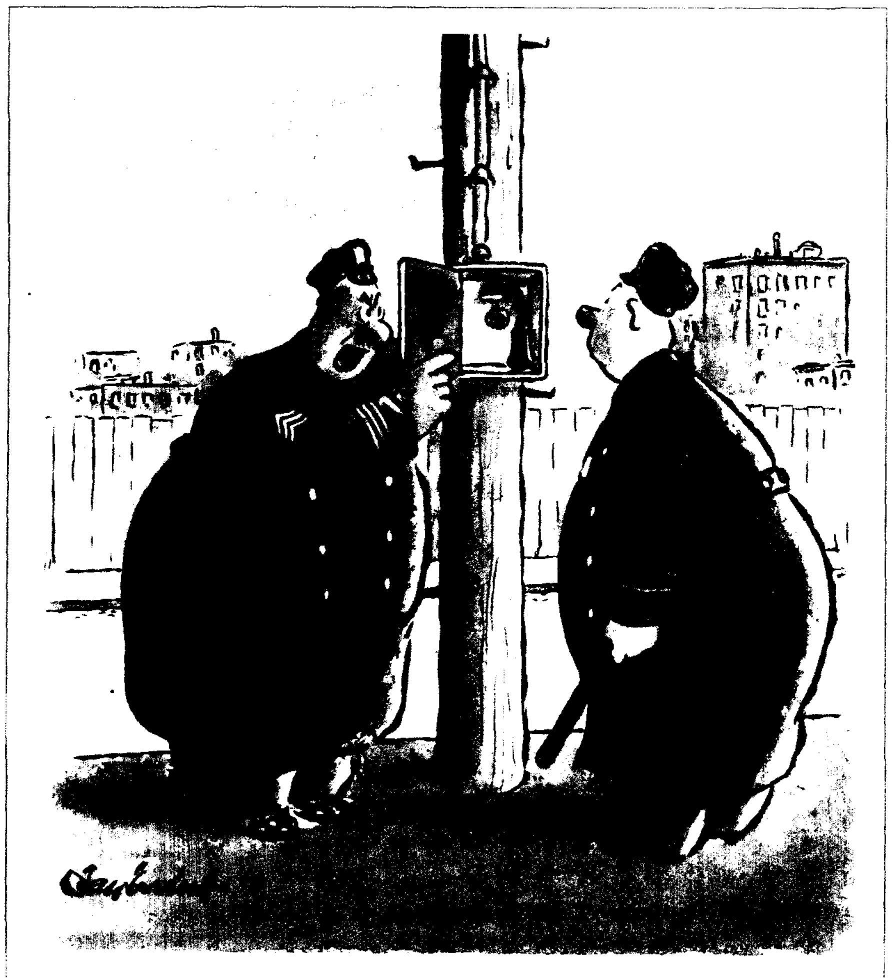
"You and I are a pair of dopes," she told him, when he was able to dance with her for a thirty-yard stretch. "Between us we add up to about half a brain—"

"Speak for yourself," Perry said firmly. "Maybe you only tick every now and then, but get this straight—I got a Grade-A brain. A anyway, maybe double A."

"Nuts. The college just lets you stay so it will have a specimen to show people in abnormal psychology class. It only lets me hang round because I've got a shape it's nice to look at once a year in the Foibles. There ought to be a law—gosh, Perry, maybe there is a law. We'd better look it up. Maybe they passed something about eugenics and we can never get married for fear they'd have to keep our kids in a glass jar when they came to Morrison."

Perry had a collision with an earthquake and it left him stunned and exalted. "Oh! Oh, then you have been listening when I been talking! I always did say the hell with college. When do we get married?"

"Married?" Julie said in surprise. "Are you going to get married? Who to?"



"You know anything about th' jelly beans I had in here?"

JAY IRVING

more heat

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Because the flame is sealed in, no air from inside the car is burned, and no fumes can escape into the car. The South Wind's *utter safety has been proved* by Underwriters' Laboratory tests and in millions of miles of service!

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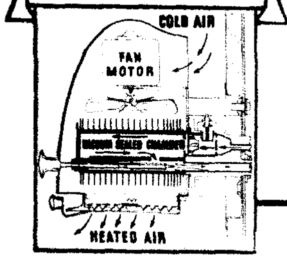

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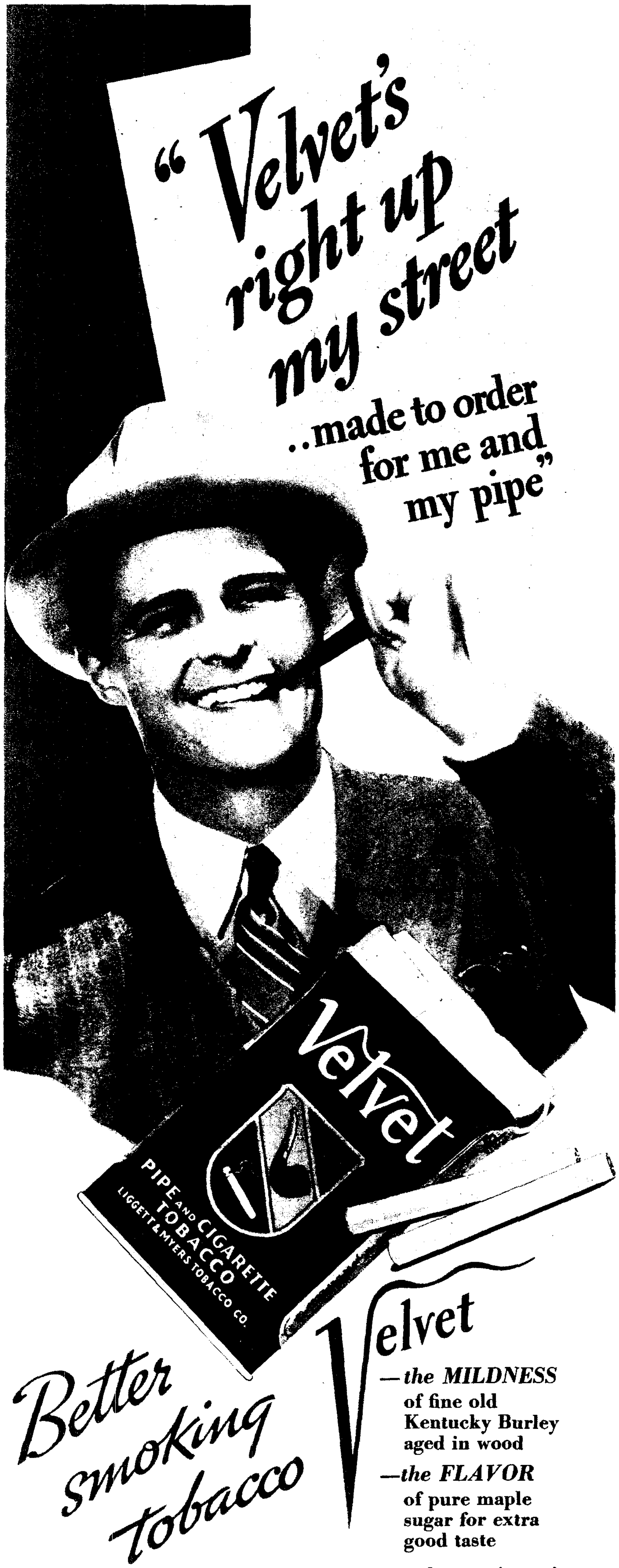
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Perry goggled at her. "You just said we are."

"You've been drinking! I never said a word. Do you want to marry me? This *is the first I've heard of it.*"

Perry dropped her hand to wave a fist. "You gone nuts? Sure, you're the Foibles star, but does that mean you got to lose this mind you been talking about? Ten feet back, right by that red dress, you said we were going to get married."

Julie smiled patiently, as at a child. "A man ought to know how many drinks he can take, and stop there. Am I the kind of a girl who'd bring that up till you'd said something?" Somebody tapped his shoulder and she walked out of his arms, frowning over her shoulder at him, "If you like a girl, it would only be fair to tell her so."

Now he looked as if the earthquake had come back the other way, and she giggled and had to tell her new partner, "Oh, I just thought out the answer to a joke." And she felt—why, she didn't have a care in the world; she was healed. When you could make jokes about marriage on the night that was supposed to be your wedding night, you had got over it. She was okay.

SHE was okay. And at that moment she realized what she was going to do. She hadn't been going to tell Carl about that reporter, but now she was going to. She could face Carl and never color or stammer or cry or say a word of reproach. She didn't even hate him now—she didn't give a damn about him. But she was willing to save him some embarrassment, or some trouble, if she could.

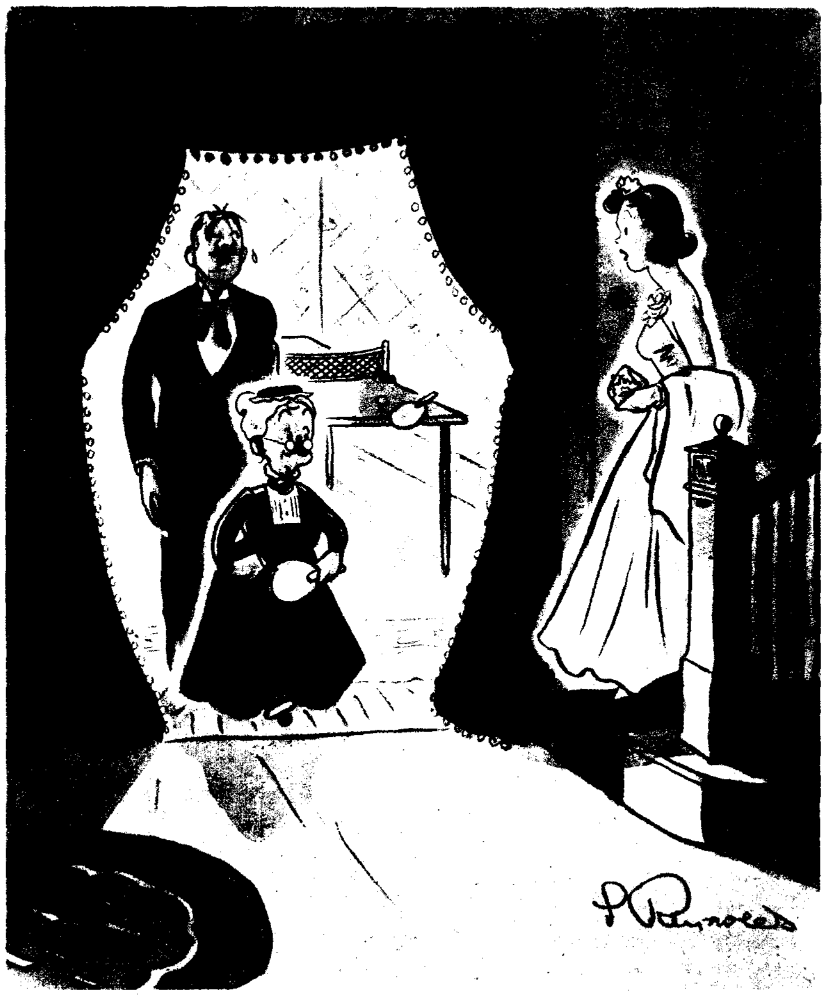
Every place she had gone for the last two days, there was this tall, sallow reporter from Benton staring at her and obviously wanting to talk to her. She was glad to have Perry on hand—that reporter had had too much interest in her from the beginning and lately the sight of him had been giving her the jitters. And then, tonight, just before dinner, he had got her on the telephone at the Gamma house and said he wanted to see her. She had asked what about and he said the Foibles and she said no thanks, there was plenty of stuff about the Foibles in the papers already, and hung up before he could do anything but act peeved.

Maybe it didn't mean anything. But maybe it did. Maybe he had found out about Carl and her—why not? She had come to realize that they had been only less public than an eclipse. And if he had, Carl ought to be warned. She had been in love with him once: just for the sake of that, she ought to tell him.

One o'clock. She could go and tell him and be back in less than half an hour. Nobody would miss her. If anyone did, he'd just think that the star of the Foibles was out somewhere getting herself kissed. And, she thought, I've been on Faculty Drive a lot later than *this. . . .* She hunted round till she saw Perry dancing with Agatha Gray, the Tri-Delt. No man could get away from Agatha in less than twenty minutes. So even Perry, up to his ears in love with her, wouldn't miss her.

Julie went to the dressing room and got her coat and went downstairs and took a taxi to a corner on the far slope of the hill, three blocks beyond Faculty Drive. That had been part of her old system—if you stopped short of a place maybe somebody would get the idea, but if you went past it nobody would tumble. The little house was all lit up and she did feel a qualm of distaste and sadness when she quietly opened the door. The qualm vanished and there was no one here. The living room smelled of smoke and all the ash trays were full of cigarette butts. Well, how long would he be gone? Should she wait? Had she been a fool to come at all?

Before she could decide, the doorbell rang and instinctively she fled to the bedroom. It was dark in here and she stood by the closet door, breathing hard. She had an impulse to open the



"I like your young man, Eileen. He's sturdy!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

window and get out, but that would make a noise. The bell rang and rang. Then the door opened and someone came into the living room. Stiff with fright, Julie stood there and listened. It was a woman. Only a woman would walk so quickly and so quietly. Yes, you could hear her skirt.

She listened to silence for what seemed like hours, and wondered what bitterness and accusations might be torturing that other woman. She knew how you could hate Carl Gilson! And it was out of the question to get that window open and slide out of it. If Carl came home now, he was in for some fast thinking and explaining.

A chair scraped in the living room and then the rapid steps moved into the hall and the front door closed. A starter whirred at the curb and an engine coughed and a car moved away down the drive. She was gone, whoever she was. And a good thing she had come! —for Julie had remembered something vital, something of tremendous importance, something she hadn't remembered all this tortured week. She turned on a light in the bedroom. Yes, in the closet. She took it down, a nightgown she had once delighted in, a silly, sweet, exciting foam of lace and chiffon. Her mouth hardened and her heart went dry. Well, when you're a fool you're a thoroughgoing fool, and it was a damn' good thing she had remembered. And blue satin mules on the closet floor, and a brush with a silver handle and a monogram in the top dresser drawer, and a lipstick and a vanity. But the last two didn't count. They might be anyone's and probably if you looked around the place you'd find a representative collection of them in various shades. They didn't matter: in this kind of crime you didn't look for fingerprints.

She rolled the hairbrush in the nightgown and put them with the mules and the lipstick and vanity in her pocket. Anything else? No, there was just this much debris of a love affair—that's all it took. And pretty lucky to remember about it. She turned out the light and went into the living room again.

She would smoke one cigarette, would wait that long for Carl. She would take that much time for today's good deed, then she would go back to the dance and the hell with Carl Gilson forever. If this reporter wanted to have some fun with Carl that would be all right with Julie Lomax.

HOW the place smelled of stale smoke! There must have been one of those poker games where he lost so much money he couldn't afford to lose. . . . She didn't have any cigarettes. Yes, there was a pack in her other pocket, a sample pack. Just before dinner a salesman had fought his way into the Gamma house and given the girls samples. They had gray paper and gold tips and they tasted pretty bad.

It turned out that she smoked three of them. Just sat there in the room that had held so much ecstasy and so much grief for her, and felt herself grow sad and disgusted. Sat there and felt low, lower, lowest. Sat there and thought, with a wry disgust, how great a fool she had been and how tawdry the whole thing seemed, and how shamed she was. She was going to have a bad hour when she told Perry about it. The night's triumph dissolved away; she just sat there and was a fool.

She stood up suddenly. Steps on the walk outside, on the porch. And voices, loud voices, men's voices. She fled into the dark bedroom and closed the door, and now her heart was really pounding. They came into the living room, and they were yelling at each other. Carl and someone else—she knew that other voice but couldn't quite identify it. Who, oh, who? They were furiously angry at each other. They yelled sometimes and through the closed door she could hear the most dreadful things. Then their voices dropped to a threatening rumble that hid their words, then leaped up again. Horrible, vicious, terrifying things!

She had to get out! She didn't dare! Perry!—why didn't he come for her? Why didn't someone come and stop this?

Their voices broke off. There was a crash. A chair had fallen over. Had been knocked over. Another crash. They were struggling in the other room—they were fighting.

Julie fled to the window, threw it open, stepped over the sill, shuddered, hung by her hands and dropped. She fell on cement and a fiery pain shot up her left leg. She stood up, crumpled, fell again. Then there was a tremendous explosion inside the house and she stood up and ran. Her leg! Oh, she couldn't. She had to, she did. Ran and ran. Blindly, her breath coming in sobs across the drive and down the dark slope toward the campus and on and on, that pain burning her leg. It got worse and she had to stop running, she couldn't take another step, but she couldn't stop and terror was closing off her throat. She knew she was making some kind of outcry but she couldn't get her breath. She didn't get it. The lights went out and she was falling down the dark, and her cheek touched something cold.

BETTY and Emery and Perry Henderson came out of the Webster Arms and taxi drivers yelled at them. Emery led them out of the light and said to the frantic Perry, "Get your car. Follow us to the Gamma house. Maybe she just went home for a handkerchief."

"The Beta Zetes—" Perry began, but Emery shut him off, wearily. "I was only kidding you about the Beta Zetes. Nobody has kidnaped her. She went and got her coat and walked out of her own power, of her own free will."

"They could've sent her a telegram or called her to the phone, couldn't they?" At any other time Perry's belligerence would have been funny but it was ghastly now. "I bet they phoned her—I bet they told her somebody was sick."

"President Bradford, maybe?" Emery roared. "Go get your car!"

Perry went on the run and Betty followed Emery to his car and got in. She said, "Are you going to the police?" Emery turned and put a tense arm round her. "I've got just one swing at it, and I've got to hit it on the nose the first time or it will be messed up for good," he said. "The best bet is it's not a police case, so the police can wait for half an hour."

"Tell me what you think!" she said, agonized against his shoulder. "You mean you don't think it's all you've been scared of, after all?"

"Too pat," Emery said. He started the car and the headlights reached out ahead and, for all her fear, she was assured by his strength, by the unquestioning way in which she and Perry did what he said. "It wouldn't make much sense now. And she wouldn't walk out by herself. No"—he took one hand from the wheel and found hers. "You don't like the idea, dear, but it's the best idea. We can't take a chance on it but it's the best chance. And if I decide to leave you with Perry, your job is just to make sure he doesn't think out the bright plan of calling on Carl Gilson."

"Oh!" Bright sorrow pierced her but it brought a moment of relief. "You think she's there? She isn't! She isn't, Emery. I know she isn't."

"Maybe she isn't, but it makes the most sense. She was in love with him, wasn't she? Do they get over being in love in a week? He threw her over; sure, but maybe he wouldn't be so hostile to-

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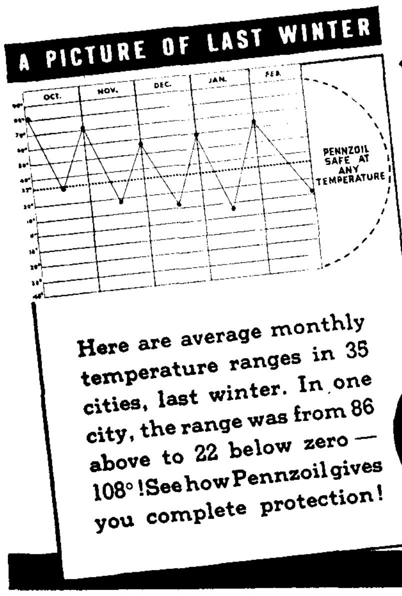
A PICTURE OF LAST WINTER



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night, maybe our triumphant heroine could overwhelm him, maybe he would soften up if he could see her on her biggest night. The whole damn' world fell for her tonight, maybe he would, too."

"I don't believe it!" Betty said. "She was done with him forever. She hated him. Something terrible has happened."

"Heads up, darling, hang on," he said gently. "We've got a job to do. I'd a lot rather save her with Gilson than . . . somewhere else. And if she is with him and we go tell the cops she's disappeared—you wouldn't want that. . . . If I have to leave you, it's up to you to handle Perry."

THE night closed down, confused, incredible, sown with doubt and terror. She ran upstairs in the dark Gamma house and of course Julie wasn't there, but only her clothes scattered all round the room, as they had been when she left for the theater—oh, half a lifetime ago! This was the same night, the night that had been filled with tremulous discovery. Back at the curb she could only hold herself taut and tell them, and Perry was moaning again and Emery was commanding him to be still. They hurried off and this time it proved they were going to the Daily. She followed Emery in, their evening clothes incongruous in this factorylike place. The city room was dark except for a melancholy candidate who had been left in charge, but the circulation staff were playing bridge in their cubbyhole, waiting for the paper to come off the press. Good heavens, it was five minutes to two! They told Emery that Guy Johnson was at the dance too, and hadn't been in. Emery nodded and asked a single question, had Bill Snelling been in tonight? The editorial candidate said he had put his stuff on the wire at nine o'clock and hadn't been back since then. Emery turned on his heel and they went out, Perry muttering, "So what? You want to make any more calls? I say we grab a Beta Zete and twist his arm."

Emery said, "You go hunt with Betty now," and pulled her aside long enough to whisper, "I'm going to take a look at the Tetlow Inn. Then"—his voice died and she said, "What?" and he said, "I'm not so sure now she would leave the dance for Gilson. Too many eyes on her, too many people to miss her. Unless she figured on coming right back—and that would be goofy. No. Not so good. Well, get Perry to go home. Tell him I'll meet him there. I'll phone you as soon as I can. . . . This was our night, wasn't it? And Julie butted in on it. Hell, that doesn't matter, it's still our night. I'm crazy about you, you're the world's darling, I'm head over heels in love with you."

And she was in love with him and everything was all right, even if the whole world was wrong. It wasn't hard to handle Perry—she didn't have to handle him. He had stopped jittering and he drove her to the Gamma house for another fruitless trip up those silent stairs, remembering that people were still dancing, some of them even making love, and another glimpse of that pathetic disorder. When she went back, Perry was just quiet. He said mournfully, "I don't know why we're making such a fuss. She just ran out on me. She's done it before. She'd do it again. Julie runs out—and who am I to kick? It's okay. She's having fun somewhere. I'll go home."

"Emery said he'd see you there—at the T O house." Her throat tightened and she went back to the deserted house. Not deserted. Maybe a half dozen Gammas were asleep there, not having gone to the dance.

She sat in the dark living room and tried to think of Emery, tried to think of his arms round her and his lips, of that little room—but could think of him only somewhere in this awful night, going to do he didn't know what, going to the Tetlow Inn where someone had beaten him up once, where something terrible could happen. Julie—Emery! Terror rose in her with a savage, irresistible force. She couldn't stand it.

And, suddenly, she didn't have to stand it. There was one person more, one ally. Emery hadn't remembered him. Maybe he would remember him, but maybe it would be too late. She remembered him. She would find Alec Cornish and tell him to take charge.

No, of course, no taxi in sight, no car she could borrow, nothing. No matter. She crossed to the dark campus, pulled her coat tight, and shuddered at the cold that came through her paper-thin pumps.

So it was almost across the campus, on the way to Alec Cornish's, that she found Julie. She came round a curve in the path and almost fell over her. Julie was lying on the path, out cold, and her fur coat was open and that gay dress looked ghostly in the darkness. Betty stifled a scream and knelt down by her. She had fainted. How long ago? But look, one foot stuck out at a queer angle. Oh, no one anywhere, the whole world dark and asleep. Weren't there any police? Didn't Morrison have night watchmen? What had happened, what could she do?

Betty stood up, then knelt again, for she had opened the coat farther to feel Julie's heart and something rolled out of the pocket. A nightgown and a hairbrush and one mule! Yes, on her way to Dr. Gilson's when something happened. Sick at heart, Betty rolled them up and put them in her own pocket, then ran toward the nearest building. There must be a watchman, or a janitor, or someone. Or a telephone.

THE clock on the cowl said two twenty-five and the inn was dark. Emery sat swearing, then got out and walked round the building. No cars anywhere, no sign of life, no light. Well, yes, a dim glow through one basement window, probably the furnace room. Suddenly furious, Emery began to beat on the door nearest it. He didn't expect any answer, but he distinctly heard the floor creak and hammered the door again, then rattled the knob. After a moment the lock clicked and the door slid inward to deeper darkness and a hostile voice, heavily Italian, inquired who the hell he was and what the hell he wanted.

Emery's scalp wrinkled hard at a guess there was a gun trained on him from about three feet away and the voice belonged to someone who was not gifted with trust or patience. "Where's Maxie?" he said.

"Home in bed."

"When did he go?"

"Inn closes one o'clock."

Yeah. Sure. Inn closes one o'clock. And E. Smith had done some boyish things in his time but standing at the basement back door of the Tetlow Inn at two thirty in the morning, talking with a wop who probably thought he was a thug was by far the most adolescent. He said, "Okay, I'll see him tomorrow," and the voice said contemptuously, "Yeah, get the hell out," and the door shut, and Emery felt like a fool.

His ears were probably red and he sat in the coupé feeling like a twelve-year-old who had been caught playing with dolls. The boy detective! Well, had he supposed he was going to break in on a meeting of robed and masked figures with Julie pinioned to the cellar wall and Dr. Wu's pet gorilla keeping guard over her?

She had gone out under her own steam. One minute having the time of her life, and the next minute walking out. That was the crucial thing, and there was no knowing which way it pointed. Would she have been so gay if anything had been hanging over her? That pointed toward Gilson, toward a plan formed in advance or even an assignation. But did it? Could Julie have faked that carefree delight if she had planned to meet him? Probably not, and Perry's crazy suggestion of a phone call looked better now. But who? Snelling? Nobody knew anything about Snelling, nobody knew that Snelling took any notice of Julie. Alec Cornish had blown that old suspicion to little bits.

Alec's job. Alec would have to lose some sleep. Get Alec out of bed, tell him the story, and either go to the cops or go home and apply an ice bag to the forehead, whichever Alec might direct. Emery drove back to Webster at top speed and for the first time in his life knew what it was to be afraid. A cold seizure of the muscles, a sense of something happening beyond his control, an overwhelming need to do something, a delusion that something was following behind him.

AS HE came into town he heard the distant wail of a siren and, shivering, wondered where fire had broken out at such an hour. Fire somewhere in Webster, and dancing and hilarity somewhere else, and this desperation over a rattle-brained blonde.

Five minutes to three. He got out and knocked at Alec's door, then yelled, finally opened the door and switched on the lights, and yelled again. Well, if he needed company, he wasn't going to get it from Alec, for Alec wasn't in and, judging by his bed, hadn't been in and maybe wasn't going to be in. Half hysterical mirth struggled with Emery's alarm: you sure check up on people in the detective business and maybe the whole night is cuckoo. Maybe it would be delicate to stop looking for people. Let's just play that Julie and Alec have gone off by themselves.

Snap out of it, Smith. You're scared, you're acting like a girl with a ghost story. And since there was now no one he could get to make his decision for him, he'd have to make it himself. So his decision was to stop guessing, stop figuring things, stop running round in circles, and find out. Tell the cops. Yeah? Tell them what? Well, tell them that Julie had walked out of the dance and leave the rest up to them. If they got personal and found out she'd ended up in a tender twosome, that would be just too bad.

Well, on the way to the cops, he would drive past the house of C. Gilson, faculty Don Juan, exciter of female hearts, specialist in blondes. Put that down as another crazy idea. What could he find out by driving past? Ring the bell and get Gilson up? Oh, Dr. Gilson, by the way, our Julie isn't here, is she?

He came round the curve of Faculty Drive and jammed on his brakes. The coupé slid on ice and bumped against the curb and Emery leaped out. Gilson's house had a light in every room, and there were lights in all the other houses on the drive, and half a dozen cars were parked along the curb, and one of them was an ambulance. Several groups of people were on the walk, and there were cops—cops outside, cops in the doorway. The place was boiling with cops. Another car, its siren wailing, skidded up and stopped and more cops got out.

Guy Johnson came up, his white shirt front gleaming under his overcoat. "Well, you're a newspaperman, too," he said. "When did you hear about it?"

"I haven't heard about it yet," Emery said. "What goes on?"

"Oh? Well, you got here anyway. I was out—well, out in a car—and heard the sirens. They won't let you in. Oh, somebody got home on Doc Gilson. Too late to change our front page—we're off the press by now."

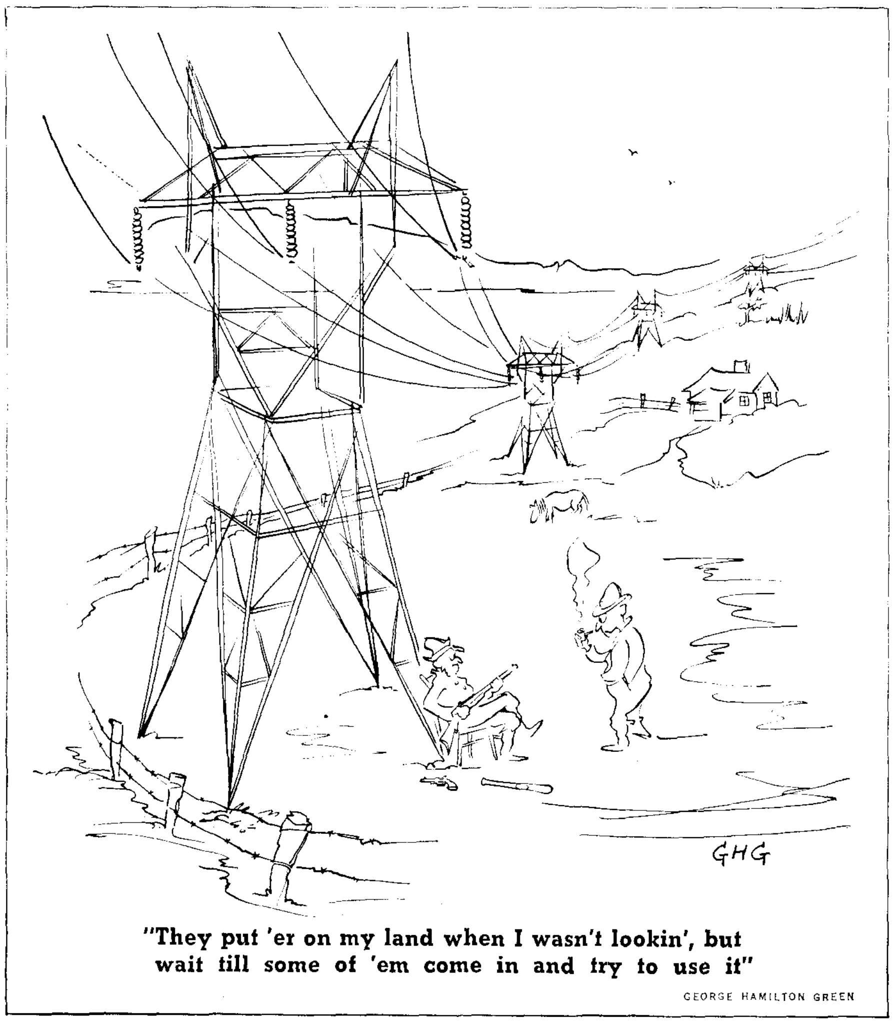
"How," Emery said, "how did they get home on him?" Yeah, not only how, but who?

"Make a nice story for the papers," Guy said. "Somebody let him have it. Through the head. With a gun. Just like Frankie and Johnnie."

"Dead?"

"There goes the ambulance," Guy said. "Empty. Here comes the dead wagon."

(To be continued next week)



"They put 'er on my land when I wasn't lookin', but wait till some of 'em come in and try to use it"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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STOKERS
AIR CONDITIONERS

The Spymaster

Continued from page 17

One word with you, Fakenham, and you, Cheshire."

The members of the Council left the room almost in silence.

"You realize, sir," Fakenham said, as soon as the three men were alone together, "that there are twenty or thirty newspaper correspondents in both capitals sending messages every half hour. This breaking off of negotiations cannot be censored out of the press altogether."

"Negotiations are not broken off," the Premier said firmly. "We take the attitude that they are only suspended. This is why I wanted just a word with you, Fakenham, about your morning articles. You control two important morning newspapers and another one with a wide circulation which appears at midday. I do not ask you who writes your reports, but I believe you sometimes do so yourself. The tone of them is almost universally correct but tonight, when these are written, I beg of you to exercise the utmost discretion. Don't say a word of a provocative nature. Keep a calm note. Remember this—if war were to come in four months, three months, even two, we could be ready for it. If it comes tomorrow we are not quite in the same position."

"You shall have a copy of our two principal articles by midnight," Fakenham promised.

"We can ask no more than that," the Premier declared.

FAKENHAM took his leave. The Prime Minister ushered Cheshire back into his private study across the hall.

"We are up against it, my friend," the former observed. "You are in a worse plight than I am, though. If things go well, not a living soul will ever know the reason. If they go badly, the energies of XYZ will form the subject of discussions in the House, violent diatribes in the press and abuse from every writer of memoirs of the day throughout the future of history."

Cheshire smiled confidently.

"I am not afraid, sir," he declared. "We are simply doing what one other nation at least has done in years gone by. We have carried this war of espionage into the enemy's country. We have double-crossed him. I am proud of my work, although I say it to you now for the first time. I have only one regret. A single week, sir, a single week and our big card would have been played without risk and we could have sat back and laughed while their thunders faded away. Four days, even, would give us a chance. Our big effort will still be made, but forty-eight hours is running it a little close."

"That sounds good," the Premier acknowledged. "I shall be very much surprised if we cannot manage as much as that. The enemy diplomacy is of the bullying type but after all there are neutral journalists and neutral countries in the world to be considered and neither of these bellicose nations will want to go down in history as having been absolutely crude in the finishing touches. Both Dunkerley and Orson-Meade have had it from my own lips. All that we want is a brief delay. I quoted you—the maximum one week's delay, if possible, the minimum forty-eight hours. Remember that unless our enemies are guilty of a diplomatic *faux pas,* Dunkerley and Orson-Meade have to make their report not to our ambassadors in foreign capitals but to me here. To do that they will have to come back to London. I can see an extraordinarily good chance of a trifle more than forty-eight hours, Cheshire."

"A week," Cheshire assured him, "would see a more or less dignified withdrawal on the part of both countries or the German fleet all in the scrap basket and the Mediterranean in our hands. London might be in a pitiful state and there would be horrible shows all over Great Britain, but, on the other hand, no army can ever be landed in this country from even ten thousand airplanes. Fight for that week, sir, however much our *amour-propre* may have to suffer."

"We have been quite as near war before," the Premier reflected. "On that occasion, also, it was the enemy who climbed down. I think I can promise you the next four days, Cheshire. I believe that you will have the week."

CHESHIRE drank his whisky and soda and set down the glass.

"You will find, sir," he declared confidently, "that I shall be as good as my word. If I may say so," he added, "it is an inspiration to find that you, who have the greatest responsibility of all, can maintain so steadfast an attitude."

The Premier smiled.

"The greatest crime of which a statesman can be guilty, Cheshire," he said firmly, "is overoptimism, yet as we two are here alone at a critical moment I will tell you this: I do not think that these two nations who are being so troublesome were ever made to be allies. I don't think that they would ever be able to fight a winning war against the empire. The people who as a nation are giving us the greatest trouble are disposed to follow the man they worship like a crazed mob, but then, after all, he has only led them to easy victories and all the time he dopes their vanity with fantastic and bombastic addresses. I don't even believe that the Italian people themselves want another war. The Germans do, of course, and they will probably get it in time.

"You know I am a man of peace, Cheshire, but if these two troublesome countries really carry out what seems to me their present intention, I think it will be, in the end, a great blessing for us all. Mind you, I do not want them to embark upon this diabolical enterprise, because of the wave of misery throughout the world that war must bring, but if they are insane enough to do so, they cannot win. If Germany were to wait another ten years, I don't know that we could ever compete. She would have to regain her colonies then, or some of them. If she starts this trouble now—well, in the long run I should say that her present ruler is making as wicked a mistake as the Kaiser did in '14."

"It is an inspiration to hear you talk like that, sir," Cheshire declared.

"Now, we have done enough talking for the moment," the Premier observed. "Are you going back to the admiralty?"

"I shall be working all night, sir," was the prompt reply. "In forty-eight hours, if all goes well, the plans I am engaged on will be in the hands of our prospective enemies. If they once get there we are saved."

The Premier walked arm in arm with his departing visitor to the hall door.

"Well, we know where to find you for the next twenty-four hours, Cheshire," he said. "You've a big job to tackle working all alone, but I suppose you know the limits of your own strength. As soon as you have passed on the plans let me know. We will keep in touch all round."

The butler, who was waiting at his post, threw open the door. There was an unusually large crowd of loiterers outside. A few drops of misty rain were falling but the sky above was clear. The man leaned forward.

"The police have done their best to clear the street, sir," he announced. "Some of them are rather hard to get rid of but there is a special squad of Scotland Yard men here waiting for the admiral."

A car drove up. Cheshire shook hands with his chief and ran lightly down the steps. An uneasy-looking inspector stood at the open door of the automobile with his hand at the salute.

"Admiralty—side entrance," Cheshire directed. "Thanks very much, Inspector. You really need not have troubled."

As he stepped into the car, there was a crash of glass. Both windows in the automobile seemed to fall away and the air for a moment was thick with flying fragments. The inspector reeled and nearly lost his balance. Cheshire staggered, but only for a moment. Then there was a babel of police whistles, a rush to one particular portion of the street opposite. Cheshire settled himself down in a corner. His voice was hard and pregnant with authority.

"Drive at once to the admiralty, side entrance," he ordered.

"Blankleaf, Singleton and Tweegley? Did you receive a letter from us beginning *'Dearest Oogsie - Poogsie'?"*

GEORGE LICHTY

THE following day was one of repression. Contrary to early reports, the Stock Exchange remained open. "Business as Usual" was the slogan faithfully observed. There was a complete absence of news, which puzzled everyone except the man who sat working at his desk or in his chartroom hour after hour. There was a vague report in some of the papers that a revolver had been discharged at a passing motorcar in Downing Street, but apparently no one had been hurt except the putative assassin, an unknown man now under arrest, who had fought fiercely for his liberty and was lying unidentified and unconscious in the nearest hospital.

Of definite news from abroad there seemed to be none. The journals of the day had all adopted the same note, they all preached the same advice. The *pourparlers* had reached their most difficult crisis and reflection was being indulged in upon both sides. The envoys—Orson-Meade and Dunkerley—had both flown

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to England and upon receipt of their reports a Cabinet Council was summoned to be held on the following day, after which it was understood that they would both return to their posts. There was something exceedingly deliberate about the attitude of the press and the politicians. All the time, Cheshire was working upon a scheme that remained for years afterward in the archives of the admiralty as a triumphal and magnificent piece of tactical exposition.

The solitary worker, paler, with an extraordinarily bright light in his eyes, fell back exhausted in his chair soon after midday. He refused lunch but drank an unusual quantity of brandy and ate two biscuits. Then after a strong cup of coffee he lit his pipe and continued. He spent most of the afternoon in the chartroom but completed his task at his desk. At eight o'clock Hincks found him lying sprawled over his table. He looked up at his assistant's entrance and addressed him with something of his old briskness.

"Another glass of brandy, Hincks," he directed. "Bring it yourself. I have some instructions for you."

THE young man returned in less than a minute with a plate of biscuits and the brandy. He carried also a siphon but Cheshire shook his head.

"Presently, perhaps," he said, gripping the tumbler. "I am not thirsty, only a little tired. Listen, Hincks," he went on, after a gulp from the glass. "My task is finished. If this scheme of our projected offensive can get into the hands of those who think that every move we could make is known to them over in Rome, if it could reach them before the first shot has been fired, we shall have done our job. There will be no war."

Hincks was speechless as he picked up sheet after sheet of plans and explanation.

"This is a miracle, sir," he faltered at last.

"It might have been true," Cheshire said in a low tone, "if we had had the ships and the sailors to man them—another thousand seaplanes and the new guns. We could have wiped them off the face of the sea, Hincks, as surely in fact as we have done here on paper. Now listen—how long will it take you to copy this?"

"I can do it in twelve hours, sir."

"I shall leave it to you to carry on, then," Cheshire decided.

"And when I have copied it?" Hincks asked anxiously. "Am I to bring it to you?"

"I have other work on hand," was the somewhat enigmatic reply. "I might not be here. You are to make your own appointment with Elida Pelucchi. You are to represent me and hand over the plans. She knows what to do with them. She will be waiting for you as soon as you have finished them, in my rooms at the Milan Court. They are for her and her only."

For a moment or two Hincks stood like a man turned to stone, then a slow flush of color stained his cheeks. His fingers began to tremble. He stretched out his hand and leaned on the desk.

"Sir," he stammered, "I am to see the contessa? You trust me with this?"

"Don't be a fool," Cheshire answered. "Haven't I trusted you ever since that trouble? You know my weakness. I believe in my gift. I know men. I know you, Hincks. You will never falter again as long as you live. You will take my place with the young woman. You will urge upon her that not one second is to be lost in handing that over to the person who is waiting for it."

"But you, sir?" Hincks asked in bewilderment.

"I have yet another task to perform," he explained. "Shake hands, Commander Hincks," he added, holding out his hand. "I had a word with Maddox about you today. If the new job I am looking for takes me abroad you will get your step all right. You will be one of the youngest captains to command a battleship."

"I don't quite understand, sir—" Hincks began.

"It is not your business to understand," was the prompt reply. "You are to obey. Leave me alone now for a time. Commence your copying."

"What shall I do with our own copy, sir?"

"Deliver it personally to Admiral Maddox. He had better take it to the First Lord."

Hincks gathered up the papers, dazed though he was. There was something in his chief's appearance that filled him with dismay.

"I wish you would let me send you something, sir," he begged. "You have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours and more."

"I am quite all right," Cheshire assured him. "I shall be starting my other job directly and I shall have enough people fussing round then. And Ronnie—"

The young man drew himself to attention.

"Yes, sir."

"Elida Pelucchi—she has a weak spot in her heart for you, I think."

"It isn't possible, sir," Hincks declared brokenly. "I will get over that."

"Don't be a damn' fool," Cheshire told him. "The girl's fond of you. It doesn't matter who she is. You've got plenty of money of your own—wellborn, all that sort of stuff."

"But I thought, sir, that you—"

"You thought wrong, then. Remember that. Out you get."

IT WAS a couple of hours later when Cheshire prepared to leave his rooms. He sent for his typist-secretary and cleared up some letters. She looked at him strangely.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" she asked. "If you will pardon my saying so—you look tired."

He hesitated.

"Well, if that is the case," he decided. "I'll take a little more brandy before I go."

He raised the glass, which still stood upon the desk, to his lips but set it down in a moment. Then he left the room, passed through the general offices and descended in the lift. The commissionaire hurried forward.

"Your car is here, sir," he announced. "The police car that brought you had its windows smashed but another one arrived to take its place early this morning. It has been waiting about all day."

"Fetch it along," Cheshire directed.

"Where to, sir?"

"I must call and see a friend before I go to my rooms," he said. "St. George's Hospital, tell the driver."

Life was a little hazy afterward. Cheshire found his way across the pavement and into the private consulting room on the ground floor of the hospital. Word got about as to his identity and in a moment a surgeon he knew quite well hurried in.

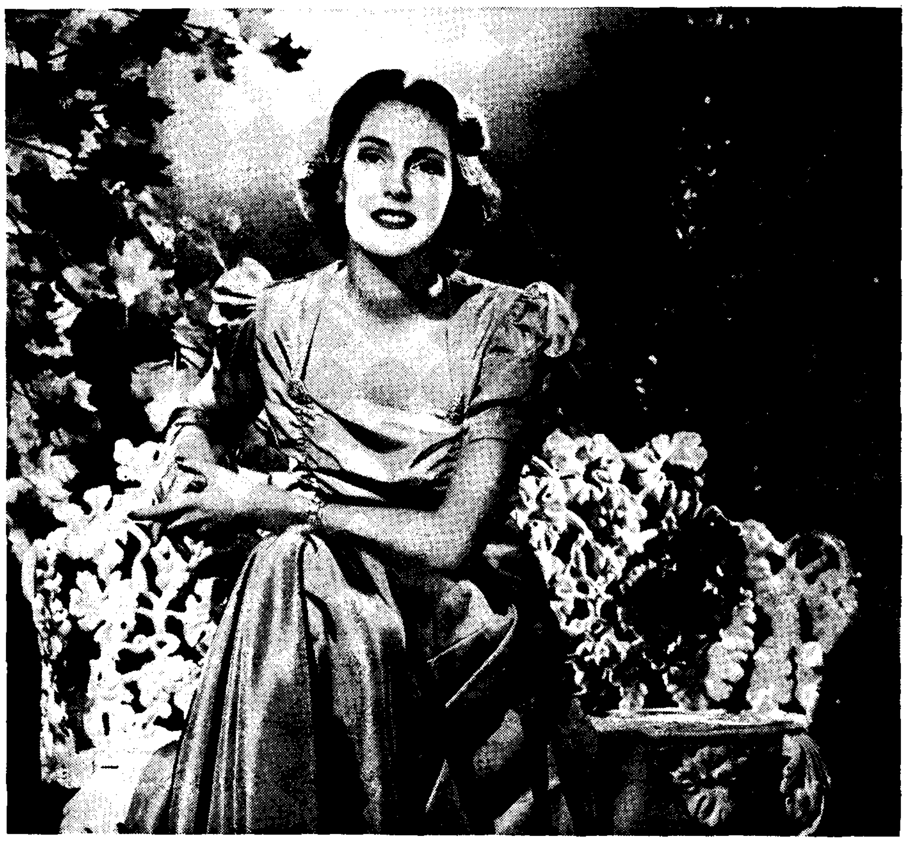
"Admiral," he exclaimed anxiously, as they shook hands, "what's wrong?"

"I have been doing a long stint of work," Cheshire told him, "and I've got a bullet in my shoulder you had better see to. It's been there twenty-four hours."

He reeled upon his feet even as the words left his lips. He arrived at his private room on a stretcher.

"Commander Hincks calling, Madam," Greyes announced the next morning, throwing open the door of Cheshire's salon in the Milan Court.

Elida sprang from her chair and held



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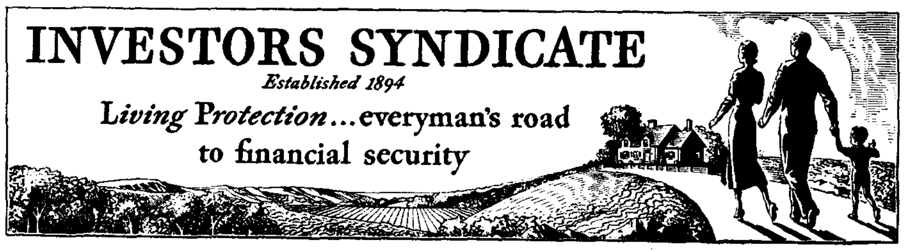

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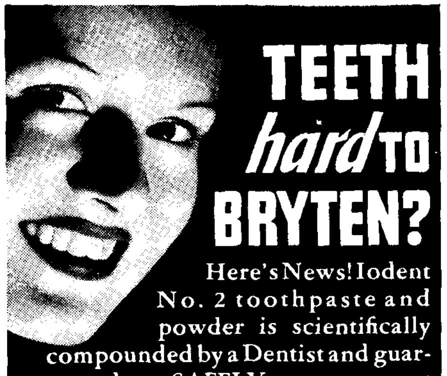

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out her hands. Her eyes shone with excitement.

"Ronnie!" she exclaimed in amazement. "I had no idea. Where is Guy?"

Hincks was holding her hands tightly. For a moment or two he seemed too overcome to speak.

"Elida," he confided, "I am his deputy. One thing and one thing only for us. I have your packet here."

"Well?"

"This must be taken to wherever you take the papers without a single second's delay. You read the journals. You know there is a great crisis. The chief worked twenty-four hours without stopping on these. I have had to do my bit, too. Now you must do yours."

"My dear boy, I am ready," she exclaimed. "Give them to me! I understand."

HE TOOK her in his arms for an instant and kissed her. Then he pressed the sealed package into her hands.

"Listen," he said, "there's a service car waiting at the embankment entrance. I can guess where you are taking this, but I don't need to know. If you happen to see the person who is responsible for receiving them from you you are to say that this is the last effort."

"Aren't you even coming down with me?" she asked.

"The chief thought it best not. Greyes is waiting—his servant—in the corridor. He will take you. You see what a state I am in. I have been working all night without stopping. You deliver those plans, and if you like—"

"Well? I am sure I shall like!"

"You can come back here and we will have lunch together. It was the admiral's suggestion that our meeting should take place in these rooms."

"I shall fly," she declared. "See, I have brought my dispatch box."

He placed the packet inside. She tucked the case under her arm.

"Greyes is waiting outside," he told her again, throwing the door open.

She hurried off. Hincks found his way to the bathroom, took off his coat and plunged his head into a basin of cold water. Then he locked the door, stripped and indulged in a hot bath. He was a different-looking young man when he re-entered the sitting room in about twenty minutes time. Elida returned to find him walking restlessly up and down the room.

"It is delivered?" he cried eagerly.

She showed him the empty dispatch case.

"Straight from here into the hands of my friend at the embassy," she assured him. "No harm in telling you that now, I suppose. Not a sign of a Ludini or a Florestan. This business is finished."

His thankfulness was expressed only by a hoarse, unintelligible exclamation. It shone, however, from his face. He pressed the bell. He handed her the menu.

"Two dry Martinis," he told the waiter. "The contessa will order luncheon when you bring them."

The man disappeared with a bow. Elida saw the fever still in her companion's face.

"Do not worry any more, Ronnie," she begged. "It is done—successfully accomplished. The plans leave Heston in an hour. They will reach their destination this evening."

He drew a long sigh of relief. They sat side by side on the divan. The eagerly desired cocktails arrived. Elida studied the menu and ordered luncheon. They were alone again together.

"This is the end, Elida," he told her once more. "The chief has pronounced it. The stint is finished."

"And oh, how glad I am!" she cried joyfully. "It has all been so hateful. Tell me, Ronnie, are you really re-established?"

"Absolutely," he assured her. "The admiral has been too wonderful. He has stood by *me* all the time. I am really in charge of the department until he comes back."

"Where is he?" Elida asked.

He shook his head.

"I don't know. Somewhere he can rest, I hope. He was absolutely worn out when he left. I should think that probably he went to Downing Street."

"I must be reassured, Ronnie. It is really finished—all this secret service business?"

"Yes," he told her. "And you don't need to be too unhappy about it, either, Elida. If you seem to have been working a little against your country, remember that what you have really been working against is war. The better side of your country does not want war. The better side of ours doesn't. We are the altruists of the world, even if we have worked behind the curtain."

"I wish I could make Sabine see that," she sighed.

"She will see it before long," he assured her.

The waiter wheeled in the luncheon table.

"I hope I have ordered what you like," she said. "Oysters for both of us, a clear consommé, a plainly roasted chicken and a soufflé."

"Delicious," he agreed.

The waiter took his leave. The door was scarcely closed before Hincks turned once more to his companion and took her gently into his arms. For a moment he was inaudible. She drew away half laughing, though her eyes were suspiciously dim.

"Is this muddle of words meant to be a proposal?" she asked.

"It was meant to be one," he assured her. "Will you marry me, Elida? Do you really care for me?"

"My dear Ronnie, if I did not care I should not be here," she told him, smoothing out the wrinkles by his eyes.

There was the sound of someone moving about behind them. They turned round, startled. Greyes was standing like a ghost in the middle of the apartment. His voice was almost inaudible.

"I was sorry to have to leave you, sir," he apologized. "I received an urgent message to take some things over to the hospital."

"Hospital?" Hincks repeated. "Who is in the hospital, Greyes?"

The man's face twitched. His voice broke.

"The—the admiral, sir."

"In hospital?" Elida exclaimed. "Why is he there?"

"What's the matter?" Hincks demanded.

GREYES came a little nearer to them. "I'm sorry, Commander," he said. "I quite thought that you and the contessa knew. The admiral went direct to St. George's Hospital when he left the admiralty last night. This morning's report is not satisfactory. The operation has been postponed until tomorrow."

"What operation?" Hincks gasped.

Greyes drew a slight breath.

"It seems that the admiral was working all day yesterday and all the night before with a bullet in his shoulder," he groaned. "He was shot in that scuffle in Downing Street, and he went back to the admiralty without saying a word about it. When he arrived at the hospital last night he collapsed."

"My God!" Hincks exclaimed. "He looked like hell all day. Who fired the shot?"

"I could not be sure of the name, sir, but it was one of the men who had been turned out of Downing Street earlier in the day."

"I must go to the hospital at once," Hincks declared.

Greyes shook his head.

"It would be quite useless, sir," he assured them. "I myself was not allowed to see the admiral and he has just been given a powerful opiate. The Prime Minister's secretary and Sir Herbert Melville were both there and both sent away when I was."

The expression on Hincks' face was one of sheer agony. He turned away and stood with his back to them before the window. His fingernails bit into his palms.

"There is someone always on night duty who will give reports," Greyes said quietly. "At present, it is useless to go near the hospital. I will let you know if there is any further news."

"And me, too, at Regent's Park House," Elida begged.

"Certainly, Madam," Greyes promised.

They were left alone once more. . . .

"A sad end to this glorious day, dear," Elida whispered. "I am so sorry for you, and terribly, terribly sorry for Guy."

"He will get over it," Hincks declared. "He must get over it. He is the fittest man I ever knew. . . . I am not to be seen outside with you, Elida, so I cannot offer to take you home. Could you let Greyes—"

"I do not need anyone," she interrupted. "Five minutes alone, Ronnie, and then I will go."

Their five minutes, however, was never to come. They heard no knock, they heard no opening door. It was the voice behind that disturbed them.

"I have come to pay a visit to Admiral Cheshire. Perhaps you can tell me where to find *him?*"

They both swung round. To Elida the man who stood there, with his hard, thin face with the prominent cheekbones and strange mouth, was the re-embodiment of a nightmare. Hincks, too, although he asked the question, had more than an idea as to his identity.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name," the other replied, "is Florestan."

THERE was an odd little silence in the room. Florestan stood with his back to the door, his eyes looking from one to the other of its occupants.

"I believe," he said, "I have the honor of speaking to the Contessa Pelucchi."

"You have had the honor of speaking to her once before," the girl acknowledged quietly. "You escaped from the police that time. Perhaps, today, you will be less fortunate."

"A mistake, I can assure you," Florestan replied. "I am a very law-abiding person. The police have nothing against me. . . . And you, sir, I must have heard of," he went on, turning to Hincks.

"I don't see why," was the guarded response. "I am Commander Hincks."

"You are associated with Admiral Cheshire, I believe, in his work at the admiralty."

"May I ask what business that is of yours?"

"It is my unfortunate mission in life to interfere at times in other people's affairs. If you are an associate of Admiral Cheshire's, young man, it seems to me that you are in the same line of business. As for the contessa, I have for a long while looked forward to the pleasure of seeing her again."

"Look here," Hincks demanded, a trifle puzzled. "What's all this talk about? You came to see Admiral Cheshire. I tell you that he is not here. He is unable to see anyone. As a matter of fact, there is no secret about it—he is in a hospital, ill. You will excuse me if I point out to you that you are an intruder."

Florestan smiled faintly. It was far from being a pleasant gesture.

"I am sorry," he said, "because you will have to put up with my intrusion for a moment or two longer."

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Hincks moved toward the bell. Florestan stretched out his arm. He was barring the way.

"In Admiral Cheshire's much-to-be-regretted absence," he continued, "my business is with you, sir, and the young lady. The contessa has been in the habit of sending various communications to the country that employs me as an agent. The communications, I gather, are handed by you to the young lady and from her to a mutual friend. This time, *I* am commissioned to be that mutual friend."

"You are talking nonsense," Hincks said curtly. "I have never seen you before in my life and what I have heard of you under the name of Copeland, I think it was, I don't like. Supposing what you have said is the truth, you are the last person with whom I should recommend the contessa to hold any communication whatever."

Florestan was an ugly sight as he stood, his lips slightly apart, his teeth showing, a small but very sinister-looking gun in his right hand. His fingers had seemed only to flash through the air toward his pocket. Neither of the two could have told whence the gun came, but it was there with all its unpleasant significance. Elida shrank back a little. Hincks hesitated for a moment.

"I AM here for straight talk and quick action," Florestan said. "What you are doing, young man, in Admiral Cheshire's rooms I do not know—I do not much care. The admiral must be of a very forgiving nature. He lets Rawson shoot himself and keeps you on in your place. I don't care. Only, since you are here, you have got to do as I say. I want those plans your chief was working on all yesterday. I want them and I am here to get them."

"That seems a little unfortunate," Hincks rejoined firmly. "You seem to know so much you shall know the whole truth. The contessa was entrusted with those plans. She has already delivered them at their destination."

"When?"

"Within the last two hours."

"Is that true, Contessa?" Florestan asked, fiercely swinging round on his heel.

"It is true."

"To whom have you delivered them?"

"That's no business of yours," Hincks broke in. "You may be an agent of the country for whom they are intended or you may not. I really do not care. You may as well understand, though, that supposing we were still in possession of those plans, neither the contessa nor I would ever have entrusted them to you."

Florestan lowered his revolver. He still, however, held it tightly clenched in his right hand.

"I find your attitude toward me, Commander Hincks, unfriendly," he sneered.

"It is intended to be so," Hincks assured him.

"Almost rude," Florestan continued.

"It is still short of what you deserve," was the blunt reply.

"I am afraid," Florestan complained, "that the contessa has been poisoning your mind against me."

"She doesn't need to do that," Hincks declared. "I have heard enough about you from other sources. You have come on a fruitless errand, Mr. Florestan. If you wanted to examine the papers that were temporarily entrusted to the Contessa Pelucchi you are too late. She has had them and parted with them. The sooner you realize that and clear out the better."

The intruder shook his head.

"Oh, no," he said, "I am not going to clear out."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I am going to await the return of my kind friend, Admiral Cheshire. I am going to find out from him whether you are up to a game of your own, or whether he is in it, too. In plain words, young man, I am going to find out whether those plans are faked with the intention of deceiving the people you passed them on to or whether they are genuine."

"And where do you propose to wait?" Hincks demanded.

"In this room."

"Oh, no, you are not," was the swift reply.

Hincks, who had been waiting for his opportunity, was over at the bell, his thumb pressed against it. At a different angle, Florestan's movements were just as quick. His hands ran lightly but searchingly over Elida. She was powerless to resist. Before she had summoned up her courage and her strength he had finished and stepped back.

"I am disappointed, but in a sense relieved," he said with ugly sarcasm. "So far as the contessa is concerned she is absolved. I begin to wonder whether by some chance or other you have not both told the truth."

"We have," Hincks assured him, "whether you believe it or not."

"In that case," Florestan observed, "it is not worth while shooting either of you. If your plan of the British offensive in the North Sea and the Mediterranean has already been delivered I must change my scheme."

"What the hell do you know about these plans?" Hincks demanded, for the moment staggered.

Florestan paused in the act of listening. The silence outside was unbroken.

"To remain is scarcely worth the inconvenience to which your clumsy behavior would expose me," he said calmly. "If I am really too late to intercept that precious document I shall relieve you of my presence. I wish you—"

"Wait a minute," Hincks interrupted. "I am not sure that we are ready to let you go. I have a fancy, Mr. Florestan, that the police would be interested in asking you a few questions."

"Let them come," was the bold reply. "I had a motorcar stolen. I am not responsible for that. Your chief found a revolver and some cartridges in my room. That, in itself, leads nowhere. There is no evidence against me of having ever broken the law. I may be an agent for a country with which England is not at present on speaking terms. What about it? I have done nothing illegal. I am a member of one of the oldest established and best known firms of merchants in the city. I have had large dealings with the admiralty. They owe me, at the moment, over two million pounds."

HINCKS, who had not quitted his position close to the bell, thrust his thumb upon the knob once more. Then he wheeled round to face the intruder.

"Look here, Florestan," he said. "You have come here and asked a good many foolish questions. I will ask you one. You admit that in England, you, a member of a firm of English merchants, are the agent of a foreign power. The contessa here is a native of that country and has been in correspondence with them. Who, I ask you, gave you the right to interfere?"

"Capital," Florestan commented. "There is nothing so subtle as the truth. It is my object to find out on behalf of the contessa's own country whether she is working in their interests or whether she is working against them on behalf of England."

"How could she be working against them?" Hincks asked.

"By giving them false information."

There was a moment's tense silence. Florestan looked from one to the other of them.

(*To be concluded next week*)

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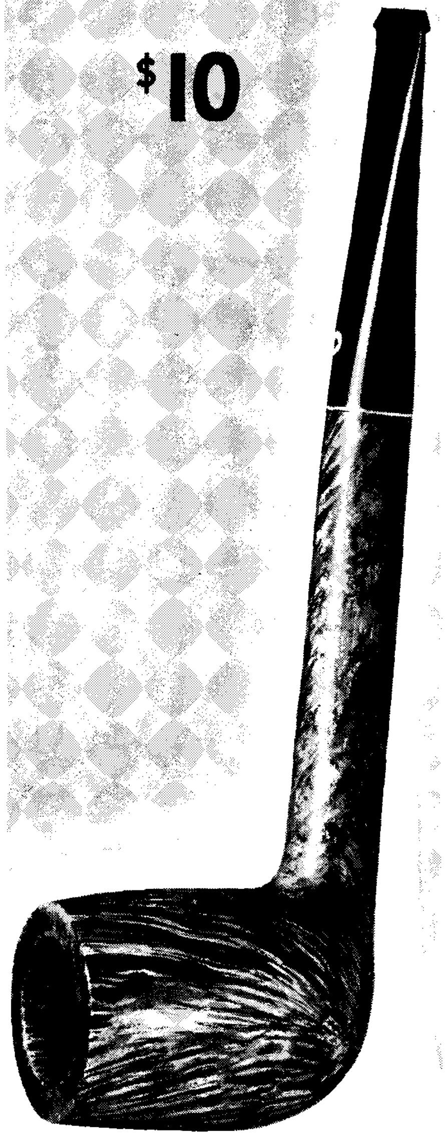

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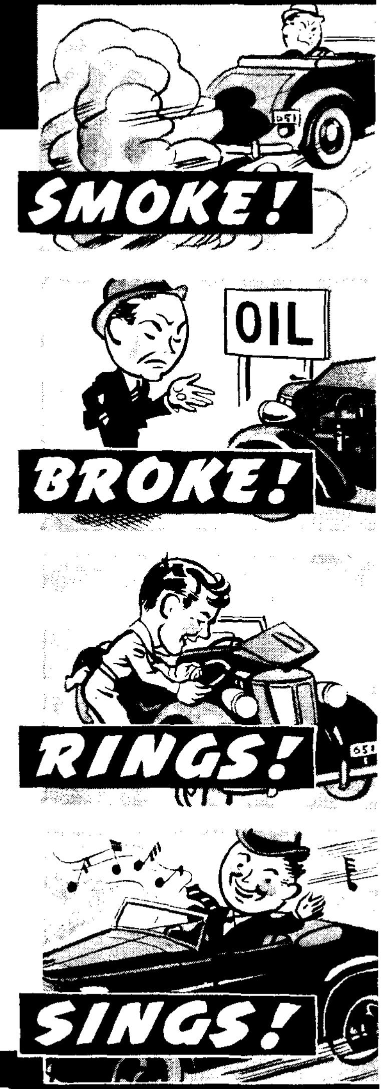

SMOKE!
OIL
BROKE!
RINGS!
SINGS!

As Humane as Possible

Continued from page 19

discretion of the warden concerned. Warden Lawes, I believe, has selected Thursday night because that gives four days of the week in which possible action may be taken on stays or reprieves, yet leaves another day and night—Friday—in the event that a last-minute stay of twenty-four hours is granted.

I left my home on Long Island with a friend at 6 o'clock and had dinner at a restaurant on the way. We arrived at Sing Sing a little more than two hours before the time set for the men to die. In New Jersey, I report to the prison four hours before the appointed time; in the other five states approximately two hours. In any case, I am invariably well ahead of time.

I talked with the guards the other night, as always, to learn of the general physical specifications of the two men, such as the size of their heads and their heights — necessary information if we are to guard against mishaps. One man whom I electrocuted had become so emaciated during imprisonment that the electrode slipped down his shrunken leg and it was necessary to insert additional sponges to make it firm.

The size of the hat that has been worn by the condemned man is all I need to know for the regulation of the head electrode. Extremely tall or short persons require special preparation. The tallest I can recall was a young man, twenty-five years old, who was executed in Pennsylvania in 1934. He was a powerful physical specimen, six feet, seven inches in height. It was with difficulty that we were able to strap the mask to the top of the chair that night.

As Humane as Possible

Neither of the two boys at Sing Sing offered much difficulty.

I examined the chair carefully, tested the adjusting screws, tested the straps to make sure of their strength and that the buckles worked freely. I made sure that the mask was in its proper place and that its buckle and strap were sound. I did all this deliberately, carefully.

Most important is the preparation of the electrodes. They had been soaked in a pail of brine—common salt and water. I took them to the chair, tested the wires in the binding posts to make sure they fitted properly and that the thumbscrews were tight enough to hold the "lead-in" wires in place. Then I squeezed out the sponges to leave a condition of moisture that experience has taught me is right. I know that if the sponges are too wet and drip, a spark will follow the water.

Back at the switchboard, the voltmeter was now showing 2,000 volts. Time was getting shorter. Witnesses were beginning to file into the windowless room, which was brilliantly lighted but is, withal, the most cheerless room in the world. This was no curious group of morbid witnesses tonight. These forlorn, uncelebrated killers had not attracted the usual flood of applications that Warden Lawes receives for an execution that climaxes a famous case.

I took the leg electrode to the chair, placed the "lead-in" wire in the binding post and it was ready. The principal keeper looked at me inquiringly. I nodded. He left the room, walked down the corridor that the prisoners, in their sardonic jargon, call the "dance hall," the corridor that leads from the pre-execution cell to the death chair. It is the "dance hall" because men who are condemned to die within scant minutes walk its length so often with uncertain, twitching tread.

The electric chair that awaits them is bolted to the floor. It is of heavy oak, stained a dark brown. Its back is high, its arms wide. It has two legs behind but only one broad one in front, to which are fastened the ankle grips. The heavy straps, eight of them, bind chest, waist, each upper arm, each forearm and each ankle. It is, truthfully, a fearsome-looking piece of furniture.

In a minute, the principal keeper came into the room, followed by the first of the condemned men, his guards and Father John P. McCaffrey, the prison chaplain. The murderer walked almost steadily but with strangely forced step to the chair and sat down. The backward tilt of the chair helped to throw his weight back. At a word from an officer, the man who was about to die tossed a half-smoked cigarette to the bare cement floor. The officer put his foot on the smoldering stub.

I adjusted the head electrode. A guard placed the mask over the set, strained face. The mask serves the double purpose of shielding the face and holding the head in place. Pushing up the slit trouser leg, another guard applied the leg electrode, now ready for the deadly job for which I had prepared it so carefully. Two others handled the straps. Perhaps a minute had elapsed since the man had entered the room.

SHARLIE'S CHALET

"Make it snappy, boys—we close in five minutes!"

JACK FARR

I stepped to the instrument board a few feet away and, with hand on the switch, looked back toward the chair. The board showed 2,000 volts. I took one more glance at the chair to make sure that no one was near it—and then I threw the switch.

As I applied 2,000 volts to the insensible body of what had been an instant before a human being in possession of his faculties, I glanced at my wrist watch, especially equipped with a large second hand. In five seconds, I decreased the voltage to 1,000 or somewhat under. I did this to prevent sparking and unnecessary burning. At the end of a half minute, I increased it to 2,000 volts and again, after another five seconds, cut it down. This was repeated at half-minute intervals. Finally, after the fifth shock, I lowered the current gradually.

Remember, I was killing a man methodically, legally, doing it in the most effective and humane way possible; doing it because the state of New York had ordered it done.

The state was killing humanely, all right; as humanely as this man possibly could have been killed. The first shock of 2,000 volts had shattered his nervous system instantaneously and beyond recall. The current had reached his brain before the nerves could carry their message of pain.

For slightly more than two minutes, the current had coursed through his body. Finally the prison physician stepped to the chair. Electricity had done its work and was finished. Less than three minutes after the first death-dealing jolt had been thrown through the strapped body, the physician listened with his stethoscope for the beat of the heart that was not now beating.

Shattering the Nervous System

That's the way the state kills a man. It happened again, three minutes later, when the first murderer's pal paid his price because his gun had spat fire in the Brooklyn holdup. My night's assignment was complete.

I have been asked often exactly what is the effect on the human system of this sledge hammer of controlled lightning as it strikes the condemned person. I am an electrician and executioner, not a physician. A physician who has presided over the death chamber, where he is rightfully the dictator, and who has performed the autopsies immediately after, would have to answer that question. Dr. Amos O. Squire, for many years chief physician at Sing Sing Prison, has answered the question in his book, "Sing Sing Doctor":

"When a person is subjected to an electric current of 2,000 volts with good contact," he explains, "the feeling is very likely about the same as would be experienced from a terrific blow on top of the head. Consciousness vanishes instantly. The current entering the body at the top of the head travels to the brain faster than the nerves can convey sensation. Before the nerves first attacked at their terminus on the surface of the body can convey a message of pain to the brain, they are knocked out of commission, and any message they may have tried to dispatch is outdistanced by the current, which paralyzes the brain before it has time to feel anything."

Incidentally, at one execution I performed, the condemned man, in a spirit of bravado with which he tried to hide his fear, said as he was being strapped in the chair, "Doc, my last act is going to be for science. We'll see how fast this juice really works. As soon as I feel it, I'll wiggle a finger." He wiggled no finger.

The heat generated in the body by the electricity is almost unbelievable. I know that. Dr. Squire explains it as follows:

"We have taken the temperature during and immediately after such an application (i. e., 2,000 volts and about 10 amperes) and found that the electrodes making the contact reach a temperature almost high enough to melt copper (1,980° F.) and that the average body temperature is around 138 degrees.

"Rigor mortis," adds Dr. Squire, "generally is complete in three hours. The eyes show a foggy condition, with a star fracture of the lens. The heart, in most cases, is dilated and filled with fluid blood. In about five per cent of the cases I autopsied, I found the heart in a contracted state, or tetanized condition. I have seen two cases where the heart wall was ruptured. In a large percentage of the cases, the muscle fibers of the heart were ruptured. At most autopsies, I was able to produce fibrillar contraction of the heart by touching the wall with an instrument, and sometimes I could produce that an hour after death. The injection of a solution of adrenalin chloride in the heart wall did not in any case produce contraction of the heart muscle. Thus I am convinced it would be impossible to revive life after an electrocution by an adrenalin injection into the heart."

Dr. Squire goes on to note the change in color and substance of the blood and the evidence of complete and instant shattering of the nervous system. Little wonder that the man who planned to wiggle a finger failed by an instant—and forever—to do so.

The average number of amperes in an electrocution is eleven or twelve. The amperage, or amount of current, is governed, of course, by the resistance of the body. In other words, if the resistance of the body is low, a greater amount of current flows through it. I have had cases in which the resistance was so great that the number of amperes was only seven, and again where the resistance was so low that the body took sixteen amperes. Curiously enough physical size and apparent strength seem to have no influence on the amperage. Physicians have told me that the resistance of a single individual to a shock of electricity can vary from day to day, according to conditions of temperature and moisture. I have also heard the theory, and do not doubt its truth, that a person afflicted with tuberculosis can resist the blow of high voltage more than a person in normal health. This, the medical men tell me, is due to the presence of less chloride in the blood of such a person.

If we are to have capital punishment, we should have a separate and distinct penal institution for that purpose. It should be, and could be, so constructed that the condemned person awaiting death would not have to suffer through the ordeal of those who go to the chair a week, two weeks or a month before they do. And, being separate from any other prison, the inmates who are serving lesser sentences would not be affected.

The knowledge that a man or woman is going to the death chair on a certain night often makes other prisoners ugly, more antisocial, than they otherwise would be. But, more than that, the effect on the death-house prisoner awaiting his or her turn at the chair can be nerve-shattering. The case of Mrs. Mary Frances Creighton, who died in Sing Sing's chair on the night of July 16, 1936, provided the most vivid example of that in my experience.

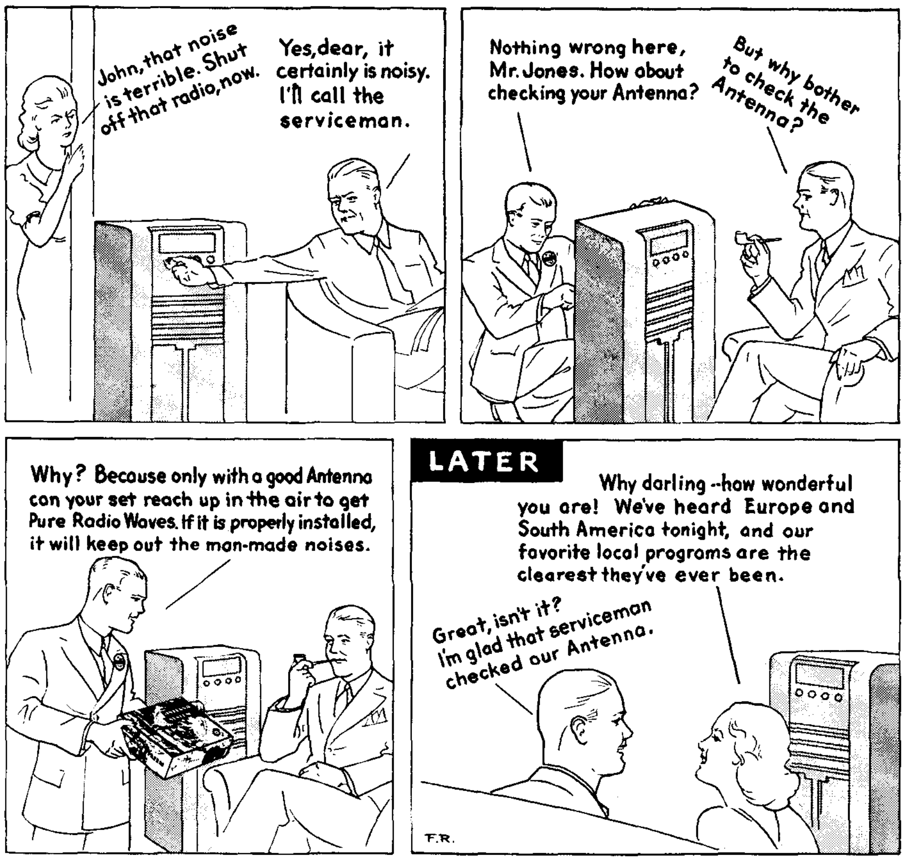
To Spare Unnecessary Torture

Mrs. Creighton, when they wheeled her into the execution chamber, was a pitiful woman in complete collapse. And that is not surprising. Ten men, as I recall it, had died in the chair at Sing Sing in the months after Mrs. Creighton had been imprisoned there to await her own death. She knew when each of them went. It was impossible, under the conditions, to keep that news and some of the details from her. The slamming of a door or the ringing of a bell, a loud voice or a scream, took on horrible significance to her on those nights. Once or twice on such nights she fainted.

It is no exaggeration, I think, to say that Mrs. Creighton died, bit by bit, with each of those ten men who preceded her to the chair during her months in the death house. That would not have been necessary had the state provided an institution for condemned prisoners constructed with a view to sparing men and women that unnecessary torture. In the case of Mrs. Creighton, the electric chair and its lethal shock were actually merciful.

All scientific and practical evidence

Is Your Radio O.K?



John, that noise is terrible. Shut off that radio, now.
Yes, dear, it certainly is noisy. I'll call the serviceman.
Nothing wrong here, Mr. Jones. How about checking your Antenna?
But why bother to check the Antenna?
Why? Because only with a good Antenna can your set reach up in the air to get Pure Radio Waves. If it is properly installed, it will keep out the man-made noises.
LATER
Why darling—how wonderful you are! We've heard Europe and South America tonight, and our favorite local programs are the clearest they've ever been.
Great, isn't it? I'm glad that serviceman checked our Antenna.
F.R.

NOW is the time to check your Antenna!

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If your set is limping along without an antenna—or with one that is obsolete—have him install a new Belden Clear Channel System. It is scientifically designed to give better reception. It works properly in any locality—with any set. The aerial wires give clear, even pick-up of all stations near or far away—the right kind of coils actually increase the volume—and a new shielded two-channel lead-in cable keeps out man-made noise.

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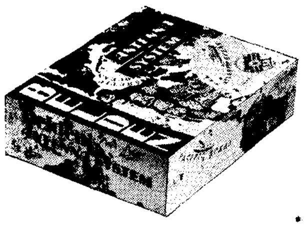
Remember October 15-22 is National Antenna Check-up Week. Call your serviceman. Have him check your set and your antenna for "good listening" all winter.



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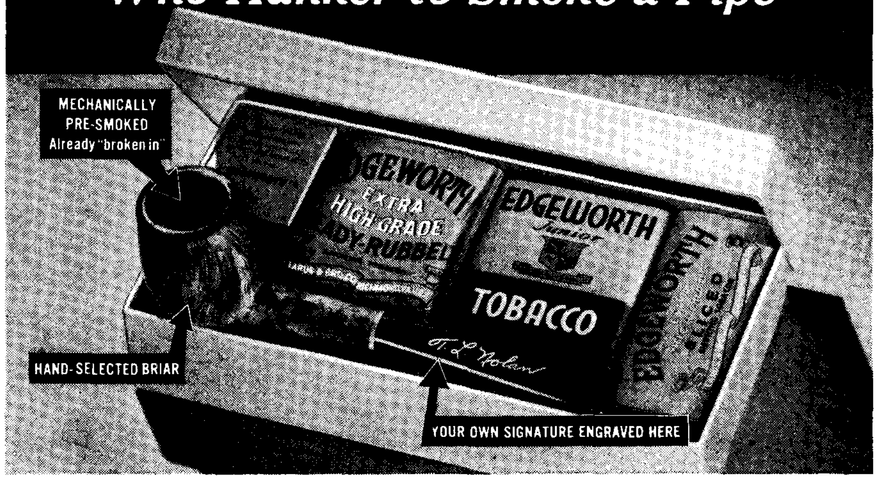

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points to the fact that death by electric current is painless and certain; therefore as humane as ordered death can be. Only recently, the state of North Carolina had occasion to use the lethal gas chamber—death by asphyxiation—and the electric chair on the same day. Two desperadoes were executed in the gas chamber, adopted by the state in 1935. Another murderer, whose crime had been committed and sentence passed before the new law, was electrocuted. Officials and witnesses, viewing both methods, declared the electric chair the more humane. Certainly the electric chair is more humane and, if I don't misuse the word, a more seemly method of capital punishment than the cruel hanging, which is of necessity the work of more than one man and in which so many mishaps can occur. I have never seen a hanging and would never want to see one.

Dying a Dozen Deaths

I have been asked sometimes whether there is any difference in the methods of executing a man and a woman. There is none whatever. The procedure is exactly the same. If anything, I am more deliberate in the case of a woman than a man, not slower but more painstaking in my efforts to avoid a mishap of any kind.

A sign of faltering is not humaneness, whether a man or a woman is in the chair. One of the most desperate criminals Sing Sing has seen in a decade, sentenced to death for murder committed during a prison riot, said to a guard who fumbled with the straps, "What are you so nervous about? Take it easy. I'm in no hurry." Rarely do they maintain that bravado to the end. Perhaps you recall Francis (Two-Gun) Crowley, the 21-year-old boy who shot it out with the New York police and who, until a short time before his death, attempted to bluff it out like a "tough guy." There was none of the adventurous spirit left in him as he entered the death chamber with Father McCaffrey on the night of January 21, 1932.

With the women I have seen in the death chair, bravado is never present. Certainly that was true in the case of Mrs. Antonio, a frail woman who fought for her life from early in 1932 until the night of August 9, 1934, when she finally lost her battle. On June 28, 1934, the Court of Appeals having confirmed the sentence of the lower court, Mrs. Antonio was scheduled to go to the chair with her two accomplices. I had tested the chair and the equipment. The guards and other officials on duty were waiting. So were the witnesses, including reporters.

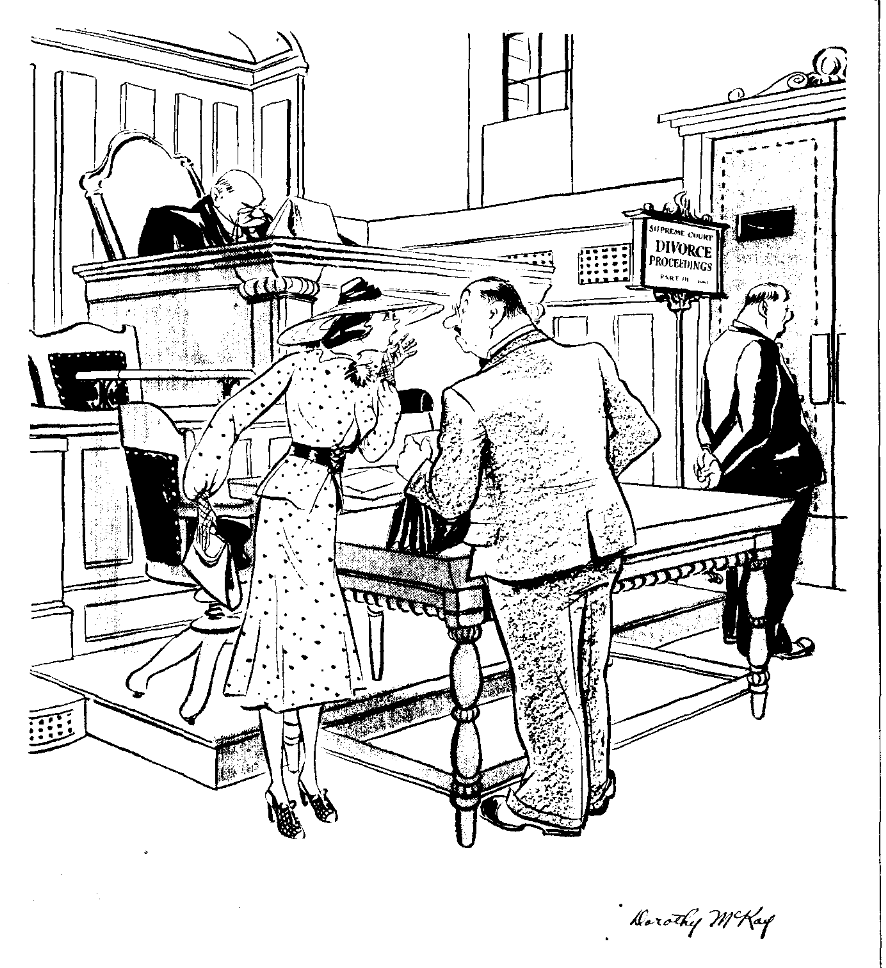
Just before 11 o'clock, Vincent Saetta, one of the two men who had been found guilty with Mrs. Antonio, and who was to be executed with her, asked to speak to Warden Lawes. He told the warden that Mrs. Antonio was innocent of the crime of murdering her husband; that he (Saetta) and his convicted accomplice were solely to blame.

The result was a 24-hour stay by Governor Lehman, then a week's reprieve, another reprieve for the consideration of new evidence and finally the date of the triple execution was set for August 9th.

It is doubtful whether any woman has ever undergone more mental torture as death threatened while life still seemed to beckon. At last there was no further reprieve forthcoming from Albany. Mrs. Antonio was praying as the principal keeper came to lead the way to the execution chamber. The note I entered in my little book on my return home that night says that "Mrs. Antonio walked to the chair unassisted. She sat in the chair calmly and repeated the prayer with Father McCaffrey."

The state demands only a life, of course. But I wonder if it isn't true that Mrs. Antonio and Mrs. Creighton and so many others, men as well as women, have died not once but a dozen, or a score, of times.

The last of this series of articles will appear next week



"Shouldn't you give the judge ten dollars—like you do at a wedding?"

DOROTHY MC KAY

Last Chance

Continued from page 10

loftily: "There's money in radio writing; and chasing news gets to be a bore, after a while."

"Maybe so. . . . A man like you," said Bill Woodville enviously, "can't realize how it feels to be trying for your first chance in New York. The first chance is the big one; after that, if you're any good, you can get along. But when you can't even get a toe hold—" He grinned in apology. "But I mustn't bore you with my troubles. Can I buy you a drink?"

"Why, I suppose it isn't too early for just one," said Hamar, subduing his impulse to leap in the air and sing the national anthem.

A FEW minutes later, with that creeping and crawling anesthetized by a slug of rye, he sat before George Dorey's desk—and knew that Dorey's keen eyes saw through his jaunty front; saw the wear and tear, and the desperation too.

"Sorry, Howard," said Dorey. "But we've got to keep down the overhead. The Old Man won't let me take anybody on till there's a vacancy."

"But he didn't mean old-timers like me. And I'm not asking for the sort of salary I used to get. I'd take—well—anything," Hamar confessed.

"I haven't got anything, I tell you."

"Will you put me into the first vacancy, no matter what it is?"

"I'd halfway promised a young fellow from Miami—" Dorey began.

"Young fellow be damned. You know what I can do, George. You remember my stories about the Thaw trial, and the Becker case."

"I know, Howard. I know what you could do in the old days, and I know what's the matter with you now. So do you."

"I'm on the wagon," Hamar announced with dignity. Dorey's nostrils crinkled suspiciously. "Well—I had to have one just now to pick me up," Hamar confessed. "But that's the last drink of my life, I swear it. . . . And this is the last chance of my life. I know that as well as you do. Nobody is going to work as hard as a man who knows it's his last chance."

"Well—I'll take you on when there's a vacancy. But if you fall down on me just once, you're through. I've learned that the only trick of being an executive is to be hard-boiled about firing your friends. Leave your address; I'll let you know when. And—need any money?"

"I'm writing radio scripts—but I could use a little till I get paid for them," Hamar admitted. "If you could spare twenty, George—"

"I can spare you ten—to eat on," said Dorey pointedly. When Hamar had gone, Dorey's assistant looked at his chief with a skeptical grin.

"Giving it away, George? You'll never see that ten again."

"I might. He's scared at last—if it isn't too late. But what a man he was," Dorey sighed, "in his day! The best reporter in New York, and about the most successful woman chaser. If I'd had that man's talent, and his charm, and kicked them away as he has, I'd jump out of the window. But if he doesn't want to do that, yet, I'll give him one last chance."

BILL'S luncheon date with Camilla was a case of mistaken identity. Each of them expected to meet the lover who had been left so reluctantly last night. But she met a young man who had just had a deadening disappointment, and who had worked for a living long enough to realize the importance of money. He met a girl—only nineteen—who had always taken money for granted, and who was expecting the man she loved to deliver her from something intolerable. So no wonder they both got a little confused.

At the table, he told her about his talk with George Dorey.

"Too bad," she sighed; but her eyes were sparkling. "But let's forget it, darling. Let's get married this afternoon." He stared at her.

"This afternoon? But I've got just sixty dollars, and no job—"

"Something will break right for us, Bill. It's got to."

"Your money? I wouldn't live on that. If I had a job, too—"

"Not my money." She told him how her father had taken the news. "I didn't know he had such hatred for newspapermen," she said. "But he got some bad publicity once—and deserved it. He hates publicity. But, Bill!" Her eyes were bright and hard. "I can't stay in that house another night! I hate him! Don't look so shocked. I can't help hating him for what he did to my mother. I was only five when she died, but I was crazy about her and I've never forgotten her. They say I look like her. . . . Since then I've lived mostly with her people; but when Grannie died two years ago I went back to him. And I—I can't stand it any longer."

"If I could only take you out! . . . What did he do to her?"

"It's queer, Bill. She was crazy about him—I can't imagine why. But she wasn't satisfied with the stuffy kind of life he liked—dining with people they'd always known. She wrote a play and got it produced; she knew interesting people, actors and writers—and he couldn't stand her enjoying something he couldn't appreciate. He went away—on business, he said; but he wouldn't come back. No other woman; he never married again. He was just mean. And she was really crazy about him; when she knew he wouldn't come back, she shot herself. Everybody knew why; it was in the papers. I've tried not to think about it; but when he starts the same thing on me, trying to squeeze me into his narrow groove—"

"You poor darling!" His hands held hers, but his eyes were worried. "Camilla, the minute I get a job— But now, with no money and no prospects—" She drew her hands away, her brown eyes smoldering. "You think I'm letting you down," he groaned. "And I am! But I don't see how—"

"ARE you afraid?" she asked in disdain.

"Of course," he said simply. "I've been broke; I know what it's like."

"And I don't? I'm just a spoiled child of the rich?" He couldn't deny it. "At least," she said bitterly, "I'm willing to learn. Something would break right for us, Bill! I don't know just what, but—"

"I know what," he told her. "If I didn't get a job, Julian Stanage, who hates publicity wouldn't let his daughter go on relief. He'd take you in, and me too if he had to—as if you'd married a chauffeur or a gigolo. But I won't blackmail him. Your people are somebody in New York and mine are nobody much in Alabama, but my wife's father needn't make the best of me unless he wants to! If I had a job we'd get married today and he could take it or leave it. But just to grab you and see what he'd do—"

"Got a lot of Southern pride, haven't you? I should think, if you really loved me, when I asked you to take me out of something impossible—"

Hank never was a one to shave, but since he found out about that Mennen Brushless, he's a-shavin' all the time!

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brushless
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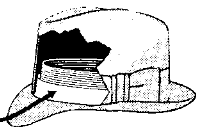

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

"I really love you. So much that I don't want you to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. So much," he added imprudently—for her anger was beginning to kindle his own—"that I'd rather marry you because you want to live with me than because you don't want to live with your father."

"I see." She stood up, pale and quivering. "You must have everything thus and so. If you knew how a girl feels when she's depending on her man, and he's afraid— I'm not going back to the frying pan, but I'm glad I didn't get into the fire!"

She walked over toward the avenue, her rage still blazing—rage at Bill, at her father, at a universe that offered her no choice but the frying pan or the fire; but underneath the rage was an ache that was going to hurt like the devil as soon as she let herself notice it. So she mustn't notice it; she must think, try to find a way out. But what could an untrained girl of nineteen do, when even the skilled couldn't find work?

SHE was still wondering that when somebody said "Hello," and she looked up at Pete Polenta. . . . Yes, you could meet anybody in Miami. His fat face was soft, his black hair was sleek, his clothes were costly but somehow wrong; and she remembered vaguely that he had been indicted in one of the racket investigations. Yet at this moment she was glad to see him; for he was the only person who had ever offered her a job. . . . So when he suggested that they might have a brandy somewhere, she agreed. At a café table, she said that she was so sorry she had happened to be out every time he telephoned this spring; and then, gathering her courage—

"Once when you were dancing with me," she said. "you offered me a job dancing in your night club. Remember?" His watchful eyes didn't betray his amazement; he had never supposed Julian Stanage's daughter would take that piece of small talk seriously. "Well—I need a job, now."

Of all the crust, he thought. The little twist tells the butler to stall me when I call her up; and now, when she wants a new kick—

"The season's about over," he said. "My Broadway club closes tonight. I'm opening in Atlantic City next week, but you wouldn't want to work there. Nobody you know goes to Atlantic City."

"I don't want to see people I know. I want a job."

"Know some city society girls who dance or sing in night clubs, eh? Well, let me tell you something. One or two of them are really good, and get real money. The others are hired for their names, and get damn' little. You dance pretty well, but not well enough to be featured. Camilla Stanage is a good name—in New York. in winter; but who that goes to Atlantic City ever heard of it?"

"Oh. I hadn't meant to use my own name, anyway." (Why? She owed no concession to her father's feelings—but it didn't seem the sort of thing a Stanage would do.) "But I really do need a job, Pete."

NATURALLY he asked her why. She didn't go into much detail (the family affairs of the Stanages were no concern of his) but he got the idea. . . . Sore at her old man, he reflected. Wants to make him sore—and she certainly would. Still, if I'm careful, there may be something in this. . . .

"Now, listen," he said presently. "If you really want a job I'll give you one—in the chorus." He grinned at her consternation. "You'd have to work like hell—rehearsals most of the day and four shows a night. And I wouldn't offer you a job if I hadn't seen you in a bathing suit, for a little less than a bathing suit is what you'd wear. But it pays twenty-five a week; you can live on that—and you won't have to drink with customers unless you want to." He relished the look on her face. "This is no society girl's job; it's a chorus girl's job. Think you can take it?"

She pondered a while. Bill had let her down; and her father—

"All right," she said, "I can take it."

THE next week was a bad one for Bill Woodville. When he wasn't out looking vainly for a job he stayed in his room at the Y. M. C. A. so as not to be tempted to spend money; but alone in his room he could think of nothing but Camilla. He understood now how a girl felt when she depended on her man, and he let her down; he *also* knew how a man felt whose girl had called for help, when he was powerless to help her.

But at least she had got away from her father. She had written that she was going out of town—to her mother's people, he supposed—and that he needn't try to write to her. He did try, of course, half a dozen times, for he had to apologize for that remark that she wasn't so eager to live with him as to get away from her father. He appreciated her, now—inexperienced, recklessly impulsive, magnificently generous—ready to venture all she had when she had made up her mind. But he couldn't put what he felt on paper; if only he could see her. She must be near by—on Long Island, in New England; he could run out for the day, apologize, talk things out. So one evening he telephoned to the house on Washington Square.

"Miss Stanage is out of town," said the butler's voice. "No, sir—I could not give you her address. If you would care to leave a message—"

That was pure automatism, part of a formula; but it had results.

"Tell her Mr. Woodville called," said Bill, just as automatically.

"Mr. Woodville?" The butler seemed to be talking to somebody else. "Hold the wire, please," he added hastily; and Bill heard another voice, harsh and unsteady. "Mr. Woodville?" it said. "Mr. William Woodville? You want to speak to Camilla? You mean—" The voice failed for a moment. "You mean you don't know where she is either?"

"No. I haven't seen her for a week. Is this Mr. Stanage?"

"Yes. I wish you would come down here, Woodville; we've got to talk."

Ten minutes later Bill was shown into an old-fashioned parlor whose tall windows opened on the summer night buzz of Washington Square. Over the fireplace was a portrait of Camilla—no, not Camilla; a brown-eyed copper-haired woman in the costume of twenty years ago. . . . A step; he faced about, prepared, after Camilla's description, to meet some sort of ogre. But he saw only a gray-mustached man whose face was tired and frightened.

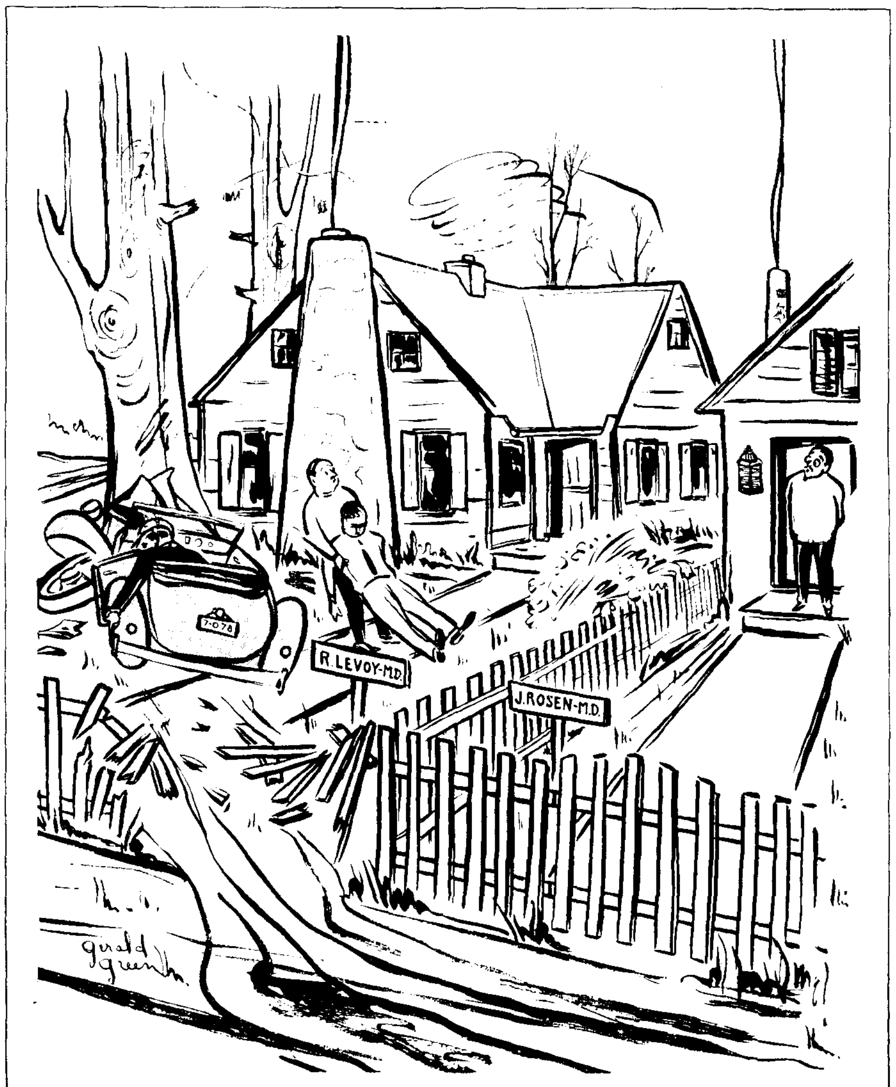
"SO SHE wrote you a note?" said Julian Stanage. "And she left me a note. My first hope was that she was visiting her mother's cousins, but they went abroad last month. So—" He drew a long shuddering breath. "So I supposed she was with you. And when I ascertained that no marriage license had been issued to you. I thought—"

"I don't know why you should think I don't want to marry her," said Bill grimly. "We'd have been married a week ago, and you could take it or leave it. if I'd had a job. But I hadn't, so I said we couldn't; and she—"

"She didn't like that," said Julian Stanage with a faint smile.

"She felt that I'd let her down, sir. And I had. But I—I couldn't do anything else, with no job and no money."

"So you couldn't," Stanage agreed.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"May I have one of them?" GERALD GREEN

"But Camilla wouldn't understand that, having always had money. I'm afraid she's grown up in a world of unreality," he sighed. "My fault; I was trying to shield her from—from things that would hurt too much. But perhaps I was wrong." He smiled unhappily. "It seems that we've both tried to take care of her, with the result that she's walked out on both of us."

"And we don't know where she is! What are we going to do, sir?"

"I think we'd better sit down and get acquainted," said Julian Stanage. "It was stupid of me to misjudge a whole profession on account of one or two men I didn't like.... Sit down—have a cigar; and don't worry about Camilla. She's all right. And you might as well start learning now, Woodville, that it's no good pushing these red-haired women too far."

It had been a bad week for Howard Hamar, too.

With a desperate resolution for which he hoped the recording angel was giving him credit, he was staying on the water wagon; and he had never felt worse in his life. . . .

NOBODY in New York had a choicer assortment of pleasant memories than Howard Hamar, but they gave him little satisfaction now. For forty years he had taken each day as it came and got full value out of it, but those days were gone, and they added up, now, to exactly nothing. There wasn't much nourishment in memories when you had no woman, no job, no money; when you woke up every morning and realized that you were old.

One night, frantic with too much thinking, he went out and began to prowl around Times Square; and that was worse. Bar after bar had to be passed with an effort that nearly broke his back, and every block on Broadway had its memories. Parties at cafés that were gone now—Churchill's, Rector's; women long dead or lost to sight; men, once his friends, who crossed the street now when they saw him coming. Ahead, a red brick building loomed in the pink haze of the summer night—the Knickerbocker, where he had lived when it was the best hotel on Broadway. More memories—and right on top of the heap, one that he wished he could forget. A stony-eyed woman putting on her coat, and saying in helpless bewilderment:

"If you're tired of me, Howard, of course I won't bother you any more. But you did want me; and now— To throw me over for that creature— What has she got that I haven't?"

After fifteen years he couldn't remember what the other woman had had, or even who she was; just somebody new. But the woman who hadn't bothered him any more—she had had everything, except an understanding that a man might want variety; he had never forgotten her.... Faithful to thee, in my fashion.... He stood still. If his memories added up to nothing but that favorite line of ham sentimentalists— He had stopped outside a familiar drugstore; abruptly he went in, past the clerk at the prescription counter in the rear; on into the little back room where a dark bespectacled man with beady eyes looked up from his desk and nodded.

"Hyah, Howard. How's everything?"

"So-so," said Hamar absently. His eyes had been drawn to the mirror—a pitiless mirror that reflected a yellowish straw hat, a threadbare suit, a gaunt face with dark pouches under the eyes. To this, at last—"Joe," he said, "I want you to sell me something."

"That's what we're here for. What do you want? . . . Cyanide of potassium?" Joe's beady eyes regarded him inscrutably. "What for, Howard?"

"Why, Joe, there's a mangy old tomcat in my rooming house, and I think it's about time somebody put him out of his misery."

"I see. Well, Howard, I make it a rule never to sell anybody cyanide the first time he asks for it. Come around tomorrow and you can have it. But maybe that old tomcat has got a yowl or two left in him yet."

"You flatter him," said Hamar. "I'll see you in the morning—early."

WHEN he woke, he wished Joe had let him have the stuff last night. But coffee made him feel better—coffee, tired Nature's sweet restorer; coffee that knits up the raveled sleave of care. He lit a cigarette and began to read the Chronicle; and presently he came on an item that made him glad Joe hadn't sold him the cyanide. Only the obituary of one James P. Moss; but James P. Moss had been a reporter on the Chronicle. So now there was a vacancy.

Ten minutes later he was sitting before George Dorey's desk.

"Yes, you can have Moss' place on the pay roll," said Dorey. "But if your foot slips just once, Howard, you're through. Get that?" Hamar nodded. "All right," said Dorey. "I'll give you a tricky assignment to start with—front-office stuff. Our owner, Mr. J. P. Amidon, has got a tip from God knows where that Julian Stanage's daughter is dancing in a night club, and he wants a feature story." Hamar blinked in bewilderment.

"But, George— Just another society girl dancing in a night club—"

"Isn't worth more than a paragraph," Dorey agreed. "But this is different. She's in the chorus, at Pete Polenta's new spot in Atlantic City. You know the sort of dumps Polenta runs; and Atlantic City— Well, there she is—going by the name of Cheryl Stafford."

"In Pete Polenta's chorus? . . . Lucile Stanage's daughter?"

"That's so—Lucile Stanage, the playwright; the one who shot herself. I'd forgotten that angle. But the main thing," said Dorey, "is that it's Julian Stanage's daughter. . . . Go down and get the story tonight, but come in and talk to me tomorrow before you write it. This is a delicate job, not to say a dirty job, and I'm glad I've got an old-timer to handle it. . . . I suppose you'll need some expense money; you may have to buy drinks—for other people. But remember—"

"George, I swear I won't touch a drop!"

Ten minutes later, with his purse full of expense money and a reporter's police card in his pocket once more, he went out whistling; and halfway down the block he encountered Bill Woodville. Bill, also, had seen the obituary of James P. Moss; and while it was pleasant to be on good terms with Julian Stanage, what he needed was a job.

"Going to see Dorey?" said Hamar. "Save yourself the trouble; I've just been talking to him, and there's no vacancy on the Chronicle."

THE two-o'clock show was just starting when Howard Hamar came into Pete Polenta's Happy Valley, on a side street off the Atlantic City Boardwalk. Under a spotlight in the center of the place eight girls were dancing, as scantily clad as the police would permit; Hamar's eyes ran along the row— His heart stood still. Brown eyes, coppery hair—

"Got a reservation?" asked the headwaiter inhospitably, for he had appraised Hamar's clothes. Hamar treated him to a frigid stare.

"No. I've come to see Pete." By now he had picked out the table where Polenta sat alone; coolly thrusting past the headwaiter, he crossed the room, took the vacant chair. Polenta greeted him cordially enough.

"Down here on a story, Pete," Hamar

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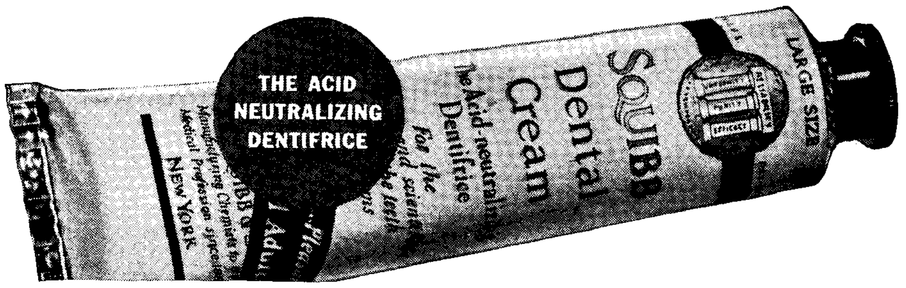

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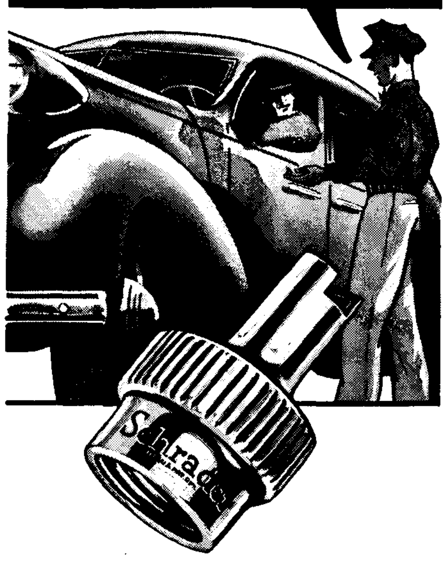

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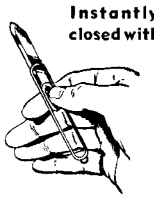

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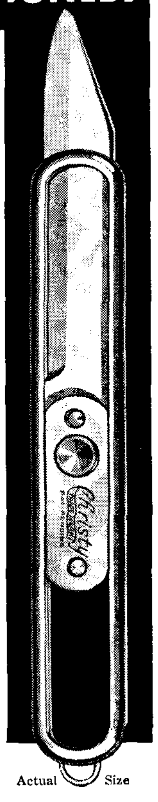

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explained, "and I thought I'd drop in and look you over. Slick bunch of girls you've got there."

"Best I could hire—and you can hire plenty these days."

"No doubt," said Hamar. "The second from the left—the red-haired one. Neat little number. I'd like to meet her when the show's over."

"So would lots of people," Pete grunted. "But she's queer that way, Howard. She don't drink with customers." Hamar's brows lifted.

"I'm surprised one of your girls could get away with that, unless— If she's a friend of yours, Pete, you could surely introduce an old friend like me—old enough to be safe," he added with a sigh.

"If you're safe, that's news. But she don't meet people," Pete insisted. "She goes right back to her rooming house afterward—alone."

"She's going to meet me, Pete. I know who she is—and so do other people. The story's breaking anyway; if you try to cover her up it's going to look bad. And I don't mean just bad for her. Bad for you."

He paused, to give Pete time to realize just how bad things would look for him if Howard Hamar chose to tell all he could remember.

"All right, Howard. Come to the office, and I'll send for her."

BY THE time the two-o'clock show was over Camilla was always tired enough to drop. But she was lucky; she could change into street clothes and go home. A lumpy bed in a dingy rooming house; but at least she wasn't asked to stay here and let drunks paw her so that they would order more champagne. She was lucky in other ways, better treated than the other girls, and she knew why; if she hadn't guessed, their bitter remarks would have enlightened her. They thought, everybody thought, that she was the private property of Pete Polenta.

Everybody but Pete, who acted only like an old friend trying to help her—when nobody else would help her. . . . She couldn't blame Bill Woodville much, now that she knew what it was like to work hard and have to live on what you earned. Perhaps at their last interview, when she thought she was being courageous, *she* had only behaved like a fool; if she saw Bill again she'd tell him so. But she wasn't going to write and tell him where she was; if he wanted her, let him find her. Somehow, she never doubted that he could. And if he didn't care to look for her she could go on earning her living; she could stand hard work and discomfort—so long as she could rely on Pete Polenta's friendship.

It never occurred to her that there might be danger in this growing dependence till she was summoned to the office that night. What was he going to say, at last?

Trembling, she opened the door—and relaxed in relief as she saw another man with him. Two men, indeed—a waiter who filled three champagne glasses and then went out; and an elderly man, rather worn-looking, but with a charm that any woman could feel.

"Miss Stafford," Pete growled, "meet my old friend Howard Hamar."

"We've met before," said Hamar, smiling. "But you wouldn't remember; you were four years old. I was one of your mother's Broadway friends."

"My mother?" Dazed, she sank into a chair. "But she— But I—"

"Your alias wouldn't fool anybody who remembers Lucile Stanage," said Hamar gravely. "And nobody who knew her ever forgot her."

"Quite a little reunion," said Pete with hollow mirth. "Well—happy days and more of them." Camilla drank—she needed champagne, now. Hamar's hand closed around his glass—and relaxed, reluctantly.

"Can I have some mineral water, Pete? Send it in as you go out," Hamar added pointedly. "We mustn't keep you from your customers."

Pete looked murder, but he got up and went out. Camilla's glass was empty; Hamar refilled it, looking sadly at his own, bubbling untouched.

"I think," she said, "you're the first of her Broadway friends I ever met—her *real* friends. What was she like, as you remember her?"

He eyed her somberly—the image of Lucile, alone with *him* at a table.

"She was a hundred per cent—" He paused; his hand had closed around his glass again. . . . Pete hadn't sent in the mineral water. . . . A little of this won't hurt me, Hamar decided. And how I need it, now. . . . "A hundred per cent," he repeated. "She had everything. And whatever she did, she did a hundred per cent, with a—a reckless magnificence—"

She listened greedily while he told her anecdotes of a Lucile Stanage she had never known; then, presently, she found that they were talking about Camilla Stanage. She hadn't meant to say much about herself; but she was tired out off guard; and the champagne—a second bottle had appeared, somehow—loosened her tongue. Also, she was talking to an old and expert reporter, who knew how to start people talking even when they didn't intend to. She told him more than she realized, and he understood more than she did. . . . She's practically in Pete's pocket, he thought. Lucile's daughter. This won't do. . . . He stood up—and staggered; he must have drunk more than he had meant to. But he steadied himself, smiling at her.

"It's late, Camilla. May a friend of your mother take you home?"

The ballroom was a buzzing blur, but he managed to get through it; he saw Pete scowling at him—but Pete wouldn't dare to start anything. Outside, the street lamps swung back and forth before Hamar's eyes.

"Taxi!" he called, and handed her into it. "Suppose we drive around a bit," he suggested, "to—to cool off."

DROWSILY she assented, heard him say something to the driver; as the car rolled away she felt her eyes closing. . . . She was so tired. . . . Suddenly she woke, and missed the street lamps. The taxi was speeding along a highway; there were woods, and in the east a pale streak of dawn. Beside her Howard Hamar slept. . . . She shook him, furious.

"Wake up! Where are we? Where are you taking me?"

"What?" He stared at her, stupefied. "Lucile—" He shivered. "Oh. Sorry. I remember now, Camilla. I'm taking you home, as I promised."

"You're drunk, you—you old goat! We're out in the country!"

"I *was* drunk," he corrected, "and in a minute I'll be drunk again. But I can be cold sober just long enough, if I put my mind on it. I'm taking you home—to Washington Square, New York. . . . Sit still!" His hands held her down. "I know you don't want to go back there. You told me all about that. You don't like your father. Well, he's a stuffy chap—oh, yes, I know him, or used to; but he has his good points. Like that fellow in the Bible—he sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not."

"I have the best of reasons for not going back to that house," she said sullenly. "Take me back to—to the place where I live."

"Back to Pete Polenta? Leave you dependent on him, till some night when you're tired and blue he fills you up with champagne, and—I will not! I know Pete better than you do. I know why you hate your father, too. You hate him

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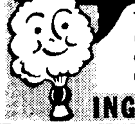

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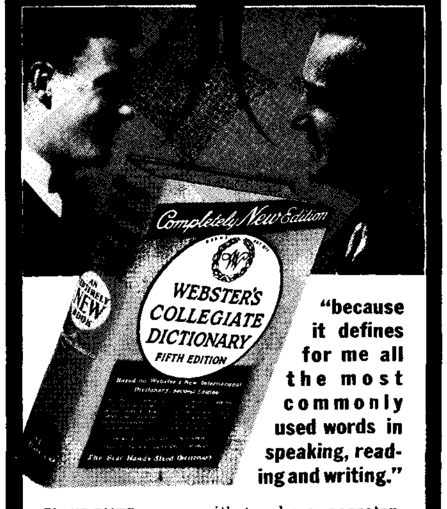

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The New WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE FIFTH EDITION

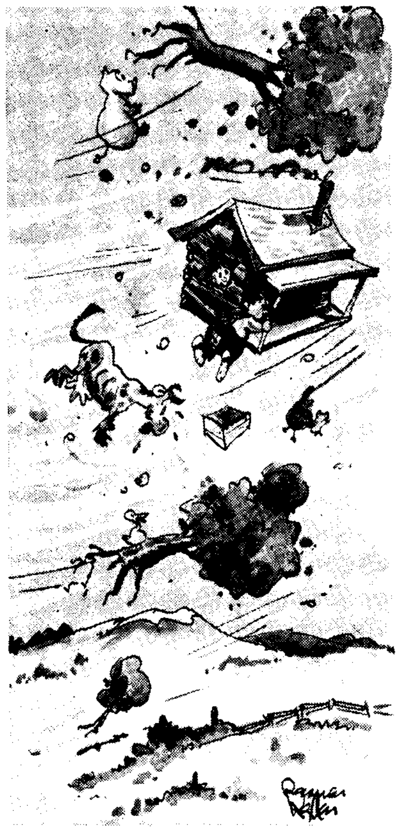
because you blame him for your mother's suicide."

"I never told you that. But everybody knows—"

"What everybody knows is wrong. I'll tell you what really happened. You won't like it but you've got to take it. She didn't kill herself because he threw her over. He didn't throw her over. He went away to save her embarrassment, when she was having an affair with another man."

"My mother?" she gasped. "You're lying!"

"I'm not. I can tell you half a dozen people on Broadway who know the truth, if you won't believe me. Your mother— What she did, she did a hundred per cent—no holding back. But this other man— He wasn't a bad fellow, but he liked variety. And Lucile hadn't realized that she was only one in a series; when he threw her over and went on to the next one, she shot herself." She was staring at him, her face dead white in the dawn. "And Julian Stanage took the rap," he said. "Let people blame him, because he didn't want to put a smudge on his daughter's memory of her mother. He knew you'd hate him when you grew up and heard the story; but he preferred that to letting you think bad of her. Queer chap."



"This is as good a time as any to do our fall cleaning, Kennesaw. Throw out what we don't want"

REAMER KELLER

"I don't believe you!" she said, but weakly. "How do you know—?"

"I know because I was the man who threw your mother over and drove her to suicide. . . . At which point," said Howard Hamar, "propriety suggests that I stop the car and tell you goodbye; you'll hardly care for my company. But I wouldn't trust this fellow alone with you; they're a hard lot, those taxi drivers that hang out at Pete Polenta's. So I'll have to go with you to Washington Square. Don't worry, I'm about to pass out again. But if you need me, slap me around, and I'll wake up and stand by."

The sun had risen, but Washington Square North was still asleep when the taxi drove up in front of Camilla's house. She got out—and looked at Howard Hamar slumped down in a corner of the seat. He wasn't pretty.

"What do I do with him?" the driver growled. "Where does he live?"

"I don't know." She had begun to realize how much she owed Howard Hamar—but he was the last man on earth she could take into Julian Stanage's house. "Can't you wake him?" she asked anxiously. The driver shook him; he slumbered on. "Perhaps you could find something in his pockets," she suggested, "that would give you his address."

The driver looked—and straightened up, ostentatiously empty-handed.

"Okay, miss. I found it. I'll take care of him now."

And take care of himself, too. In Hamar's pockets he had found twenty-four dollars, but the meter read forty-six eighty. Also there was a reporter's card from the Chronicle. And a newspaper had to pay for a taxi hired by one of its reporters, didn't it? . . .

So, when George Dorey came into the office at ten o'clock, his assistant met him with a sour grin.

"Come here, George." Dorey followed him to a room stacked high with dusty newspaper files; and there on a couch lay Howard Hamar, snoring. "You told him to come back before he wrote the story, George, and he certainly did. Arrived by taxi from Atlantic City about six A. M., dead to the world. The elevator boys carried him up here and left him; and the taxi driver hung around till the cashier's office opened, and raised all hell trying to get the forty-seven dollars on the meter. There wasn't a cent in Hamar's pockets, it seems—but he certainly came back."

"Yes. . . ." Dorey looked down at his old friend. "And if he's got the story, Mike, he can sober up in plenty of time to write it." He leaned over Hamar, shook him. "Howard! Wake up! What about that story?"

HAMAR'S eyes opened; he blinked, shivered, groaned, held his head.

"Where am I? What story? . . . Oh, yes—Stanage girl in Pete Polenta's chorus. Nothing to it, George. It's a phony. She's not there."

"What? She isn't there? Damn you, did you ever go there to see?"

"Sure I did. Send somebody else down; they'll see she's not there."

"She was there," said Dorey. "We know that. If she's gone, where is she now? How did she come to be there?" Hamar said nothing. "Howard, if you've ruined this story the Old Man had set his heart on— You had a pocketful of expense money. What became of it?"

"Oh, that. I used that to pay a debt, George. An old debt."

"Listen, Howard," said George Dorey, "I told you no longer ago than yesterday—"

With a terrific effort, Hamar struggled to his feet, stood shaking.

"Yes, George. I know what you told me, and I know what you're going to tell me now. Skip it, George; I've heard it before. Here's my police card—and thanks for giving me a chance. I didn't do so badly with it as you might think."

He stumbled out, and two minutes later he turned into Joe's drugstore. On his way to the back room he passed some telephones. . . . While I'm paying my debts, he reflected, I'd better pay one more. That fellow bought me a drink when I needed one. . . . He stepped into a booth, dialed a number.

"Y. M. C. A.?" he said. "Mr. Woodville, please . . . Hello, Woodville. Howard Hamar. I just happened to learn that there's a vacancy on the Chronicle. Thought you might like to know. Tell George Dorey I told you."

He hung up and walked past the prescription counter, into the back room.

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Mr. Columbus, Meet Miss Columbia

THE twelfth of October is Columbus Day, a legal or public holiday in thirty-five states and Puerto Rico; so designated because it was on October 12, 1492, that Columbus reached what he thought was an island in the East Indies, but what was actually an island in the previously unknown (to Europeans) West Indies, off the equally uncharted North American mainland.

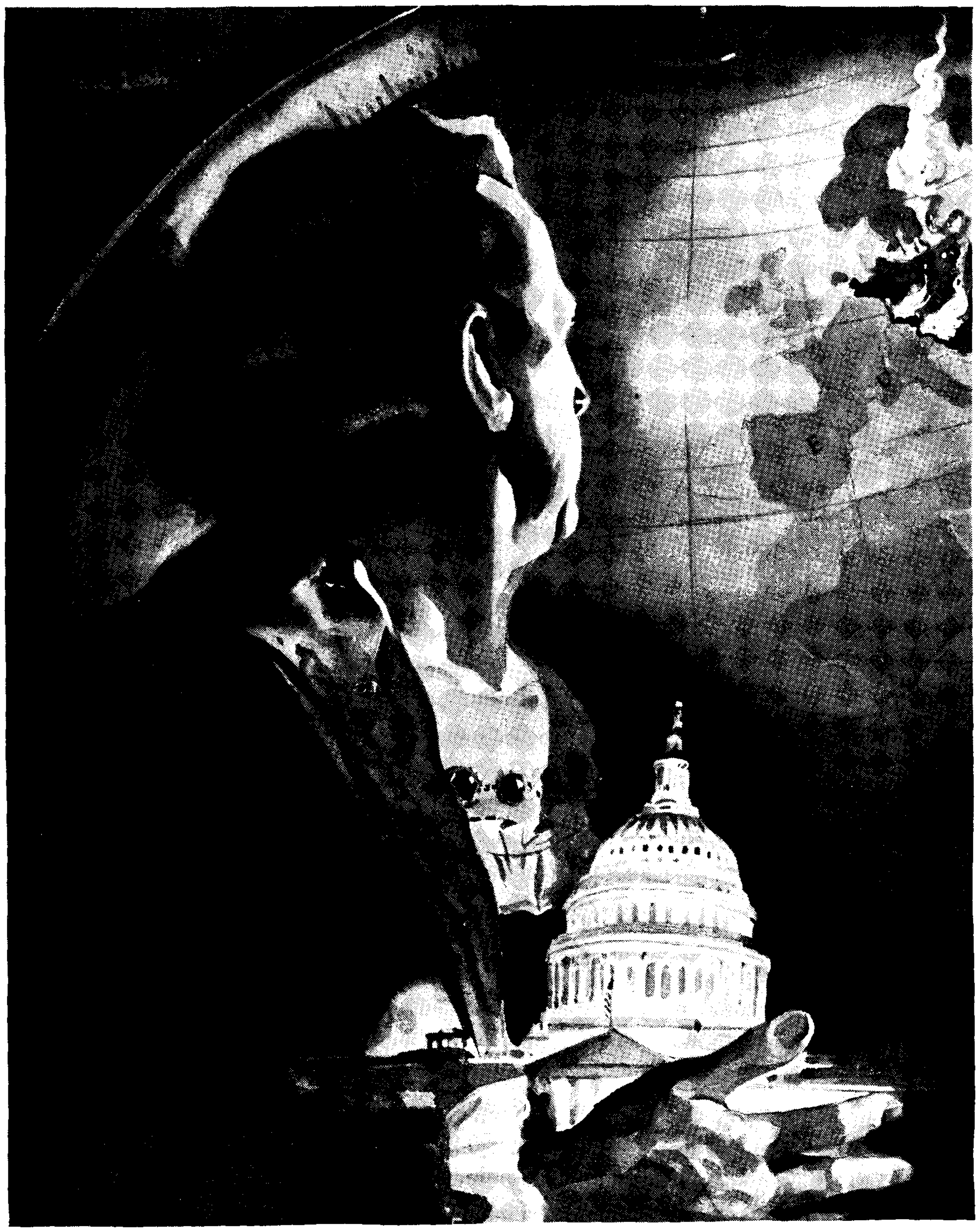
We suppose most Americans have wondered from time to time, in moments of either optimism or pessimism, what Christopher Columbus would think if he could come back to earth now and have a good long look at what he started. Would he like, for the example closest to most of our readers, the United States?

Columbus might be nonplused, even overwhelmed, by the machines and conveniences which they didn't have in his time; but we doubt it.

After all, here was a man who could picture a round world to himself in an age when most people believed the world was flat, and who had the courage to promote a sea expedition to prove or disprove his theory.

Such a man would hardly be stricken dumb by railroads, steamships, airplanes, telephones, the radio, chewing gum, roller coasters, or any of the thousand things they lacked in 1492.

We surmise that Columbus would hurriedly acquaint himself with the basic principles underlying the more important of these things; that he would be interested in hearing that the United States has more than 30,000,000 automobiles, 37,000,000 radios, 20,000,000 telephones and 15,000,000 electric or gas refrigerators; and that then he would want to know how well or otherwise the general run of humanity was doing in the place he helped put on the map, and what were its hopes for the future.



The portrait of Miss Columbia in the year 1938 would not be a thing of faultless beauty.

Columbus wouldn't be happy over the ten or twelve million unemployed. We doubt that he would be any happier over some of the abuses in connection with the essential job of caring for those people. He would find a country depleted by generations of reckless plundering of its huge natural resources, with really comprehensive plans for conservation and restoration just getting under way.

Columbus would wonder, most likely, what our varied attacks on the farm problem all added up to, with our efforts to cut down overproduction on the one hand and to teach our farmers how to produce more scientifically on the other.

Our politics would probably be a Chinese puzzle to Columbus—though he might catch an echo of the hatred and intolerance prevailing in his own day if he should happen upon a Communist, Nazi or Fascist get-together.

But we believe Columbus would find something else in the United States of 1938 that would outweigh, in his estimation, all the shortcomings listed above, plus all the others not listed above. That thing would be the mental and spiritual atmosphere of the United States—the "intellectual climate," as some philosopher calls it.

Columbus would find that this country, more than any other country in the world today, is in a tremendous, free-for-all ferment—a ferment of experimentation, of trying out new things, of ideas clashing with other ideas. And the whole show, to repeat, is free for all.

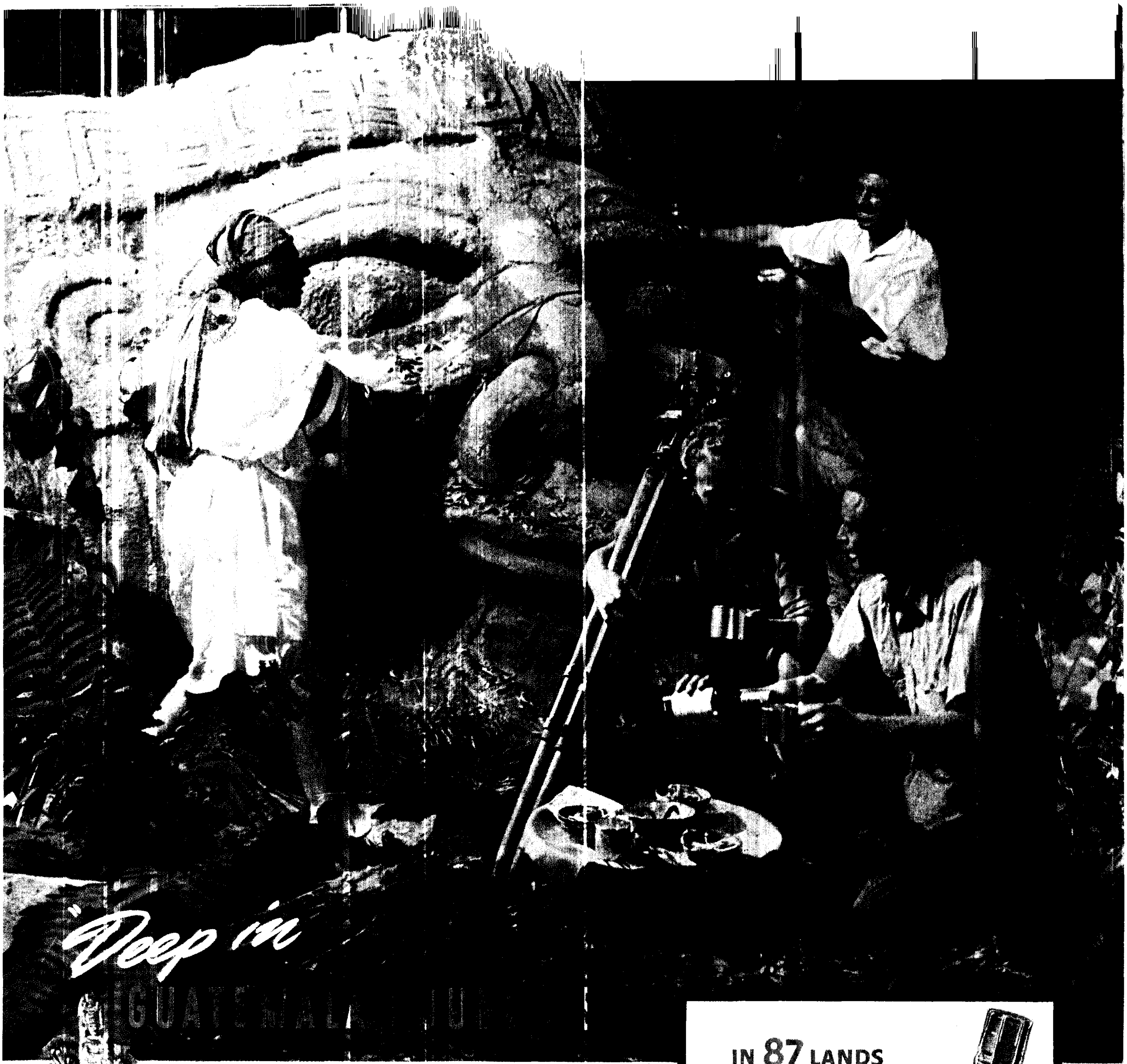
No dictator can tell us all what or what not to do, say, write, think. You don't have to watch your step in this country because you are a Catholic; or get out, leaving 80 or 90 per cent of your worldly wealth behind you, because you are a Jew. You needn't keep a padlock on your very thoughts for fear some mind-reading secret police agent will turn you in for having a thought out of line with what Mr. Stalin thinks Mr. Karl Marx would think if Mr. Marx were still alive.

This, in short, is still the nearest to a perfectly free country in the world—a phrase we have all heard time and again but a soul-stirring fact when you think it over.

For all the promises the various dictators make about what they are going to do for their peoples someday, we have the 30,000,000 automobiles, the 20,000,000 telephones, and so on, and the peoples ruled by the dictators haven't. They may equal or surpass our average living standards in time—anything can happen in this world. But up to now they simply haven't, whatever the reason.

Up to now, it looks as if a country where everybody can be himself has far more hope of steadily lifting the well-being of its people than has a country where everybody has to pattern his life and thoughts after those of the ruling horseface.

We have a feeling that Christopher Columbus, shortly after his arrival here, would find himself heartily approving the United States, and that he would want to sit through several acts in the great American show.



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Specify Canadian Club for Cocktails before and "Tall Ones" after dinner

Before dinner and after—Canadian Club is as much a favorite with thousands on the other side of the world as it is here at home. Try this rare imported whisky for one week. The instant you taste it you'll see how utterly different, **unlike any other whisky,** Canadian Club is. Although there are several choice Scotches, a few great ryes and bourbons—there's only *one* Canadian Club. Stay with Canadian Club all evening long—it's unsurpassed in Manhattan or Old-Fashioned, and equal thousands prefer it in highballs with soda, seltzer, or plain. **Start to enjoy it today!**

At leading hotels, bars, clubs and dealers, throughout the world. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. This whisky is six years old. 90.4 proof.

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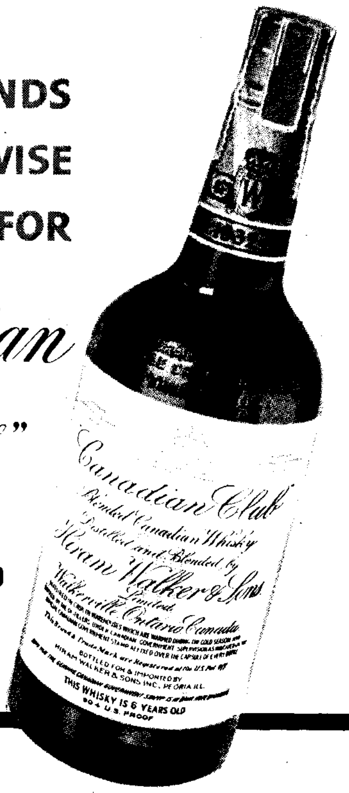
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"I Take OVALTINE as a Regular NIGHTCAP, because..."

(IN 100 WORDS OR LESS)

Prizes! 1st PRIZE $5000.00

2nd prize $1000.00, 3rd $500.00, 2 prizes of $250.00, 5 of $100.00, 10 of $25.00, 30 of $10.00, and 1950 of $1.00 each. TOTAL, 2000 PRIZES.

OVALTINE is a food, not a drug. That is why it nourishes you while you sleep. It supplies four important vitamins (A, B, D, G), minerals, proteins . . . is approved by doctors and used by 1700 hospitals in this country alone.

A cupful of Ovaltine at bedtime helps you relax. It makes it possible for you to get to sleep more easily. It fosters a *sound* night's sleep, too, so you wake up more refreshed.

Form the practice of Ovaltine-at-bedtime. Enjoy restful nights and peppy days.

EXAMPLES OF THE TYPES OF LETTERS PEOPLE OFTEN WRITE:

- "For two years I'd been overworking and would go to bed so nervous I couldn't sleep," says R. W. DUCK, Houston, Tex. "Three months ago I started using Ovaltine . . . Since then I've been getting real rest and wake up in the morning feeling healthy." *(38 words)*
- "My husband lay awake each night," writes MRS. ELMER KRUEGER, Milwaukee, Wis. "One of the doctor's suggestions was Ovaltine. My husband is more than pleased with the results. Now he drinks it every night." *(28 words)*
- "I take Ovaltine each night before retiring in order to insure sound, restful sleep," writes MRS. JANET MacMANIGILL, Chicago. "I first tried sleeping tablets, but they did not give the kind of sleep I liked. I am grateful to Ovaltine and shall never be without it. It is certainly a wonderful product." *(47 words)*

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZES! A first prize of $5000; 2nd prize of $1000; 3rd prize, $500; 2 prizes of $250 each, 5 of $100, 10 of $25, 30 of $10, 1950 of $1 each . . . 2000 prizes in all.

And all you do is finish, in 100 words or less, the simple statement:—"*I take Ovaltine as a regular 'Nightcap', because . . . . .*"

You have just as much chance of winning as anyone else! So enter the contest today.

As you probably know, people all over the world are using Ovaltine to help them get to sleep at night. Thousands have told us that it usually works the very first night. They say, that they feel the benefits of a good night's sleep immediately the following morning.

But Ovaltine does something vastly more vital than that. When taken night after night, users tell us that it helps to *build the habit of sound, restful sleep.*

Nothing is more important than this—To know that tonight, and every night, when you go to bed that you will probably get a good solid night's sleep—not the "dopey" kind you may get from the use of many habit-forming sleep drugs.—But natural, restoring sleep that makes you feel rested in the morning. We know that Ovaltine helps to build this natural sleep habit.

Thousands take Ovaltine night after night for sleep insurance—Very much as they take orange juice daily for certain vitamin protection.

And so for the sake of sound sleep and good health, as well as for the prizes involved, we urge you to enter this contest.

Just get a can of Ovaltine today and take it regularly every night. Mix up a nightcap tonight—and tomorrow night—and the night after that. Take it for several weeks and see if you don't sleep better. See if you don't wake up more refreshed, with lots more energy and vitality. See if it doesn't help you build the habit of sound, restful sleep.

Then fill out the statement below describing your experience with, or opinion of, Ovaltine as a "nightcap."

Decide right now to enter the contest, whether you're an Ovaltine user at present or not. Get a can at any grocery or drug store. Directions are on the can. Be sure you save the rules printed in this advertisement.

THE GRAND PRIZE OF $5000.00 MAY BE YOURS!

Entry Blank

Mail to OVALTINE, Dept. X-76, Box "P", Chicago, Ill., enclosing foil seal from inside an Ovaltine can. Mail before midnight, December 15. *Read rules at right.*

NAME (print clearly) . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

TOWN . . . . STATE . . . .

Complete this statement in 100 words or less. Use other paper if you prefer:—

"I take OVALTINE as a Regular 'Nightcap', because

• •

• •

• •

• •

• •

Follow these Simple RULES:—

1. Just finish the statement shown in the entry blank, recording your experience with, or opinion of, Ovaltine as a "nightcap." You may use as many sentences as you like, provided you do not exceed 100 words.

2. Attach a foil seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine (*either plain or chocolate flavored*). You may send as many entries as you like provided you attach a seal to each.

3. Mail your entry to OVALTINE, Dept. X-76, Box "P", Chicago, Ill. . . . *Write your name and address plainly.*

4. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, Dec. 15, 1938.

5. No entries can be returned. They will become our property. But none will, of course, be used for advertising without your permission.

6. The decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges' decision will be based on the obvious sincerity and human interest of the entries. *This gives everyone a chance to win!*

7. This contest is limited to the U. S. and Canada and is subject to all national, state and local laws and regulations. Employes of The Wander Company, their advertising agency, and members of their families cannot compete.

8. *Winners will be notified as promptly as possible by mail.* A complete list of winners will be mailed to anyone requesting it after Dec. 31, 1938, provided a 3c stamp is enclosed.

HINTS ON WINNING

You don't have to be an accomplished writer to win this contest. But it's important that your entry be based on your personal experience. So get a can of Ovaltine today, study the directions and pamphlets in the can, and start using it. Let your entry record your experience or your opinion of Ovaltine as a "nightcap."

THE WORLD'S NIGHTCAP —NO DRUGS!

Build the HABIT of Sleep!